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THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL

to California

1849-1852

THE JOURNAL AND DRAWINGS OF H. M. T. POWELL

EDITED BY DOUGLAS S. WATSON



SAN FRANCISCO: THE BOOK CLUB OF CALIFORNIA

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SAN FRANCISCO
MCMXXXI

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Foreword

The task of editing and preparing a manuscript journal for publication is beset with pitfalls, not the least of which are the temptations to assist the author by rewriting portions of his effort, rearranging his material, deleting descriptions of unnecessary length, or by introducing a system of punctuation whereby the whole feeling of the original might be lost. What has been done in this instance with the manuscript of H. M. T. Powell may be simply stated:

The journal was written in an old leather-bound letter book, labeled "C. S. and Co., 1831," from which some hundred-odd pages, previously used, had been torn. The handwriting throughout is the same, though at times it bears evidence of hurry, and some portions are in pencil. Here and there scattered through the text and in the margins are minute explanatory sketches. Abbreviations are frequent, and capitalizations and orthography reflect the times of its writing. Spanish place-names are often incorrect, the spelling revealing an attempt to reproduce the sound. Legibility is not always an outstanding trait; some of Powell's words and phrases have puzzled all who have examined them, but by patient toil their mysteries have, save in two or three instances, been deciphered. These "insoluables" have been enclosed in quotation marks. Nothing vital has been changed. No part has been rewritten. In several instances names occurring in the early part of the Powell narrative have a remarkable resemblance to others which follow, leading one to suspect that the identical person is meant. Is Wiegfied intended for Wingfield? Is Kane the same man as Keane? Which is correct; McAuly or McAuley? The questions remain unanswered. The reader will find the story just as Powell wrote it, except that where initials were used by him, the full names, where known, have been substituted. The archaic spelling of such words as "waggon," "colour" and "centre" has been retained, as have the capitalizations of important nouns. But one deletion is to be recorded: after leaving the Rio Grande and while the travelers were in the midst

of the maze of arroyos, cañons and ravines they there encountered, Powell repeated himself in two long paragraphs. For the sake of clarity, these have been omitted.

All efforts to trace out the history of the author of the journal have been fruitless. Long ago the manuscript and two sketch books filled with drawings were purchased from Powell's grandchildren here in California. These have since passed into other hands, and the Powell descendants have moved away from the city where they lived at the time of the original sale. Their present whereabouts are unknown. The years that have elapsed have drawn a curtain. Family tradition, as told to the first buyer, has it that the father of the author was an Englishman, a dealer in books and prints, and one who had a taste for sketching. This trait he fortunately handed on to his son who has left us remarkable drawings of San Diego, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara made in 1850—doubtless his Los Angeles view is the earliest authentic picture of that city now in existence—and a pleasing series of sketches of California's Missions as they appeared in that day.

But who or what Powell himself was makes little difference. It is the record he has given us that counts. Of his journal much may be said. In its completeness of detail and wealth of description of the life and daily doings of his fellow emigrants and the country through which he journeyed, it is unsurpassed. Many diaries of travelers by way of the South Pass to California in the years from 1846 to 1850 have been published, and but very few covering the Santa Fé, Gila, Colorado Trail. Of all these none is its equal.

Unwittingly Powell has written himself into his journal. He has unconsciously made his record as absorbing in interest as a novel. His trials and disappointments in the hurly-burly of California's Gold Rush days show how many seeking quick and easy riches, to be had "just for the digging," were cruelly disillusioned.

Powell's story, jotted down from day to day, is a marvelous addition to the literature of the great westward movement which resulted in the occupation by the United States of the vast country between the Mississipi and Missouri Rivers and the Pacific Ocean. It forms a worthy part of the triumphant epic of the Anglo-Saxon peoples.

DOUGLAS S. WATSON

Members of Illinois Company

WHO LEFT GREENVILLE FOR CALIFORNIA

April 3, 1849

H. M. T. Powell
Dr. Burchard
Fuller
Isaac W. Carter*
Slade McGahey
Dr. E. C. Park*
Walter Powell
J. O. McGahey
Detrich
Edmund Park
George Ferguson*

**Died of cholera on the way.*



PLACES ON THE WAY FROM GREENVILLE TO SANTA FÉ

April 3, 1849 to July 23, 1849

ILLINOIS

April 3 Greenville
Pocahontas
4 Chartres
Marine Town
5 Collinsville
6 Illinois Town

MISSOURI

April 10 St. Louis
11 St. Charles
12 Cottlesville
13 Hickory Grove
14 Warrenton
16 Danville
17 Williamsburg
18 Swan's Farm
21 Smithland
26 Glasgow
28 Lexington Road

May 2 Dover; Tabboe
3 Sniabar
5 Little Blue
Blue Mills
13 Wayne City
15 Independence
16 Big Blue

THE FRONTIER

May 18 Lone Elm
Forks of Oregon and Santa Fé Trails
21 Black Jack
Hickory Point
22 Willow Spring
Two Buttes
23 110 Mile Creek
24 Switzler's Creek
26 142 Mile Creek
27 Bluff Creek

May 28 Rock Creek
Big John Creek
Council Grove
31 Diamond Spring
June 1 Cottonwood Creek
3 Turkey Creek
4 Little Arkansas
5 Cow Creek
6 Plum Buttes
7 Walnut Creek
8 Pawnee Rock
Ash Creek
9 Pawnee Fork
10 Coon Creek
12 Rock Spring
13 Jackson's Grove
14 Fort Mann
16 Arkansas River ford
20 Sand Creek
21 Cimarron Spring

June 23 Cimarron River
26 Rocky View
27 Cedar Creek
29 McNees' Creek
30 Rabbit Ear Creek
July 1 Round Mound
2 Rock Creek
4 Point of Rock
5 Canadian River
6 Ocate River
7 Waggon Mound
Santa Clara Spring
8 Cedar Creek
9 Moro River
Sepullo River
10 Las Vegas
11 Tecalote
12 Ojo de Verral
San Miguel
13 Old Pecos
14 *Galisteo and Santa Fé road forks*
15 Galisteo
16 Santa Fé



FROM GALISTEO NEAR SANTA FÉ TO SAN DIEGO

July 24, 1849 to December 3, 1849

July 24 Galisteo Camp
25 Antelope Spring
27 Quarra
Manzanas
29 Sierra Mina silver mine
30 Manzanas
August 15 Abo; valley of the Rio Grande
17 La Joya Ciboletta
18 Sabina
19 Panida
20 Fording Rio Grande
21 Socorro
22 Lopez
San Antonio
30 Paloma or Pigeon Creek
September
4 Foster's Hole
6 Sulphur Spring
7 Mimbres River
9 Ojo de Vaca
old Yanos Road
11 Cooke's "water for 50 animals"
12 Las Playas
15 Sunflower Creek
19 Continental Divide
Guadalupe Pass
20 Huaqui River
21 Rancho
San Bernardino
24 Black Water Creek
25 Valley of San Pedro
26 Coyetero trail
27 Cooke's Route left
October 2 Santa Cruz
3 Santa Barbara
Rancho
4 Guevavi
Calabasas
5 Tumacacori
6 Tubac
9 San Xavier
10 Tucson
11 Santa Cruz River left
15 Gila River
16 Pima and Maricopa villages
20 Puerta de la Sierra
29 Camp Desolation
November
18 Camp Starvation
19 Camp Calhoun
22 Cuchan Indian village
24 Camp Rio Nuevo
27 Carrisa Creek
28 Sierra Nevada Mts.
December
2 International Line
3 San Diego



SAN DIEGO TO SAN FRANCISCO

December 4, 1849 to January 28, 1852

In which interval occurs Powell's business ventures at Alviso and his essay at mining at Mariposa

December 1849
4 San Diego
March 1850
9 Left San Diego
Dragoon Camp
Soledad Valley
11 Don Juan Marron's Rancho
12 San Luis Rey Mission
13 Flores pueblo
San Juan Capistrano Mission
15 Santa Ana River
16 San Gabriel River
Pueblo de Los Angeles
22 Mission San Buenaventura
24 Santa Barbara
25 Mission Santa Barbara
27 Refugio Pass
28 Santa Ynez Mission
29 Rancho Los Alamos
30 Nepomo
31 Arroyo Grande
April 1 San Luis Obispo
2 Cuesta San Luis
Santa Margarita
3 Paso Robles
4 Mission San Miguel
Nacimiento River
San Antonio River
5 Los Ojitos Rancho
6 Salinas Valley
7 Arroyo Seco
Soledad Mission
9 Mission San Juan Bautista
10 Cross Pajaro River
11 Murphy's Rancho
San Jose
15 Moved to Alviso
June 6 New Almaden mine
16 San Francisco
August
20 San Francisco
April 1851
1 Left Alviso
Mission San Jose
2 Livermore's Rancho
3 San Joaquin River
4 Stockton
5 French Camp
6 Stanislaus River
7 Cotton's Ferry
Davis Ferry
Tuolumne River
8 Cross Merced River
10 Bear Creek
Norwegian Tent
Mariposa
11 Mariposa "diggins"
May 2 Left for Stockton
Texas Tent
Maine Tent
3 Tuolumne Ferry
5 Stockton
8 San Francisco
9 Stockton
June 12 Gwin's Ranch
13 McDermott's
15 Moquelumne Hill
16 McDermott's
21 Henrietta Ranch
22 Pulliam's
23 Stockton
January 1852
28 San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO TO GREENVILLE

February 2, 1852 to March 24, 1852

February 1852
2 Left San Francisco
10 Mazatlan
11 San Blas
14 Acapulco
24 Panama
25 Gorgona
26 Chagres
March 6 San Juan de Nicaragua
9 San Juan
14 New Orleans
23 St. Louis
24 Home—Greenville



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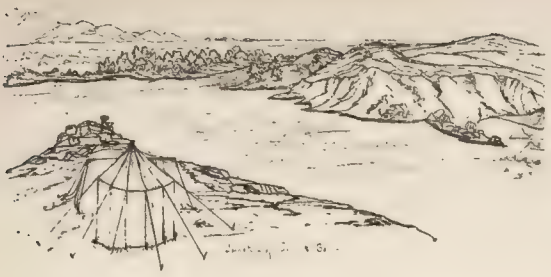
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Report of J. W. Abert, Lieut. U. S. Top. Engineers, Oct. 8, 1847
Report of W. H. Emory, Lieut. U. S. Top. Engineers, Sept. 1, 1847
Report of P. St. George Cooke, Major 2nd. U. S. Dragoons, Dec. 6, 1847
The above, together with notes by Capt. A.R. Johnson, killed at the Battle of San Pascual, California, December 6, 1846, were published by both the Senate and House of Representatives of the 1st. Session of the 30th. Congress, Washington, 1848.



Drawings and Maps

Pueblo de Los Angeles [*sketched Mar. 17, 1850*] *frontispiece*

Pueblo de Tumacacori [*sketched Oct. 6, 1849*] *facing page* 142

San Xavier del Bac [*labeled San Gabiel by Powell; sketched Oct. 9, 1849*] *facing page* 144

San Diego [*sketched Feb., 1850*] *facing page* 186

Mission San Diego [*sketched Feb., 1850*] *facing page* 194

Mission San Luis Rey [*sketched Mar. 12, 1850*] *facing page* 204

Mission San Juan Capistrano [*sketched Mar. 13, 1850*] *facing page* 206

Pueblo de Flores [*sketched Mar. 13, 1850*] *facing page* 208

Mission San Buenaventura [*sketched Mar. 22, 1850*] *facing page* 210

Mission Santa Barbara [*sketched Mar. 25, 1850*] *facing page* 212

Mission Santa Ynez [*sketched Mar. 28, 1850*] *facing page* 214

Mission San Luis Obispo [*sketched April 1, 1850*] *facing page* 216

Mission San Miguel [*sketched April 4, 1850*] *facing page* 218

Pueblo de Santa Barbara [*sketched Mar. 25, 1850*] *facing page* 220

Mission San Juan Bautista [*sketched April 9, 1850*] *facing page* 222

Mission Santa Clara [*sketched April, 1850*] *facing page* 224

Maps showing route of Powell's journey superimposed on Emory's map

Independence to Santa Fé *facing page* 1

Santa Fé to San Diego *facing pages* 77

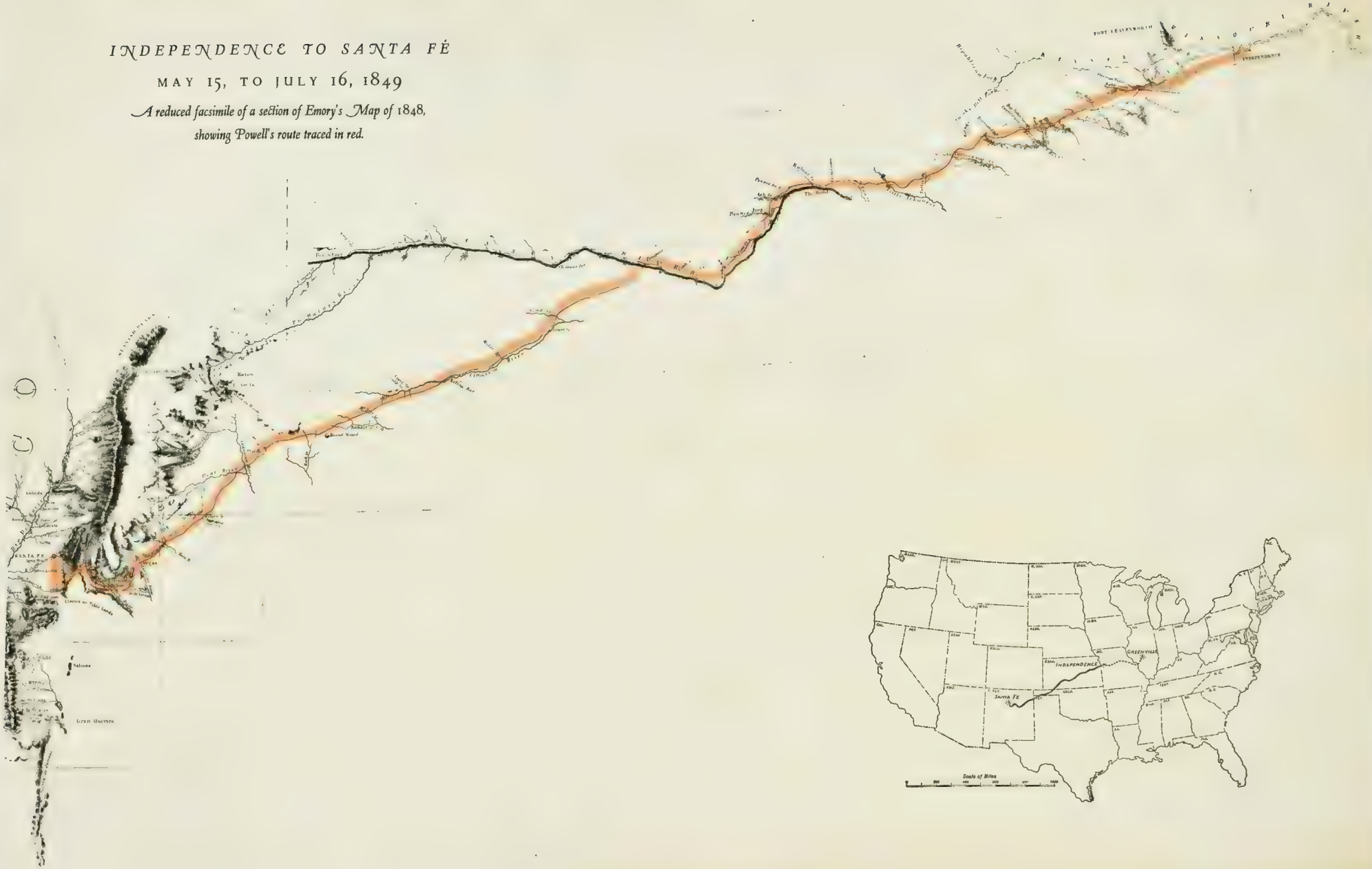
The small drawings used as decorations are from Powell's sketch book.

The Journal of H. M. T. Powell

INDEPENDENCE TO SANTA FÉ

MAY 15, TO JULY 16, 1849

A reduced facsimile of a section of Emory's Map of 1848, showing Powell's route traced in red.



INDEPENDENCE TO

MAY 15, TO JULY

A reduced facsimile of a section of Emo

showing Powell's route trace



April 3rd, 1849

The 4 Teams left Greenville about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, in a cold rain storm. I went home to bid my family farewell, but concluded to overtake the Team next day. They arrived at Pocahontas about 10 p.m. Walter bid his mother farewell and joined the waggons. 10 *Miles*.

4th Started from home with Dr. Burchard about 8 a.m. Parting bitter—bitter. About halfway down the lane Henry came posting after us on Grey Horse to give a little green and gold paper to his brother Walter. It brought tears again to my eyes—but let all that pass—duty sends me away; or I would not go. We traveled on in a cold rain storm near Chartres where we overtook the Teams; continued on with them as far as Marine Town and pitched our Tents for the first time, in a field West of town. 15 *Miles*.

5th Jacob left us at Marine Town and returned with Richard Wait. Dr. Burchard drove our Team. Fine day. Went as far as Collinsville and camped in a grove of timber where we were joined by Fuller, Detrich and Dr. Park. 15 *Miles*.

6th Fine day. Drove Team myself as far as Illinois Town, where we encamped in the timber. 10 *Miles*.

7th Went over to St. Louis to get guns fixed and buy some necessaries. Walter persuaded me to go to Dan Rice's Circus, and in the crowd I lost my pocket book with notes, dfts., etc.

8th SUNDAY at camp nearly all day.

9th Purchasing goods in St. Louis. Evening chose officers: Fuller, Camp Master and Carter, Road Master.

Camp duties assigned

1849 *April* 10*th* Left Camp at Illinois Town, by orders of Road Master who rushed us through St. Louis so quick that I had no chance to write home. Camped in a lot about, from St. Louis. 7 *Miles*.

11*th* Left Camp about 8 o'clock, passed through a beautiful and highly improved country called the Florrisant valley, then for some Miles over the sandy Missouri bottom till we arrived about sun down opposite St. Charles. 13 *Miles*.

12*th* Passed the Missouri in Ferry Boat to St. Charles where we stayed till past noon having lock chain put on waggon, etc., etc. Here I took the opportunity to write home. We were obliged to leave one Team the other side of the river belonging to Elisha Blanchard and Thos. Stewart who were unable to proceed farther for want of funds. We were unable to assist them. Left St. Charles about 1 o'clock, passed through a fine country and camped when within about a Mile of Cottlesville. It rained at Supper and more often all night. We held a council in the Tent in the evening and appointed to each man his peculiar duties: Carter and Slade McGahey to drive big waggon, day about; J. O. McGahey and George Ferguson the 2 Horse Waggon, ditto; and Dr. Burchard and Detrich my waggon, ditto; Carter to be train master and J. O. McGahey forage master. Fuller, Dr. Park, H. M. T. Powell, Walter Powell and Edmund Park to do all duties pertaining to the Camp; Fuller to be Camp Master. Ice. 10 *Miles*.

13*th* Passed Cottlesville. Day cold and cloudy. Road good, chiefly over Prairie. Encamped short of Hickory Grove about a Mile. The night was intensely cold and Walter and self, having no bed and insufficient bed clothes, we suffered severely with the cold. 20 *Miles*.

14*th* Passed Hickory Grove and about 1 o'clock passed through Warrenton and camped just beyond the Town in a little nook of a bottom. The night was intensely cold, and I was awake the most of the time trying to keep Walter well covered with what clothes we had but the cold from the ground as well as the air made sleep to him as well as myself a thing impossible. All this time Dr. Park has made himself perfectly comfort-

able by taking possession, as if it were a matter of course, of my waggon where he and Edmund sleep warm and comfortable. I must see to this and have it amended. Ice 1 inch thick. 10 *Miles*. Corralled at evening with Dr. Burchard.

15th SUNDAY. Laid by at Camp near Warrenton, having determined before starting to lay by on Sundays. Warrenton is a little straggling Village with a pretty good looking Court House but no Church. Its chief importance is in 5 Tobacco Manufactories. In morning Dr. Park's horse led off Detrich's and I had to take Walter's pony to go after them. This arose from Dr. Park's folly in not tying his horse. He was warned and warned but would only do as he chose. Detrich found them 12 Miles back. On his return Walter's pony was very sick. I had to doctor and attend him all day—better at night. This night I and Walter fixed our quarters in the waggon and passed a much more comfortable night. Shall sleep there for the future although the bare boards are hard—hard. Corralled in morning with Fuller.

16th Started for Danville betimes. After 4 Miles of timber got into Prairie. Weather a little warmer last night but when on the Prairie had quite a heavy flurry of snow. Roads good. We stopped short of Danville about 4 Miles and encamped a little left of road. 20 *Miles*.

17th Rainy all night and myself very sick for about an hour and half. Boys went in chase of some turkeys in the morning but did not kill any. Got to Danville, 4 Miles, and stopped some time to gain information of our route. Danville is larger than Warrenton, but like it; has no Church, and its Court House is old. The different trades have swing signs before their doors which made it look as if there were a great many Taverns. I went into the Court House and took a sketch from a very good map there of our route as far as Keytesville to aid us on our way. Passed on to within about 2 miles of Williamsburg. 13 *Miles*.

18th Very cold last night. Froze hard. Got to Williamsburg, 2 Miles, about 8 a.m. There I stopped at the Post Office and wrote home again. Then I followed the Teams as fast as I could, turned to the right on Grand Prai-

4 Camp inventory

1849 *April* rie 3 Miles on the old Boonslick road, then I struck timber. 8 Miles. Timber, broken and hilly. Grand Prairie again 2 or 3 miles and camped in a School House near a Mr. Swan's farm. Close by the School House was a log Church; the first Church I have seen since I left St. Charles. Passed a pleasant night in doors after traveling about 16 Miles but called from Williamsburg, 14 *Miles.*

19th Left School House and continued across Grand Prairie; beautifully rolling ground with strips and points of timber; fine land. Nooned 9 Miles from Swan's; here we turned to the right, leaving the old Boonslick road, taking the Huntsville route. 11 Miles more of Prairie brought us to the timber; passed through timber over a Mile to water. This, with about ½ Mile from Camp to Swan's in morning, made about 22 Miles; part of the road quite bad, with sloughs and deep gullies. 22 *Miles.*

20th Left Camp early and passed through timber, 9 Miles; hilly, then Prairie 6 Miles, very bad road, and then passed through a small belt of timber 1 Mile to other side to camp. 16 *Miles.* Corralled with Fuller and Dr. Park.

21st Passed over 10 Miles of Prairie, then 3 Miles of timber and encamped early close to a village of 3 or 4 Houses called Smithland. Self went ahead and after I had gone on, the Train changed their route and sent Walter after me, Dr. Park, and Dr. Burchard who thus traveled about 17 Miles but the Train went only—13 *Miles.*

22nd SUNDAY in Camp at Smithland. Rainy, a little.

23rd Still in Camp—in afternoon took an inventory of Company property.

24th Still in Camp. Finished inventory of what each man has contributed toward the general stock. We have here become acquainted with a Mr. Steingrandt and his son Henry, owners of 1 waggon, from St. Louis, and a Mr. Schmidt of Baltimore with another waggon; all going to California and who seem strongly disposed to keep us company. More of them hereafter. A very serious question has been started here: whether to go

on to St. Joseph and thence by the South Pass to California, as we intended at starting, or to entirely change our plans and go by Santa Fé. We have been talking about it all the time. The reasons for the change of route is the fear we have, that owing to the immense number of Teams going by South Pass, that there will not be feed enough for the cattle and that consequently we may be reduced to dreadful privations by their loss. We determined in the evening to go direct to Glasgow, and get all the information we could and then decide.

25th Rolled out of Camp. Our 3 waggons, Mr. Steingrandt's, and Mr. Schmidt's—5 in all—passed through a succession of cleared farms to Roanoke; thence 5 miles through the same style of country—rolling land, with fine soil—to a Creek, 5 miles farther. We are now in a great tobacco country—17 Miles.

26th Passed the same style of cleared farms and country as yesterday to Monticello 1¼ Miles from Glasgow. This is an exceedingly pretty village with some fine and rather tastefully built houses belonging chiefly I should suppose to rich tobacco growers. It is indeed a very pretty place. 1¼ Miles brought us to Glasgow, on the North bank of the Missouri, a thriving little town built on the side of the bluffs. I immediately went to the Post Office and wrote home. I went into a tobacco manufactory and saw the process of making chewing tobacco for the first time. It is very simple. I was much interested with it. I was weighed on their scales and found I had gained 6 pounds since I left home—at home weighed 126; at Glasgow 132. Pretty well for 3 weeks! Shows, at any event, that the very rough life I live does not disagree with me. We staid at Glasgow all day, as we could not get our waggons ferried over till late, the ferry boat being a mere scow rowed by 2 men, and there being a number of Teams that had the precedence of us. I bought at Glasgow a shuck mattress and slept at night for the first time with something like comfort in the waggon, as also did Walter. He is as sore from lying on the bare boards as myself and is delighted with the improvement in our "bed fixins." At Glasgow Mr. Fuller went out of town about 2 Miles to see Lieut. Colonel Congreve Jackson who was Lieutenant Colonel in Doniphan's regiment. He found him and got valuable information from him.

6 Missouri country-sides

1849 *April* We have determined to wait for him at Independence. Probably we shall stop with him at the mines below Santa Fé and not go to California; at least for some time. 8 *Miles.*

27*th* Started from south side of Missouri betimes. Before starting Dr. Burchard and Detrich insisted on the shares of the Company being divided into 11 parts instead of 9 so that the two boys should have a share in the risk of the loss. This gives Dr. Park and myself the onus of paying for 2 shares and double losses if anything happens to the waggon or Teams. I agreed to this on condition that the boys had a vote in council; which was agreed to. We passed through a heavy, sandy bottom for about 5 Miles, then rose up gradually on to a beautiful Prairie. About 5½ Miles farther, turned off the road to the right for the sake of a Camping ground which we found in a tongue of timber in a beautiful hollow over shadowed by fine black walnuts, and through which ran a little stream of water. Grass short and thick and had a park like appearance about it. We turned the oxen loose on the Prairie for the first time. Distance, say *11 Miles.*

28*th* Turned to the left into the Lexington road again and passed along a beautiful Prairie. This County, Saline, and the next two, LaFayette and Jackson, they tell me, are the great Hemp Counties; as the 3 Counties Randolph, Howard, and Chariton, on the other side of the river, are the Tobacco ones. The Prairie today was high and rolling with farms occasionally, and on still higher land to the North of the road, it seemed thickly settled. It is without exception the most picturesque and beautiful of anything I ever saw in Prairie land. At the end of 9 Miles went down a hill and passed a bad bridge on a perfectly level Prairie, called the "Plains"; turned off the road a short distance to little point of timber about 3 Miles on the "Plains" and encamped. Say, *12 Miles.*

29*th* SUNDAY. Near us to the North, in continuation of the dead level, seems to be a little hollow with some timber shooting up. I was surprised, when I went to it, to find it took a very sudden descent of about 50 feet to another level Prairie below, which I presume to be the veritable Missouri bottom. This, where we are, therefore, is a table land. The bottom is already well grown in grass, and we have turned the cattle

there to graze. Dr. Park's pony, has led off the Detrich and Burchard horses. Burchard was away and Dr. Park, being in one of his foggy, hazy moods, as is very usual with him—too common, in fact—(and the cause of it I fear will ruin his constitution) took no pains to reclaim his. He did not even stir from the fire. Detrich borrowed a horse from some Hannibal men encamped near to us and rode after them. We are out of meal, and have been sometime out of flour, and now at supper have just used our last grain of sugar. We borrowed enough meal of Schmidt to make a loaf and put some corn on to boil, with a bag of ashes, to make a kind of hominy, which with coffee alone and pork must be our living tomorrow. This is beginning the "Plains" life earlier than we expected; but, we all laugh at it. Night: Detrich's not returned with the horses, and we have concluded to stay tomorrow for him if he does not return before dawn.

30th All went out hunting this morning except Slade McGahey and myself. About 10 Detrich returned with his and Dr. Burchard's, but he could not get Dr. Park's colt to follow and left him about 12 miles below. He recovered his horses at the ferry opposite Glasgow, so he had a pretty good ride for them. Dr. Park came to me on his return from hunting to borrow Walter's pony to go after his colt. I had to lend it to him, of course, but I did not like to, as he is in such a fog all the time with his opium that he hardly knows what he is about. The rest of the party came in without game. Our fare today: boiled corn, fried meat, and coffee without sugar—hard fare! At night Dr. Park had not returned.

May 1st In the first of the morning Carter and teamsters went after the cattle. They were so scattered that they could not find them for a long while and it was late before we started. We passed 9 Miles of "Plains" to the "Grand Pass," then 3 Miles to a Mr. McReynold's where I asked for some dinner as I was ahead of the Teams. Such a dinner! They had just dined, and they told me, if I could be content with what was on the table I was welcome. I sat down. Ate 4 slices of ham, ½ a vegetable dish of potatoes stewed in milk, more than half a loaf of bread, ⅓ of a large bowl of apple-sauce and then drank 3 tumblers of milk. In a word I cleared the table and even then felt hungry. Such is the effect of a rough life. When did I ever eat such a dinner at home? As the Teams passed I

1849 May joined them, and went on through a beautiful country, say 5 Miles. To the South of us the Prairie was rolling and waving interminably. No timber to be seen. Soil rich—rich—the great hemp soil. To the North, a skirt of wood; the ridge I suppose above the Missouri, abounding in a continuation of fine farms. 17 Miles.

2nd We camped last night by a Mr. Hill's, a pleasant, pursy, Country slaveholder. We left Camp betimes and skirted timber on the North of the road, until we, at last, got into a series of cleared farms as far as Dover; near Dover very hilly and broken. Say 8 Miles to Dover, but the distances are hard to get at in this section. Dover seems to be a thriving little place with almost as many stores as houses. They are just finishing a nice little brick church with an extinguisher steeple. Left Dover after a short stay and passed another beautiful Prairie—say 5½ Miles—then 1½ Miles through timber, passing over a bridge at the Tabboe, and camped beyond Tabboe in a little open glade. We turned to the left after leaving Dover to avoid a ferry, the bridge being broken down on the direct road to Lexington. We determined, therefore, not to go to that place at all but follow this route. Distance, say 15 Miles.

3rd Started betimes, and went through still a beautiful farming country, alternately Prairie and lightly timbered, till we came to a sign post 3 Miles South of Lexington. Turned to the left; still varied timber and Prairie. Here Dr. Park sold the colt I let him have for $40.00. I took him aside and asked him to pay me for it, as he was now able to do so. He, instead of doing so, ran back to the Company and began vituperating me. I then told them how disingenuously he got him and the least he could do was to pay for him. In great excitement he held up his hand and declared before God there was not a word of truth in my statement. This aroused my indignation so much that I instantly said that in saying so he told a lie. "Oh!" said he, "don't think I fear you, Sir—don't think I fear you, Sir," and instantly after turned round and walked away as fast as he could. He is a trifling, paltry fellow and from many little tergiversations I have caught him in I am satisfied that he is neither truthful or honorable. We continued on and camped early by the little Sniabar or "Sni," as it is called. Say, 10 Miles.

4th Left little "Sni" and a mile beyond passed "big Sni." Rugged, hilly road; but still fine farming country—through timber. The Prairie occasionally stretching far off to the South. We passed through the fine Prairie bottom. It rained last night and has rained hard, with cold wind, all day. I got wet through 3 times: 1st time in a lull the warmth of sun and wind dried me; the 2nd time dried at Hambrights; and 3rd at Camp fire at night. The Teams stopped short at Spring branch 2 Miles short of Hambrights, where they said they should go to, and to which place therefore I hurried on to dry, but they stopped short and camped in a low spongy bottom, with water over shoes at every step almost. They sent Walter for me and I got wet through 3 times accordingly. It took me about ½ hour to get off my boots. Distance, say 14 *Miles*.

5th Left Camp in rain. Rode pony for first time (with exception of 1 Mile), quit the low Prairie and rose onto a high rolling one; 2 Miles to Hambright and more Prairie, then skirts of timber and good farms; 6 more to the "Little Blue." Here we went down a very bad hill and forded the stream by the Blue Mills—water up to the waggon bed nearly. Fuller now rode on to make enquiries. By the time we had got a Mile beyond the Mill, Fuller came back and called a council—the end of which was that we returned to the Mill, then turned to the left toward the Missouri and kept on for about 5 Miles till we came very near the river. The object of this was to gain pasture for our cattle, which we found there. We have to wait for our goods from St. Joseph and for Col. Jackson and this was considered about the best place we could find; besides, the Cholera and Small Pox are raging at Independence (12 or 13 Miles now from this place) and we did not want to pass there until absolutely necessary. We traveled today, say 19 Miles, but on our direct road to Independence only—say 13 *Miles*.

6th SUNDAY. In Camp—very tired—but I had to bake bread a great part of the day. In the afternoon Detrich went up to Owen's landing and took Steam Boat for St. Joseph to get flour, pork, etc., etc., back to us.

7th In Camp. Put out every thing to dry. Took things up to a Mrs. Blazen, daughter of Mr. Lemon's, near by to be washed. Some things I reserved

1849 May and washed myself and, being the first time, I think I got through very well. Camp duties filled up the rest of my time. J. O., Slade McGahey and George Ferguson went to Independence, where they saw Knight and Pytha Holcomb who started on to the Plains before they left the town. They also saw Col. F. Forman there, who does not start till next week. They confirm the accounts of Cholera and Small Pox. Brought a letter for Dr. Park, by which I learned all was well at home. Thank God!

8th In Camp. Sharpening knives, greasing boots, sewing clothes, writing, etc., etc. Dr. Burchard and I. W. Carter went up to Blue Mills to get some timber to make a Jack for the waggons. Whilst there a man was buried who died of Cholera. He was a Californian camped near who went to Independence yesterday; returned in the evening, took the Cholera and died in a few hours. We are all of us prudent and hope to escape.

9th Still in Camp. Our Camp is West of "Little Blue" about 3 Miles, and about ¼ Mile from the Missouri, hemmed in by a sweep of the river. Our location is very plainly shown on the map. Camp duties, cleaning up, etc., etc. In the evening caught a big blue cat-fish; 25 # weight. Out of sugar, coffee, flour and nearly out of meal. We are all anxious for the return of Detrich.

10th Camp. Went up to Mr. Lemon's to write home, as I wish to make as little stay in Independence as possible. This took me some considerable time. After this, Camp duties.

11th Went to Owen's landing with Walter and J. O. McGahey to see after Detrich—not arrived—and from what the Foreman of Warehouse said, we entertain some grave fears for him, as the "Kansas," the boat on which he went up, had returned without him. Continued on to Independence to see if any letters were there. Found none, much disappointed. Made a short stay and returned. Bought an umbrella, and Rosary; on the Rosary I mean to put my locket with the hair of Wife and children which I wear constantly round my neck. Got back to Camp about sun down. At Independence I added a few words to my letter home, and Walter also wrote, which I put into P. O. Independence is a straggling

kind of a village, the chief part round a public square, say about 3 times as large as Greenville. It is unworthy of any particular remarks.

12th In the morning Carter started for Owen's landing to try to find out something about Detrich. After he had been gone some time Detrich himself came into Camp, very much to the joy of all of us. He has had a rough time. Among other things, he has lost our Barrel of sugar but we were so glad to see him safe that we thought but little of the sugar. It is a shrewd loss, however, for us just starting on to the Plains. He brought a letter from my Wife, enclosing one from Caroline to her brother Walter. How welcome they were! I went on one side to read them and wandered back in imagination among them with the tears starting in my eyes—many, many times. Dear, dear ones, oh that I were with you! Shortly after, I went up to Mr. Lemon's to answer my letter. I find that I ought to have received 2 more, previous ones, in one of which I find by this one ought to be $20.00. They have not come, and what to do about it I do not know. Late in the evening Carter returned bringing me another letter from Mrs. Powell, enclosing $10.00; both very acceptable. Thunder storms last night.

13th SUNDAY. In the morning started Dr. Burchard to St. Joseph to try and recover the Bbl. of sugar and to get the letter with money in it. We also sent Dr. Park to see Col. Jackson, so as to keep up a communication and learn where to join him. After much hunting we found our cattle and rolled out about noon, passed Blue Mills and Owen's landing and stopped short at night about ½ Mile from Wayne City or Independence landing. Say, 11 Miles.

14th Went to Landing and loaded up our goods, and took them on about a Mile beyond Independence. Cold, miserable rain storm. Terrible time getting waggons up the steep hills. During our stay at the Landing a man died of Cholera, and during the night I was very unwell myself, and had to get up and sit in the baggage waggon a long time. I got in there to be out of the rain.

15th Tuesday. About noon, having finished our purchases at Independence,

1849 *May* we returned to our Camp about a Mile from town, and rolled out about 10 Miles on to the Prairie. Steingrandt's Team went with us, but Schmidt stayed behind to get a new tongue put into his waggon. I sent a long letter home from Independence but dated the last part wrong. Dr. Burchard has not yet returned from St. Joseph. We were all glad to get away from Independence as the Cholera rages there fearfully. They told us 10 died there last night.

16th Started early. Passed a number of Camps and Big Blue about noon, near which were three graves of Californians who died of Cholera. Beautiful rolling Prairie, with skirts, clumps and ridges of timber. The waters of the Big Blue came up to our waggon bed. As we went through the timber Carter stopped at a farm house and bought a rooster.We got to the frontier line about 2 o'clock. After passing Big Blue the road was very bad. Just on the line there is a Grocery and near it a number of Teams had stopped. We here saw a number of Shawnee Indians and one Squaw, all drinking. At this spot, from the absence of timber, it looks more like the Plains as I had pictured in my imagination than anything I have yet seen. I do not think I can put down the distances with anything like precision as we have no viametre and every one tells a different story; no two agree. The line I believe is about 20 Miles from Independence. We hear that the Cholera is raging to a fearful extent among the Emigrants beyond the Kansas; how it is on our route I do not know. I saw here for the first time a Pack Mule Team.Walter's pony does not like them very well. He pricks his ears and snorts and wants to run. We passed a good many Trains of all kinds today. It would be difficult to say which were the greenest, the Teams or the teamsters. They made sad work of it. The land East of Big Blue is very good; West, as far as we have seen, not so good. To the South some 15 or 20 waggons stopped for the night and the mules scattered over the side hill of the Prairie. The crown of the hill is covered with our waggons and the waggons of the Company calling themselves the "Pioneer Line." There is a greenness and smoothness of appearance here (4 o'clock) that makes it look as if it were cultivated. Here from the absence of timber the Prairie has the almost boundless appearance that I anticipated. Just after passing the Big Blue we saw a large clump of Cactus growing on the left of the road, the first we have

seen. When the waggons moved on at noon, 2 o'clock, I staid behind for a while to write, and as I neared our Camp 4 or 5 Miles from the line, Dr. Burchard overtook me; he brought me 4 letters from St. Joseph, and the letter with the money directed to Fuller, $10 of which belongs to me. He also found the sugar and sold it for $10.00, so he managed the business intrusted to him well. We encamped on the open Prairie, and had to take both wood and water from the frontier line. In the evening Dr. Park picked a quarrel with me, and abused me very much. Foolish man, I have ceased to respect him. To the North of us on separate swells of the Prairie there are two remarkable piles of stones but what they were placed there for we none of us know.

17th In the middle of the night Carter was taken dangerously sick with the Cholera. Dr. Burchard and myself attended him all night. In the morning we moved out of Camp late and made up as good a bed as we could for him in my waggon, and moved 3 or 4 Miles. When he became dangerously ill we had to stop. Train after Train passed us and we see Trains in a variety of directions, wending their way on by different routes on the vast Prairie. Major Steingrandt and our 3 waggons are now, at noon, on a high knoll of Prairie, waiting the event of Carter's disease. George Ferguson and J. Slade McGahey have been both ailing all day, so that our Camp is rather a gloomy one. I told J. Slade McGahey to take the $20 bill, as it appears half of it is for him, and when we got to Santa Fé to change it and give me my moiety. Our cattle do finely all this time, as the grass is abundant. About noon a Pack Mule Train came by and, going near our horses, Walter's pony and Dr. Burchard's horse broke loose from their pickets and went off full tilt. Dr. Burchard got on Detrich's horse and went after them. It took him some time and considerable trouble to get them. During the afternoon I lay down, but woke about 4 o'clock. I heard the Doctors talking and thought perhaps Carter was worse. I arose and walked around a short time and then saw Fuller go towards my waggon where Carter was. He got down from there and said Carter was dead. We went to look and found it to be so. He died about 4½ o'clock. We all separated and walked apart to indulge our sad thoughts alone. I observed George Ferguson went on to the road and walked back a considerable distance and was gone some time. About

1849 May sunset we consigned him to his last home. Major Steingrandt and his son Henry cut an inscription on a board very neatly to the following effect:

F L T
ISAAC W. CARTER
Concord N.H.
Died May 17th 1849
aged 35 Years

which we placed at the head of the grave. We pitched both tents this evening and Dr. Park and Edmund much against their will had to sleep in one. The night was very cold and a great Coat was necessary to comfort. I did not go to bed till late, gloomy thoughts had their sway for awhile, but I earnestly commended myself to God and before I retired I felt wonderfully relieved and almost cheerful. I do not know how to account for this hopefulness, but that it came is true and I retired to rest in peace. Poor Carter was laid on a Coverlet Mrs. Parrot gave me, then wrapped in one of my big blankets. I also stripped the case from one of my pillows and stuffed it with some of his clothes to lay his head on. I also put my small sheet over him. We then put the cold earth over all. No prayer was uttered, which I thought strange. Fuller and myself remained at the grave, when all the rest had left, which they did as soon as it was covered in. We looked long at the little mound. I took off my hat and made a silent prayer. At length Fuller ejaculated, "Rest in peace," and I answered "Amen!" We then left.

18th In the morning before starting Fuller and myself again visited poor Carter's grave. I put a bouquet of wild flowers at its head, and whilst there Henry Steingrandt came and put some seeds on the grave. We moved out of Camp early and about 11 o'clock passed the "Lone Elm"; which stands withered and dead on the left of the road. Stopped a little beyond it at a large Camp that was near and turned out our cattle to graze, but in a few minutes George Ferguson was taken with violent retchings and cramps and it was deemed prudent to move on as fast as possible to wood and water. We started but had to stop for him many times. In fact we feared he would die before we could reach the Camp ground. We, at

length, about 5 o'clock arrived at "Bull Creek" near which are two log houses belonging to Shawnee Indians, but who it appears have moved away some distance for fear of the Cholera. May 1849

The road today seemed like a lengthened Cemetery. The mounds of graves of the Emigrants thrown up at intervals on either side of the road and the bones and remains of cattle and mules strewn in all directions was but a dismal sight. Near Bull Creek where we are now encamped, are many other parties, and among them are 3 more cases of Cholera besides George. Mr. Fuller is complaining, as is also J. Slade McGahey and Detrich looks very pale. The Doctors are engaged with the sick, and the whole business of cooking and managing devolves on me, which keeps me very busy. I am glad of this; it keeps my mind as well as body employed. I have no time to brood over gloomy thoughts. We turned out our cattle to graze and immediately after supper I went with Henry Steingrandt and J. O. McGahey to look for them, but we could only find 2 Yoke, 15 Yoke were missing. I returned and Detrich, J. O. and Henry armed in hot haste and started again in search of them, not returning till long after dark, and then without them. I am well pleased at this accident, as they are not lost, I am satisfied. The boys will be heartily frightened, and for the future will be more careful over the cattle when grazing than they have been. Major Steingrandt is in great wrath about it. I went to one of the Camps in the evening and saw a Captain Grove (a Virginian and formerly Captain of Volunteers and a Gentlemanly young man) who has been out as far as the Gila river. From him I got some valuable information. He says there is nothing to hinder us going by Cooke's route to California with our Ox Teams. This is cheering. I have been in a singular state of mind today, notwithstanding the Angel of Death seems to hover our path. I have felt a buoyancy and hopefulness that is truly astonishing to myself. Why? I know not, but so it is. Instead of gloomy images and dwelling on dark thoughts, I am almost cheerful from hope, and when alone, my memories go back to my home, or thought carries me on to a future happy meeting. Is this an illusion, sent to deceive, or not? I will trust that God blesses me with this hopefulness, as an omen of future happiness, with all my dear ones at home. But, be it so, or not, His Will be done.

16 Wel-a-peto visits camp

1849 May 19th By daylight this morning J. O. McGahey, Detrich and Henry Steingrandt were fully armed and off after the cattle, the report being that the Indians had driven them off. When I arose I saw some men filling up a grave near by; and learn that the sick man in the tent next to ours had died of the Cholera about 2 o'clock in the morning and that they had just buried him. After breakfast, the Indian William Rogers, or Wel-a-peto, came from his Camp with one of his sons to get some necessaries from his house. Major Steingrandt went to him in a towering rage, and swore, by all the powers, that if the cattle were not brought back, he would burn, kill and destroy. Wel-a-peto bore all this with coolness and merely said, "No, no Shawnee not steal," but his son looked very indignant. Dr. Burchard and myself went to him and took an entirely different course, and told him we had no thought that the Shawnee had stolen them, and would reward his son if he could go and hunt them, and bring them into the Camp. The young man looked pleased and started off full gallop to look for them. J. O. McGahey and Detrich, however, found them before he came up with them. I, however, and I believe Dr. Park rewarded him for his trouble and willingness. Henry Steingrandt took another direction and did not return until late. He went back as far as the "Lone Elm," say 12 Miles. A pretty good ride, 24 Miles before breakfast. George Ferguson is no better and his life hangs by a thread. We wait here to see the event. I had a little note in my pocket written for my dear Wife and a waggon, passing just after breakfast to return to Independence, I gave it to the driver. I am still head cook, etc., this morning; the others, although not really sick, being disinclined to use any exertion. Walter and self remained quite well, thanks to a Kind and Protecting Providence.

The morning was rainy, but it cleared off in the afternoon. Dr. Park is in one of his dreams and has been ever since leaving the frontier line, but is worse, yesterday and today. We hear from Wel-a-peto and also from the teamsters who passed today, that Colonel Jackson is only a day or two ahead; so that, notwithstanding our delay by sickness, we may yet overtake him. I trust it may be so, as I have confidence in him, from all that I have heard about him. At night they all returned early and left me to take care of George, with whom I staid until about 2 o'clock and then called Detrich.

20th SUNDAY. George no better, but, I am happy to say, no worse. We cannot, however, move on without danger to him and so we remain here. This delay is irksome in the last degree, but there is no remedy. May 1849

Our route since just at the boundary line, is one vast wavy plain. Missouri seems to have carefully hedged in all the timber for itself, and left the bare Plains to the poor Indians. Here and there at great distances, you can see little clumps, or slender strips of timber, that have the appearance of Islands, and the vast Plain heaves and rolls around like a green ocean. Sometimes when passing an elevated roll of land, you can see the Plain stretch away—away—until at last it becomes dim and hazy, becoming almost the colour of the sky. The soil is rich, but lack of timber renders it next to useless. As I sat last night by George, he, by one of his little dozes, left me at liberty to think. The wind was a little to the South of East, and I pleased myself with the idea that, perhaps, the air that played around me, had fanned the faces of my dear ones at home and passed over the flowers of my garden. Cheering and happy thoughts came over me, and in the stillness of the night I heartfully prayed to God for their health and welfare as for my own and Walter's, and begged a blessing on us all by a happy and prosperous reunion. That it may please the Great Ruler of all to answer that prayer, is again my humble supplication. It is a raw and boisterous day, and rained again, hard, this morning. We have dieted for a few days past, on biscuit, boiled rice and coffee, with very little meat. One of the passing Mule Teams broke a tongue last evening, and another party broke an axle this morning; casualties of the road. They are busy making new ones. As we were cooking our supper, the rain drove Fuller and self into the Tent. It held up after awhile, and we were able to finish cooking. Ate our supper in the Tent, but immediately after it came down in perfect torrents, and blew a small hurricane. The Tents were almost blown over, and the rain made the inside of both Tents a perfect puddle. Walter and myself were with poor George, and we had hard work to put him into a comparatively dry corner. As soon as the flurry was over we called Dr. Burchard and he took charge of him, but Dr. Park did not go to him for some time after. Detrich counted 14 Camp fires tonight. This is a great camping place for both Oregon and Santa Fé Teams, as the forks of the road are only about a Mile and half back and the Oregon Teams can easily

1849 May turn on to their trail again. Slept well, although the Tent was so wet.

21st This morning early Major Steingrandt, Henry and Riemers moved on, being tired of waiting. In a short time after the Doctors reported George in a condition to move, and the word was passed to gear up. We struck Tents, made a bed for George in my waggon, packed up and started about 9½ o'clock. Arrived at Black Jack (about 8 Miles) say 1 o'clock, where we took luncheon and let the cattle graze. Passed on the way a company of South Carolinians who spoke to me and expressed a great desire to join us. I told them we should be well pleased, and desired them to push on and join us at the next camping ground. The country North of road today as far as Black Jack had considerable more timber, and in the vicinity of Black Jack there is a good deal, but it is small and stunted. At Black Jack there is an Indian log house and a little lot fenced in, but I did not see the owner. A number of Santa Fē waggons, belonging to a trader of the name of Webb, were camped near the running water by the Indian's house. From some of the teamsters I learned the distance from Bull Creek to Black Jack (so called from the prevalence of the Black Jack Oak) was 8 Miles; from thence to Hickory Point 5 Miles; and from Hickory Point to Willow Spring 5 or 6 Miles. We passed the traders' waggons a little way and stopped for luncheon about 1 o'clock. After we had put the cattle in again to move on, there came a deluge of rain. We turned the sides of our waggons to the storm and sat in them till it was over. The sun, after awhile, shone out bright and warm, the wind sunk and the afternoon was delightful. We continued on our way to some timber about 2 Miles beyond Hickory Point, where we found excellent spring water. I fell in the morning in springing over a gully, and struck my knee with great force against a hidden stump, but still, notwithstanding the great swelling and pain, I tramped on all day cheerfully, so glad was I to be once more "en route" and George better. On our arrival at Camp I made 2 loaves of bread before supper, and 2 after, washed up everything, and then, after all my labours, sat up with George in the waggon and waited on him all night. I never had such a severe trial in my life. He was delirious and would not keep the clothes on, and it was a *very* cold night for me even with my great Coat on. I laboured all night with him. Besides this he insisted on getting out of the waggon

and I had many struggles with him to keep him on his bed, but he was so emaciated that I could put my arms around him and manage him like a child. May 1849

Strange and awful disease! Three days ago he weighed 14 pounds more than I and was twice as strong and now almost a skeleton and an infant in strength.

At day-break I awoke the boys to turn out the cattle to feed; for we tie them to the waggons at night, and after awhile Dr. Burchard came and relieved me from my wearisome duty. Just before entering our Camp ground last night the timber to the North sinks, which leaves a beautiful open vista, in the centre of which, at a considerable distance, were two remarkable elevations; one shaped like the roof of a house and the other like an obtuse cone. The view was very beautiful. We found our old friend the Major at the Camp ground, and we shall still probably roll on together.

22nd We got an early start, and just behind us came the Santa Fé waggons and the waggons of South Carolinians. We passed Willow Spring 3 or 4 Miles from Camp near which are 2 Indian log houses, but the Indians not there. The country today has little timber, but a fine soil, and plenty of water and grass. Today Walter takes his place as a teamster and drives the baggage waggon. The place will suit him much better than Camp duties.

About 9 Miles from Camp I see to the North West two more of those remarkable elevations at a considerable distance. They look from here like the roofs of 2 lines of houses. The Major says they look like field works. They give an interest to the vast Plain, as they vary the monotony. I think they must be the "two buttes" Lieutenant Abert passed between when he lost his way and struck South to get on to the Santa Fé trail. Our cattle have good feed here, and I am glad to see them all in such fine working order. Three Chicago Teams passed us at noon; very handsomely rigged out. George, I am sorry to say, is worse. The Doctors at "Bull Creek" got him out of his collapse, but the reaction was so great as to cause a congestion of the brain, which is now increased; caused probably by the severe rain storm that deluged our Tents. We continued on the lonely Plain, and travelled we suppose about 18 Miles.

Loneliness of the way

1849 *May* We had to bring our wood and water, as there is no wood, and water is precarious for about 30 Miles from the timber we encamped at, near Hickory Point. Our Camp tonight is on an elevated bleak range of the Plains and the night is very cold. Major Steingrandt, who started sooner than us and has kept some distance ahead all day, is about 1½ miles ahead alone. I rode on and saw him and beckoned to the Train to follow but they mistook the signal and did not come on. I fear we shall not see him again, as he is anxious to push on. The Doctors as we are going to bed think George will not last over 2 or 3 hours. We passed 2 Indians in afternoon who came toward us on horseback full gallop. Fuller and I were alone and had no arms. We stopped on a height, and Fuller computed that we could see to the South West 20 Miles and to North East 20 Miles, so that we were the centre, as it were, of a diameter of 40 Miles. We saw this afternoon a wolf. This is the first wild animal we have seen since we left the frontier. We also passed a number of Indian trails, which are men's tracks like a common foot path.

23rd There was again a good deal of rain during the night, and the morning is bleak and cold. Great Coats are necessary to comfort. I take my turn in driving today, as well as do Camp duties. I relieve Walter who drives the baggage waggon. We are getting short handed and every one has to do all he can. The Doctors are much engaged with George and the loss of poor Carter is sensibly felt. We, yesterday and today, estimate more truly than we have before the loneliness of these vast Plains, for our 3 waggons are alone, and since we have passed the forks of the Oregon and Santa Fẽ roads the travel is trifling. Before we arrived at the forks, it seemed like a succession of villages and processions, so great were the number of travelling trains and encampments. Now we scarce see any.

About 5 Miles from Camp we came across 5 Indians of the Sac tribe; they call themselves Sawkeys. They were all lying full length on the ground in a semicircle, flat on their stomachs, and all dressed in full Indian style; blankets, legging, breech cloth, scalp lock, paint, etc., etc. Near them we returned to their rightful owners a large drove of cattle that we had stopped on the road early in the morning whilst they were going back full chase to the settlements. The men who came after them said they had come 15 Miles from their Camp. We have seen nothing of

the Major. He started first I suppose. The Prairie is still open and wavy, with only occasional little Islands of wood at great distances. May 1849

About noon we arrived at "110 Mile Creek," which we suppose to be about 10 or 11 Miles from our last Camp on the open Plains. We passed the creek and belt of timber and are now encamped on the West side, some distance to the North of the road in a little bend of the river or creek. Here we stay on account of George whose situation is critical, and the Doctors say all will be settled soon. We have pitched both Tents. George has one, at some little distance to the leeward of the others, and we have stripped my waggon, where he lay, and opened it to air, and washed every part we can. Since an early supper we have all been busy in fixing our arms, etc., intending to use ourselves to wear them, not that we yet deem them necessary. Fuller, Detrich and J. Slade McGahey seem to have got over their fright, for now that George is cured of the Cholera and is only likely to die of congestion of the brain they seem to think less of it, and are not all the time watching their own internal feelings. Their pallid looks are replaced by a more healthful tinge of countenance, and although poor George's groans are constantly heard through our little Camp, all the Company laugh and talk as if they did not hear them.

This looks very strange to me, but I will not speculate on the causes; I might do them injustice. We stay here tonight and I fear will have more rain—needless, for the roads were bad enough before. The land still continues rich and good and the grasses, flowers and weeds look to me very much the same as those on our own Prairies in Illinois. We passed today a group of some 21 or 22 dead cattle, killed, I hear, by a heavy sleet last winter on the return trip from Santa Fé. Up to this group the average of dead carcasses, I should think, would be about 2 to a Mile—since then, more.

Dr. Burchard and myself watched with George tonight, which was, again, rainy in the first part. Early in the watch we heard the howls of a pack of wolves about a Mile to the South. It is the first time I have heard such sounds. At midnight we were to call Fuller and J. O. McGahey, but as the Doctor went to their Tent to call them, I heard by his breathing, which then changed, that George was unequivocally failing fast, his stertorian gasping suddenly became much fainter. I, therefore,

22 George dies peacefully

1849 *May* would not go to bed, sent J. O. back and only retained Fuller with me. George's breathing became fainter and fainter. Fuller and myself knelt by his side and watched his quiet departure. He seemed to sleep peacefully; and so easily did he die that although the light Fuller held shone full on his face, and I watched him narrowly all the time, I could not distinguish his last breath. When all was over, I stretched his limbs straight on my mattress on which he lay, closed his eyes, bound up his face. Fuller put a bullet on each eye, and finally I covered him with a quilt. We closed the Tent, and as I knew the next day must be a busy one, I sent Fuller back to bed and paced in front of the Tent till dawn. Just before dawn the wolves howled all around us in a most hideous and dismal manner. As soon as there was a little light in the East I called all hands and gave up my charge.

24th After I had called all up, the cattle were turned out to feed, and while Fuller was cooking breakfast I went to the creek, and washed, bathed my feet, etc., and felt much refreshed. As the others dug the grave after breakfast, I engraved on a stone Doctor Burchard brought from the creek, as well as I could with a hammer and screw driver:

G F
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to mark the place. I culled some flowers and placed them at his head. He was buried, pallet and all, just as he lay in the Tent. May God rest his soul! Again have we buried our dead and no prayer uttered over his grave. Should not one of the professors of religion we have with us think of this? We geared up as soon as we could after all was finished at the grave and moved on. To the South West and North West, soon after leaving Camp, we saw beautiful clumps, tufts, and strips of timber, but after riding pony awhile I was so sleepy that I got into the baggage waggon and did not wake until we arrived at "Switzler's Creek"—8 Miles.

Walter tells me we passed a beautiful country. At the creek we overtook a Train, but they moved out first. Soon after we moved on from Switzler's Creek it began to rain and looked as if it threatened a wild night. About 4 Miles brought us to another creek where the road was

stopped by one of the Santa Fé waggons being stalled. They put on 17 Yoke of Cattle but could not move it. We went back up the hill again and passing a little to the left, by going down a very precipitous road we effected a crossing. We then passed, at short intervals, a number of pretty streams, with timber on their banks of course, and then a long stretch of Plains to another creek, which we suppose to be about 7 Miles in all from where we left the Santa Fé waggon stalled. We did not get in till late after sundown and cooked our supper in a great hurry in the rain, and ate it in the Tent by candle light. We had, notwithstanding our hurry, put one Tent over the other, fearing an inclement night, and ditched pretty deep, and it was well we did so, for shortly after supper the rain fell in torrents accompanied by lightening and thunder. It was Walter's duty as one of the teamsters to be out and help get the cattle and tie them to the wheels of our waggons, but I would not permit him to go, but went myself. I got thoroughly drenched in the operation, and when I got through I was so tired and sleepy that I lay down as the rest did in my wet clothes and fell asleep in a minute. The driving rain and gusts of wind awoke us, however, a number of times, and we had to hold the Tent poles to keep the wind from blowing them down. *May 1849*

25th A fine morning, made all straight again, and we started in pretty good season. I here loaded my pistol for the first time and buckled on my fighting gear, as did the rest, passed the stream, and in about a Mile came to another creek, where we found our South Carolina friends had come to a standstill and turned out their cattle, fearfull to pass it, as it was very rapid and deep from last night's heavy rain; we, however, after trying at various places with our horses, found a place and passed over in safety, and continued on about 2 Miles farther to another creek; but this was too turbulent and deep to be forded and we were constrained to stop. We turned out the cattle, stripped the sheets from all the waggons, and put out everything to dry. I found a bag of my clothes were wet, which I also put out. About noon as we were at dinner, Dr. Park, who it appears has been unwell with Diarrhoea 2 or 3 days, became seriously ill, his face changed rapidly and in a short time it became a confirmed case of Cholera, but it did not seem so severe as poor Carter's and George's attack.

24 Dr. Park stricken

1849 May How it will end, God only knows, but as he has not yet any sickness of the stomach, although suffering with extreme cramp and spasms, I trust Dr. Burchard may bring him through. During the afternoon he sent for me. I went to my waggon where he lay to see him. He expressed his great regret that we should have had a misunderstanding and quarrel, assured me he entertained nothing but kindly feelings toward me, and hoped I would reciprocate them. I told him to put his mind at rest on that score, for that, in the future, I would banish every unkind thought, and act as if there had never been any differences between us. He then spoke of Edmund, and I told him I would look on him as a son, and at every risk see him safely returned home as soon as circumstances would permit. He pressed my hand and seemed satisfied. Fuller told me, however, afterwards that when he was first taken at noon the Doctor had confided Edmund to his especial charge. The boy, however, will be taken care of by one and all of us. We pitched another Tent and put him in and Detrich and self staid up with him the fore part of the night, heated stones for his feet, chafed his limbs, etc. About an hour before our watch was out, he slept well. We left Fuller and J. O. McGahey with him. The night was very cold; could see our breath all the time. In the evening I heard Detrich, Dr. Burchard and Fuller talking seriously of returning, should Dr. Park die. I am surprised to see Dr. Burchard quail, but not the other two. For myself and Walter, duty has sent me here, the dangers are equal on either road and duty shall carry me forward. I trust myself in the hands of God—His Will be done.

26th Fuller tells me that Dr. Park has slept a good deal, but he is such a feeble and fragile man that we apprehend the worst. The more I think of his case, the more I am astonished at him; it is perfectly inexplicable to me how he could let his Diarrhoea, the known premonitary symptom, run on with violence for three days and do nothing for himself, notwithstanding the remonstrances, it appears, of Dr. Burchard. It looks like infatuation. He knew full well that Carter and George were both brought to their end by the same cause; and still he neglected himself. It is strange indeed. Alas! He will pay a fearful penalty, I fear. We did not start till late, the weather was so gloomy and cold that we wanted to give Dr. Park as good a chance as we could, according to our circum-

stances. We started about 9 and Dr. Park slept for some distance, and all went well. At about 2 Miles from Camp we came to another creek called "142 Mile Creek", here Dr. Park awoke and complained of fatigue; so we stopped, turned out the cattle and remained for the day. May 1849

In the afternoon I was attacked with Diarrhoea myself. I immediately went to Dr. Burchard, who told me to make a concoction of black oak bark and drink it. I did so and in the evening felt better. Am I alarmed? I think not.

When it first came I felt a pain, and my thoughts turned instantly home to my Wife and little ones, and gloomy thoughts held sway for awhile, but I soon rallied. It is a fearful disease, and those only can appreciate it, who, like us, have it in their midst, and are constantly in close contact with the victims. Their appearance, from the first beginning of the attack to the end, is horrible; they look appalling, both in life and death. About sundown a man came to our camp from Council Grove accompanied by a Kansas or Kaw Indian; he says there is no Cholera at Council Grove. The sight of the Kaw put us in fear for our horses and we have brought them close to our Tents for the night.

27th SUNDAY. Dr. Burchard says we may as well stay here today on $^{a}/_{c}$ of Dr. Park. Although he is easy, Dr. Burchard entertains no hope of saving him, as Park's constitution is nothing. I set Walter to learning a portion of the Bible, and then wrote up my journal as far as I could, for some hours. Many Trains passed us; Webb's in the morning and others we have seen before. At breakfast time the Indian that passed last night returned. His name is Ish-ca-ta-ba, and he is a chief; a fine looking man, dressed in Indian fashion. He ate but little, but he begged us by signs and a few words to save some apple sauce we had for his Squaw and papoose, whom he said he would bring to us at Council Grove. We promised him this and he left well pleased. Walter gave him some tobacco.

About 1 o'clock a fine Company with 14 waggons passed us from Johnson County, Missouri; some with families. Later another Kaw came riding straight to our Camp as if he knew all about us. We expected trouble, being so few and they notorious horse thieves. It was at once agreed to gear up and push on after the other Trains. Many reasons urged

May 1849 us on and Dr. Park's state being such that his comfort would be equal in my waggon as in the Tent. In a word his fate was sealed. We had seen too much of the horrible disease to have any doubt on that score. We moved on slowly, Dr. Burchard in the waggon with Dr. Park. About 4½ Dr. Park died, say 4 Miles from "142 Mile Creek." We turned out the cattle and prepared a grave. I carved on a stone

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and all was ready. Again, as the sun sank, we put another in the earth. My other blanket was over him and his own bed under him and such clothes as he had used were put into the grave also. I had spoken to Mr. Fuller about our burying the others without open prayer. He tearfully acknowledged its want of reverence, but said he did not like to dictate. We lowered the body into the grave. Mr. Fuller took his Bible and read a chapter from Job. We then uncovered and knelt down by the grave and Fuller made a very appropriate and feeling prayer. The evening was calm, clear, and beautiful, the first we have had since leaving the frontier line. It was a saddening sight to see our lone little party kneeling around that grave in the wild Plain. When the prayer was concluded we placed the earth over him and the stone I had cut at his head. We then determined to cast away everything that could have come in contact with the pestilence. Gathered them up and did so.

We then supped and by moonlight moved down about 1½ Miles to where a considerable number of Trains were encamped, on the West side of Bluff Creek which I suppose to be about 5 or 6 Miles from "142 Mile Creek." Fine timber.

28th The Santa Fē waggons and the other Companies moved out from Bluff Creek early, but we staid back and built smudge fires around my waggon to fumigate it; beat our clothes and hung them in the smoke; and then, all of us washed from head to foot and put on clean clothes. This and a general wash up of everything took us some time, and we did not get ready to start till about 9½ o'clock. When all was ready, Fuller, at my request asked a blessing on our journey. Again in the calm stillness of

morning, as we did the night before, our little solitary party knelt on the greensward of the valley, and prayed heartily to God to withhold his chastening hand and spare the rest. Fuller made a short but good and expressive prayer. We arose and pushed on at once, as all stood ready. About 5 Miles across the Prairie brought us to Rock Creek. Just after passing which we stopped to noon. We were much annoyed here by a quantity of Kaw Indians all of whom brought us papers of recommendation, and begged of us with great pertinacity. As we were going to take our luncheon, we saw a single Indian coming toward us rigged out in fine style and mounted on a pretty good horse. He had a lance in his hand much bedizened, a collar of bear claws, scarlet blanket, etc., and looked very well. As he approached we recognized our acquaintance Ish-ca-ta-ba. We invited him to eat with us. He sat down. Shortly his Squaw and papoose came up and we gave them the apple sauce according to promise. We also regaled them with such eatables as we had beside. The Squaw rode astride of her horse as I afterwards saw all the women did. Her papoose, a girl of 6 or 7, carried a Sun shade; this looked rather unnecessary for the Kaws are very dark. They were all painted and rigged out fine. Five Miles more of Prairie brought us to "Big John Creek," and 2 more to Council Grove. As we came to the edge of the bluff that looks down on a beautiful savannah by which the grove is, we saw to the South an Indian village for the first time. I counted 15 lodges. I could not sketch it, for my materials are all packed away since the sickness and I have not been able to get at hardly anything for sometime as my waggon has been a mere hospital. *May 1849*

My bed clothes have all become grave clothes. We descended the bluff, passed the bottom timber and a fine running stream and entered a little village consisting of 2 blacksmith shops, 2 stores and 3 or 4 houses. A little beyond we found our old friend Major Steingrandt and close by him another Train belonging to 4 Germans, apparently fine young men. The Major speaks highly of them. They will join us in our journey. The Johnson County Company, 14 waggons; the South Carolinians, 5 waggons; our 3, and the 2 Germans will probably make up the Train; 24 in all, numbering 48 men. Our friend Ish-ca-ta-ba, Squaw, son and daughter and Squaw's brother came to us about supper time and sat down expecting supper. We invited them, but when the two McGaheys

1849 May came in they were very angry about it. Ish-ca-ta-ba after supper planted his spear, put his saddles and fixings around it and seemed to be settling himself to stay for the night. This was too much for Detrich who peremptorily told him he must go. I held down my head, for I feared I should burst with a laugh. Ish-ca-ta-ba looked rather blank but soon got his horses and prepared for a start. Walter gave his wife and little girl each a ring. I gave him some more tobacco. He gave me a pair of moccasins, and his Squaw gave Walter hers from her own feet, for which he gave her a sleigh bell which sent off both her and Ish-ca-ta-ba in high delight.

29th The South Carolinians and Major and German Mess Teams moved out by 8 o'clock.We got out 2 axles and followed about 9½ o'clock. Fuller and self went back on horseback to Council Grove to buy 100 lbs. of sugar, cayenne pepper, oil, etc.

There for the first time I had a chance to write a few lines home, and as Fuller had to send a detailed a/c of our affairs I let him have the time to do it and took his duties as well as my own, which closely filled my time till the Teams started. After making our purchases we followed the Teams and caught up and put the sugar into the baggage waggon. I then took charge of the Team and drove on to a creek about 6 Miles from Council Grove where we found the Major and South Carolinians. The 14 waggons belonging to Johnson County Company of men who are to go with us, do not move today as they are detained by the sickness of one of the young girls belonging to the party who has incipient Cholera.

We arrived at the creek 6 Miles from Council Grove about 2 o'clock and each busied himself about different avocations: some washed, some fixed belts and flasks, etc., etc.

At night we joined the party in keeping guard for the first time. Fuller took his place with one of the South Carolinians on the first watch; and I joined another on the second watch from 12 till 2. We did this not that we yet deem it absolutely indispensable but to get ourselves into the practice, and learn to be a little systematic so that when it is necessary, which will be in a few days, all may move smoothly.

30th A wet, cold, windy, rainy, gusty, unpleasant day. Fuller when he could

baked bread and I parched coffee and wrote up my journal as far as this spot. About 1 o'clock, the Johnson County Company joined us, but as Mr. Scoggins of the South Carolina (or Palmetto, as they call themselves) Company was critically sick, we did not move on. Germans declined keeping guard. Dr. Burchard and Slade McGahey took their turn. A new arrangement was proposed today to commence tomorrow: Walter and myself take charge of the baggage waggon Teams; Fuller to be sole cook, and all the party to help him to wood, water, pitch Tents, etc., etc., so that he need not leave the Camp. I like this well, for never was man more sick of kitchen duties. I perfectly loathe the sight of the flour barrel.

31st Did not move off very early. Major Steingrandt and the Dens started first; Palmetto Company next, our 3 Teams following and Missouri Company last, making a pretty long train. Scoggins much better and the girl in the Missouri Company better; self quite sick last night, but better this morning. Still very cold bleak weather. Got to "Diamond Spring" about 3 o'clock. Passed, to get to it, a bleak, rolling Prairie with no timber to be seen. Soil still rich; road occasionally stony and gravelly. The Dens only go to Santa Fé; taking out an apparatus for distilling. They are anxious to push on as fast as they can; have been there before last year, in the army I believe. Seem to be respectable young men. Why it should be called "Diamond Spring," I cannot tell. There is very little that sparkles about it. It boils up about the size of my arm with some force, bringing with it a considerable quantity of heavy black sand. I dipped up a pail full, where it wells up, and there was at least a quart of sand settled at the bottom, and the water itself is turbid. We moved on from Diamond Spring and passed along a Prairie of entirely different character from any we have yet seen; flat, with a gradual ascent along the line of road, so that for the first time we could see a long distance ahead. The soil is still rich, but the roads are bad from recent rains. We suppose our Camp tonight on the Prairie to be about 9 or 10 Miles from Diamond Spring. When we arrived at Camp we found the Missouri Company had commenced a corral, ourselves and Palmetto Company completed it. Major Steingrandt and the Dens had gone on, so that I suppose we have finally lost them. In the evening we had a meet-

1849 *May* ing to organize, choose officers, etc. Mr. Lightner of Missouri Company was chosen Captain; Mr. Scoggins of Palmetto Company, Lieutenant; Mr. Baker of Missouri Company, road master and Mr. White, also of Missouri Company, sergeant of the guard.

A committee of 1 from each Company met to draft a constitution, which is to be submitted to the whole tomorrow evening. The cattle were all driven into the corral at night and guards set. I exchanged today with Mr. Chatham of Palmetto Company my big knife for an artillery sword; a good weapon, I gave him $3.00 to boot. Cold all day.

Two or three families of the Missouri Company drive about 20 cows all together. Mr. Snelling, to whom part of them belongs, kindly gives us all the milk that we want to use.

No one can tell, except those who, like myself, have been in constant use of it and then deprived of it for such a length of time, the luxury it is.

June 1st Cloudy, cold day. Moved out of Camp about 7½ in very good order; all put in our places by road master, and all beginning to act with system. Road still bad, character of Prairie today the same as yesterday afternoon; flat and see a great distance ahead, with gradual rise. Went about 9 Miles to noon halt, stopped all together with some approach to orders. Saw 2 Elk, 2 Antelope. Some of the boys chased a wolf. Afternoon fine and balmy. Soon after starting saw a large Train of waggons before us at some distance. Same flat Prairie but with some steep pitches and gullies occasionally.

The Santa Fé Train, near whom were Steingrandt and the Dens, encamped on West side of Cottonwood Creek, and we encamped on the East. Our corral was but poorly made; officers inefficient, green, raw and wrong material. Reason of Major Steingrandt going the other side was difficulty with Missouri Company who got in before us. He took offense and moved on. In the evening the Dens played a variety of tunes on 2 Cornets. The distance mellowed the tones so that it sounded here in the wild Prairie very delightful. At the corral on the other side of the creek they say some of their party chased a Buffalo 3 or 4 Miles.

2nd Fine warm morning. No regulations as yet for herding cattle, so it took some time to hunt them up as they had strayed. This was bad as we are

in an enemy's country. Started late; say, 8½ o'clock. Bad again! Went about 5 Miles, stopped, went on again 2 or 300 yards, stopped again. All bad. No force in Train master or Captain. Major Steingrandt and the Dens who were waiting to join us in the morning got tired of waiting and went on alone. Left the Santa Fé waggons with some Emigrants, say 35 waggons in all, corralled on West side of Cottonwood. Loaded rifle for first time. At the noon halt I saw the Buffalo wallows for the first time. The young men of the party strayed off by 2 or 3 at a time to hunt in all directions. No orders. No regulations. No anything. Every one seems to do as they like. Might as well have no organization. It will never do to go on so. Today is the first summer-like day, warm and balmy. Think we see Buffalo grass but are not certain, a tufty grass not very long, but of much substance; when picked, does not yield in the hand like other grass, but packs close and firm. We made a long stay at noon halt, why I don't know except we are all at 6's and 7's. In the afternoon passed along the same style of country, and toward sundown began to fear we should find no water. At last came up with Steingrandt and Dens Teams who were encamped near some runs or pools of water. Here the Captain and Train Master had a severe quarrel about making the corral which led to the resignation of the latter. In the evening when we had a general meeting where the resolutions drawn by the committee were read and adopted, a committee of 3—Dr. Steck, myself and Ex-Train Master Baker—were chosen to go and invite the Germans, who encamped alone, to join us. They thought they were insulted at Cottonwood by some foolish observations of a negro and some silly boys belonging to the Missouri Company. Found all but two in bed. They said they would see us next day, or perhaps the day after. Seemed to be a little Cavalier about it. Our probable travel today was about 18 *Miles*. We saw on the way a good many of our pretty little friends, the Prairie rose, as also the blue flower Indigo plant. I took Dr. Burchard's place on 1st guard as he was in bed when the sergeant of guard came for him, but he is such an ugly dispositioned man that I expect no thanks for it. *June* 1849

3rd SUNDAY. Germans off first, very early. We started about 7 o'clock. About a furlong from our Camp on the left side of the road, a large stone was set up with an inscription on it pointing out the Trail to

32 Precautions against Indians

1849 June Fayetteville, Arkansas—300 Miles, with some more about a Militia Captain or Colonel. On it were placed some letters with directions for return Teams to take them on to Independence or some settlement to be forwarded by mail. When there, as they were open, Mr. Joseph wrote a few lines in one to say that our three companies—Missouri, Palmetto and Illinois were well and getting on finely. Less than a Mile beyond our Camp we passed Turkey Creek and here is where we ought to have corralled, if we had only known it, but the Dens, although they went this route with Kearny, thought it was 4 Miles farther. It is merely a little Prairie stream without either timber or even brushwood on it; rather singular this in this country where wood and water usually go together. By the side of the road as we passed along was a dead Buffalo half devoured by the wolves. About 7 Miles from Camp we came up with Steingrandt and Dens Teams near a large run in the Prairie. Plenty of water for cattle but too muddy for Christian use. We turned out our cattle to feed.

There are now two lines of road and when we started we formed our Train into two lines. This mode of travelling is adopted here for the purpose of defense in case of a sudden attack by the Indians. All that is necessary in such a case is to roll up close with the cattle between the two lines of waggons and place one waggon across the front and one at rear. Thus we have a corral at once which forms an impregnable defense with resolute men behind or inside it. My waggon was in the lee line and I soon became so begrimed with dust, which the perspiration converted into mud, that I marched along with a respectable potato patch on my face. As we had only formed for practice, we, after awhile halted and brought up in the rear again, but I had to carry my potato patch till night, when a plentiful supply of water relieved me. The country is of the same character as yesterday. Previous to our arrival at Cottonwood Creek, the knolls and ridges of the Prairie had long lines of limestone which looked like walls, projecting from them at different heights. Since leaving Cottonwood I have seen none. At Cottonwood I saw for the first time a very pretty flower like our Portulaca. It creeps on the ground but the leaf is different. It is evidently of the same species. Since then they are common. Dr. Burchard and 1 of the Missouri party came in about 1½ o'clock bringing some Buffalo meat. They had succeeded

in running down and shooting a Buffalo about 7 Miles back. A number of the party went back to get more meat, and they killed another one. We had brought wood and water, so encamped on the Prairie after a march of what we suppose to be 19 Miles. We saw a large herd of Buffaloes about 4 o'clock to the South of us at a great distance. *June 1849*

Fine times in Camp tonight: cooked Buffalo meat. The Germans still camped by themselves. They act very strangely.

4th Started early without breakfast and continued on to the Little Arkansas, a very small but very muddy stream. Mr. Coy's waggon got stalled and in getting it out broke the hind axletree. We then discovered that none of the Missouri Company had been provident enough to provide themselves with extra ones at Council Grove as they ought to have done. We let him have one of ours. Saw herds of Buffalo to the North as we came along. At the creek saw walls of limestone like that which we had seen before arriving at Cottonwood but not since then on the flat country.

Stories have been rife in Camp for some time, coming I believe from the Santa Fé Train, that the Comanches are in great force on the Arkansas river, waiting the return of a messenger to Washington City to decide on peace or war. We are all armed, therefore, to the very teeth and breathe nothing but disdain and defiance to all redskins, but as I do not come out here to gain military renown, I shall be well pleased to get along without a "bruilzie." The Portulaca plenty this morning. Sometimes of an evening the two Dens give us a serenade of Cornets which sounds very agreeable in these vast Plains. We corralled about 100 yards beyond the Little Arkansas. Cooked breakfast, and then took off waggon sheets and overhauled, aired, and repacked everything. Killed another Buffalo in the morning. In the afternoon 2 came grazing over the side hill on the opposite side of the Little Arkansas like tame cattle, but when some of our party went toward them they scampered off. There is a village of Prairie dogs to the North of us. I went there but did not see any of them. Harrison and Weigfied had a quarrel in the morning, pistols drawn, etc., but all ended well. Every night we corral, turn out our cattle to feed with a guard and at night drive them inside of the corral. At break of day we drive them out again and at the sound of the horn drive them in again to yoke up. Herding cattle, guard at night and

"Bruilzie" Scotch dialect for broil.

1849 June driving all day, cooking, etc., fills up the time entirely and I find great difficulty in snatching sufficient time to write these hasty notes. I do it at any time or in any place, sometimes on the tongue of the waggon, sometimes in my Tent, sometimes setting down on Prairie, anywhere that I can get a few minutes to myself. As to sketching, nothing has yet offered that an outline would convey a correct idea of, as it is so flat that shading and colours alone would convey any correct likeness of it.

5th Just after breakfast Webb's and Meier's Train came up to the Little Arkansas. We started late, say 8½, on ⅘ of Mr. Harrison's waggon which he found had a broken box. They tinkered it up for the time and Mr. Baker went back some miles to where we had seen a quantity of irons left on the road where some Santa Fé waggons had been burnt up for fuel and the irons left. He returned at night with a good supply. By the bye we often pass waggon tires and other irons belonging to waggons which we leave, as they could not be worth the hauling, although some of them are of the best kind. Continued on the same style of Prairie, level Plain, and nooned by a run in the Prairie. Sandy ridges to the South with some timber, to the North an extensive view of the Plain. For the last two or three days the soil is gradually getting more sandy but still it is good. Walter went with Dr. Burchard and 3 or 4 others on a Buffalo hunt in high glee; pistols, tomahawks, knife, etc. The Doctor promises to take care of him. J. Slade McGahey followed after. Left Webb's and Meier's Team at the Little Arkansas. Stopped at noon by a gully about 8 Miles from Camp. Toward sundown neared "Cow Creek," which, with its tributaries, lies in a savannah much lower than the Prairie we have been passing. The view from the high Prairie is very beautiful. Passed the Germans encamped by 1 of the tributaries and our Captain led us off the road a Mile and a half much to our dissatisfaction to the next stream. Just after dropping down on Cow Creek bottom, Walter, Dr. Burchard and other hunters joined us. Brought in 2 Buffalo calves, but had killed 2 bulls and 1 cow besides, which they had to leave. Walter thought it fine sport but he says Pony was so crazy to be in amongst the herd that he could hardly manage him. Before they started they hunted a wolf which we saw as we were driving along. Chatham and someone else shot 2 Prairie fowls in the afternoon. Had Calf's liver for supper;

very fine. I think I saw the "Plum Buttes" from the high Prairie behind Cow Creek. Chatham borrowed a horse and went hunting with one of the Dens. Whilst cutting up a Buffalo they had killed, the horse started. Chatham lost his, borrowed one saddle, bridle, etc., but Dens recovered his; 1 horse lost. The distance we have travelled today is probably 16 Miles. Saw many herds of male Buffalo all day.

6th Got off betimes, say 7 o'clock. Buffalo veal for breakfast; very excellent. Passed a bad creek about 2 Miles from Camp. The Germans first, who detained us some time. Level Prairie till 1½ o'clock, say 11 Miles. Not far from "Plum Buttes" where we nooned without water for cattle, it being very scarce in these parts.

Afternoon—As we went over the rise of ground by the Plum Buttes the Arkansas bottom lay before us, and at the distance of 3 or 4 Miles a long straggling strip of timber marked the line of the river to the South. It was a strange and interesting sight: the Plains below perfectly flat and level and scattered over it in droves were Buffalo innumerable. It was Walter's day to drive and I took Pony and rode to the top of the Butte. By the bye, I did not see but one. In a short time I saw a drove coming toward me. I put spurs to Pony to catch up with my waggon and get my gun; but, by the time I got it they were too far. One hunter, however, had cut off a calf and was chasing him hard. Walter begged me to stay with the Team and let him take a gallop after the calf; I consented and he put on his spurs and was away at once. In a few minutes, he and two more were careering after the calf full tilt. It was a pretty sight, the manes and tails of the horses flying in the wind, as they turned and twined, wheeling about in all directions after the calf, which ran like a deer and in all must have gone 3 or 4 Miles with them after at full gallop, when a cry was heard and I turned to see what was the reason. Lo! a large herd of Buffalo was thundering down right toward the Train. The word was passed and the Train stopped. Every man jumped for his gun. There were 2 or 3 of our young men driving them down. It seemed strange to see such quantities of huge and powerful animals driven along like sheep by 2 or 3 men. On they came, but the main body swerved too far to the left of the Train toward the river for us to get a shot at them. We all ran toward them, however. Soon after came 3 more that the chasers had

36 Walter makes a kill

1849 *June* separated from the herd. They crowded them up close to us; near enough for a shot. J. O. McGahey shot first and hit one in the leg, which made him go slower. The other two passed farther, full sweep. Kirkpatrick came up second and shot the same one behind the shoulders. I fired immediately after him and also hit him behind the shoulder and he immediately fell. He was, however, a long time in dying, and the others, as they came up, each shot at him to put him out of his misery. When dead we examined him but as Kirkpatrick's gun carried ½ oz. ball as well as mine, we could not, of course, decide which was our individual shot. They were near together and both deadly. During the day 3 or 4 calves have been brought in; so that Buffalo meat is a drug. Lester of Palmetto Company got thrown from Mr. Joseph's mule which ran off with saddle, bridle, etc.—horse 2 lost. He also lost knife, revolver, etc. Edmund Park who was helping drive the cows let a boy get up behind him intending to have a run after the Buffalo. As they passed the boy fell off and dragged Eddy with him. And horse 3 went off with the Buffalo. A man went after this horse, got thrown and horse 4 went on the same expedition. So that our beef and veal cost us dear.

During the day the boys shot 2 Prairie dogs. They are a little animal about as big as a middling size domestic cat, of a fawn color and shaped very much like a ground hog. I cannot conceive why they are called dogs. They do not look like dogs, neither do they bark but stay at their holes and make a chattering noise that I cannot describe. When the Buffalo hunt was over we passed over the flat bottom, say 5 Miles, to the edge of the Arkansas river. We corralled about an hour before sundown, and I went down to the river, the surface of which here is not more than 3 or 4 feet below the level of the Prairie. I took a good wash, returned and made a hearty supper.

Indeed, now that we have got over the fear of Cholera, we all of us eat with astonishing voracity again; the meals we make are truly formidable. I forgot to say that Walter caught up with the calf he was chasing, shot it with his pistol, jumped off and cut its throat in true hunter style. Detrich brought it to our waggon for him on his horse. We skinned it at night and distributed the meat. Walter means to keep the skin as a trophy to take home to his Mother as an evidence of his first hunting skill. Our guards are all very vigilant now as we feel sensibly

the fact of being in an enemy's country. The weather today has been very warm and fine. In the evening we cut up beef and dried it over the fire. June 1849

The Plum Buttes, or Butte rather, is a mere sand hill, which at the North end is a little conical with some plum bushes on the top.

The river is not seen till you are close on it. It is very shallow, say about knee deep, and near the level of the Prairie. The sun and dust affect my eyes very much. They are much inflamed and smart and pain me all the time. The Buffalo flies or gnats too are exceedingly troublesome.

7th Early in the morning 2 of the lost horses were brought in by persons who went to chase them. They had been lassoed back at Cow Creek by some men in the Santa Fē Train. 2 horses are lost entirely. We made a good start in two lines, and went along a beautiful road, perfectly level, by the side of the Arkansas, say 10 Miles, to Walnut Creek. The weather very warm. I should remark here that, however warm one is, all that is necessary to do is to get into the fore part of waggon, take off your hat and sit still for a little while and as there is constantly on these Plains a brisk wind blowing and the elevation being so great, say 2000 feet, it is moderately cool and one soon gets comfortable again. We passed Walnut Creek and corralled for the day. Near the creek are the graves of 3 Soldiers who strayed, we understand, a little way from their Camp to fish and not taking their arms were killed and scalped by the Pawnees. These graves will not serve to lessen our vigilance. We encamped between the creek and Arkansas river, say 200 yards from latter, the banks of which here rise into ridges of sand. There are to be seen from these ridges vast herds of Buffalo on the other side of the river but we have seen none on this side today. Yesterday's hunt seems to have scared them away from our vicinity. As soon as we arrived at Walnut Creek I took Fuller's place to herd cattle as he is cook and he wanted to bake some bread. I did not forget to put on my spurs, but whether to run after or away from the Indians if we see them I shall not say. Suffice it, I put my spurs on. Dr. Steck after awhile came out on guard and whilst talking with him we heard the call of the Prairie fowl. Steck and I by some means got into a conversation about the intimate links in nature. I remarked how it might be applied to the Saviour and Christianity. The thought had been in my mind for years, but never expressed before. He was very

1849 June much struck with it and pronounced it a sublime idea. I will some day amplify on it, but I have no time now. A very fine man is Dr. Steck, a very acute, discerning, and well informed man is Dr. Steck, for he has pronounced an idea of mine as sublime. But to put badinage aside he is a fine fellow and a Gentleman in every sense.

Walnut Creek is well named as it abounds in walnut trees. The soil about it is good but sandy. We have fresh varieties of flowers every day.

8th Started, not every early—in two lines. Cloudy, cool morning, with a little rain. Still a dead level road; fine rolling. Nothing worthy of remark but the beautiful creeping plants, which bear clusters of small violet coloured flowers. There are other kinds also; all very pretty. The Buffalo were before us in such numbers that we travelled till sometime past noon to find a suitable spot to graze our cattle, but could not; the Buffalo had eaten it close. The noon halt was about 12 Miles from Walnut Creek. Some distance ahead I see what I suppose to be "Pawnee Rock." The Buffalo tracks, like footpaths leading to the river, are very numerous. We proceeded 4 Miles from noon halt to Pawnee Rock. Abert calls it "famous," for what reason I do not know. It is merely a bluff rock termination of a long ridge of Prairie running North and South, composed of what I suppose to be a ferruginous sand stone, for I am no more of a Geologist than I am a Botanist, I am sorry to say. I rode to the top and the view was very extensive. To the South was the river; between which and myself was passing our Train in double column, but to the West lay a vast Plain covered with unnumbered herds of Buffalo, one vast living mass. One herd alone at a single "coup d'oeil" numbered, I should think, 50,000; but herd after herd stretched off as far as the eye could sweep in every direction West of the spot on which I stood and their numbers I would not pretend to compute. The excitement of hunting and eating Buffalo is already gone. We look on them already with indifference. They are so cowardly that there is neither excitement or sport; it is merely a gallop and a slaughter. The mirage to the West and North West looks like extensive lakes. This now is a common phenomenon. On the top of Pawnee Rock I saw a variety of flowers; one very much like the ordinary wall flower was growing out from between the loose piles of stones. The Pine Apple-shaped Cactus

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was also in bloom bearing a beautiful pink and purple star like flower. The flowers, indeed, increase and vary as we proceed and I regret every day that I did not bring my Botany with me. As I left the Rock to follow the Train, I came across a solitary Buffalo bull. I followed him a short distance, but, as I could not get at him without a smart gallop, I did not think him worth the extra labour it would impose on Pony. Just as I was joining the Train, I came up with young Snelling and some others who had caught a young calf alive and were taking him with them. He was a spunky little fellow, and charged right at me and ran between Pony's legs, who took it in high dudgeon, kicked and reared, and then started off with me full gallop and I could not stop him until he nearly ran against one of the waggons. We all laughed heartily at my stampede, produced by a little Buffalo calf.

From Pawnee Rock to Ash Creek is about 5 Miles; the same level beautiful road. On the way saw more and different varieties of beautiful creeping plants bearing clusters of violet coloured quatre-foiled flowers; also clumps of Cactus, some with bell like yellow flowers. We passed Ash Creek and corralled. Put out extra guard of 5 men. My guard lasted from the time of arrival, say 6½ to 12½, 6 hours. I went to bed, consequently, very tired. We are now in the heart of the Pawnee Country and all vigilance is necessary.

9th The road now turned away from the river and gradually ascended for about 5 Miles and then descended, say nearly 2, to Pawnee Fork, where we arrived and passed about noon, corralling at once on the West side. There is a bluff on the East side, and not on the West, as Abert says. I was very unwell all the morning and not fit to drive, but it was my turn and Walter had gone out to hunt Buffalo with the others and I had to keep on. As soon as we had passed Pawnee Fork I was attacked with a violent Diarrhoea, which in 3 or 4 hours prostrated me completely. I drank freely of a decoction of Black Oak bark I made when first taken and at last stopped it. I lay down in the Tent and fell asleep for I suppose an hour. When I awoke my feelings were horrible. I tried to rise, but could not for some time. I, at length, dragged myself out of my Tent and crawled round to see Dr. Steck who felt my pulse, looked at my tongue and made some necessary enquiries. He said there were no

1849 June symptoms of Cholera, but merely a very violent attack of Diarrhoea probably produced by the Buffalo meat, and as the decoction had stopped the difficulty he would not give me anything but told me to go and lie down again and that I would gradually recover. I returned to my Tent and by evening was much better but still very weak. The mirage today was very distinct and marked.

The Dens (who still camp alone but very near us) caught a young Antelope and Henry Steingrandt killed an old one. One of our party also killed an Antelope and brought some of the meat into Camp. Buffalo beef and veal is very plenty. Fuller tells me about 2 Miles and ½ down the creek below our Camp there are the remains of an extensive Indian encampment; tent sticks, fixings for drying skins, etc., etc., and also a number of figures sketched or scratched on the soft sandstone, some of which show a very immoral and debased taste. Water in pools East of Cottonwood very clear, West of it muddy. Always from frontier carry wood and water.

10th SUNDAY. I was awakened this morning about daybreak by a violent storm of wind, accompanied with some rain. The wind nearly blew our Tents down. In my feeble state from yesterday's sickness I could scarcely hold the pole of the Tent upright. It passed over, however, soon. As we stay here today there is divine service held in the Captain's Tent; but, as I have to give up my journal or take such opportunities as offer to write it up, I spend the morning in my tent writing. Mr. Rickets, a Baptist preacher, is the officiating minister. About 11 o'clock the Santa Fé Train came up with us and I am pleased to say brought the lost mule, the property of Mr. Joseph. By the bye, I forget to state that a spark from his fire set his waggon in a blaze yesterday and it was with difficulty put out. It came within a few inches of a bag of powder. Had it caught that, there is no knowing what mischief it might have done. One of the Santa Fé men informed us that it was only 8 Miles to "Coon Creek." I showed him Emory's map, which tells a very different tale, but he insisted on it that it was so. Our Company were immediately eager to go on. The word was passed and we yoked up and started. Turning a little away from the river we ascended a slope of Prairie, say 7 Miles, and then descended again toward it a little, say 5 Miles more, passing through an

extensive village of Prairie dogs. We came to a creek then, without either timber or brush. The Dens say it is "Coon Creek." Just as we were starting from Pawnee Rock Dr. Burchard made a fuss with me about a piece of oil cloth, and was very violent. He is too overbearing to get along with and at Santa Fẽ I will take what is mine and quit the Company. The weather warm, clear and pleasant all day. I saw a number of flowers somewhat like the wall flower, but without any odour, all the afternoon. Just as we were rising toward the ridge, say 6 or 7 Miles from Pawnee Fork a drove of 2 or 300 Buffalo came charging down on us from a little side elevation at the South. We snatched our guns, but they swerved before they came within gun shot. I took the whip and let Walter have a gallop. He and the Captain went after them full chase. Walter distanced the Captain easily. We saw them have a fine run and would have killed a fine cow, for he got close up with her, but his pistol, it seems, got wet in the flurry of rain this morning and missed fire. Pony turns out to be the best horse in the Train for hunting, and Walter rides him well, generally contriving to keep ahead of the rest. We corralled near the creek, near by which were a quantity of waggon irons. Waggon irons, indeed of the best description, are scattered at intervals all along the road; the remains of waggons burnt up when the cattle had been killed by the cold, coming in too late from Santa Fẽ. The men then used the waggons for fuel. The distance to Santa Fẽ or Independence is so great that they are not worth the hauling, so they are left, unless some Emigrant or trader happens to want some particular piece at the time of passing. We cooked with the "Bois de vache" alone tonight for the first time, although we have used it before several times mixed with wood. It does pretty well, but is not wood.

11th Fine day and quite warm. When about 2 Miles from Camp we met a return Train of waggons from the Mountains near the head waters of the South fork of Platte River; they came by Bent's Fort, and were laden to the very top of their bows with Buffalo robes. Our Train stopped and they left a light mule waggon a short time with us to give us an opportunity to write home. Of course, I availed myself of the opportunity. I had a talk with Fuller and Detrich this morning. They also are somewhat dissatisfied, and I think it not improbable the whole Company will

1849 June break up at Santa Fé. If so, they will join me. I expect we three and the two boys will go on together. This arrangement would please me much as they are both men to be relied on. We passed over a dead level country, say about 12 Miles, and stopped at a creek without any timber or brush like the last. The Dens say it is the same stream, viz., "Coon Creek." A part of the way we were very near the river; at this creek the road is about a Mile and a half from it. We have, as yet, today seen but very few Buffalo, but Walter had a fine chase on Pony after two Antelopes in sight of the Train. He succeeded in turning them toward us, but when they saw some of our party running toward them, they made off rapidly to the river and soon bounded out of sight. We passed through another Prairie dog village. Saw very few flowers all day. The party killed a number of large rattlesnakes this morning. We did not start from noon halt till 3 and travelled over the same kind of level road, sometimes within 20 yards of the river. We noticed this afternoon a salty efflorescence on the top of the ground. After going about 6 Miles from noon halt we turned off the road and corralled near the river. 18 Miles in whole day, perhaps more, for the road is so level and such fine waggoning that it is difficult to tell the number of Miles we travel exactly. Some of the boys caught a Prairie dog alive this afternoon and I examined him more carefully. This one was a trifle larger than a fox squirrel, fawn colour and shaped, as I have stated, like a ground hog. There is nothing like a dog about the animal.

Opposite our Camp on the other side of the river a number of Buffalo were grazing very quietly when we encamped and our arrival did not seem to disturb them, so some of the young men waded the river to have a shot at them, but on their approaching the opposite side the Buffalo ran off.

12th Started at 7, and continued over the same smooth, level road, nearby the river for 10 Miles, turned off the road and camped by the river at noon to feed cattle, etc. The sand hills, which at Walnut Creek were on the North side, have since then been on the South side; the Prairie on our side running close on to the river. We travel therefore not more than 3 or 4 feet above the level of the water. The Dens, who are still a short distance ahead, say the river is unusually high, and we apprehend difficulty in crossing it. In the afternoon we started about 2 o'clock, con-

tinued on the same level road but sometimes further from the river. June 1849
We went 8 Miles and camped near the river within about a quarter of a mile of Rock Spring; 18 Miles in all, perhaps more. About 4 Miles back the sand hills on the other side of the river that have skirted the river since not far from Walnut Creek trend Southward and are lost in the undulations of the Prairie. The rolling for days past has been excellent; one Yoke of cattle could haul any of our loads. We could not pitch our Tent in the evening as it blew very hard and threatened a storm. The ridge pole of our Tent was split and it would not hold, and as the other Tent was hardly large enough for the whole party, Fuller, Detrich, self and 2 boys slept under the baggage waggon. I returned to my splendid bed chamber very early with a raging headache which had afflicted me most of the day.

13th Immediately after breakfast, say about half past five, I went out to take a sketch of Rock Spring. The only sketchable thing, almost, I have seen since leaving the frontier. An outline sketch would not give a good idea of these Plains views; it needs colouring and shade. As I was going toward the place, I saw a lot of mounted Indians on the other side of the river, making for a point a little above where I was going to, and our herdsmen, who also saw them, were driving our cattle toward the Camp. I hesitated for a moment but, as it was my only chance, I hurried on and took a rapid sketch before they got up to the place.

The Indians came toward Camp with a piece of blue cloth displayed as a flag of peace. There were 10 of them: 9 men and youths and 1 young squaw about 12 or 13 years old. They said they were Kioways (or as some of them pronounce it, Kikoways). There was nothing remarkable about them, mere Indians, armed with bows and arrows which were encased in deer or wolf skin covers. They stayed by us whilst we yoked up and continued with us until we neared "Jackson Grove" where they crossed the river and galloped toward the grove.

As we started from Camp we rose from the Arkansas bottom, up a gentle slope, past Rock Spring and continued on a wavy Prairie about 3 Miles, then dropped down on the level bottom again. Our double road (for we now always travel in two lines) continued on between a line of sandy hills or ridges and the river, say 4 Miles farther,

1849 June to Jackson Grove which, however, is on the other side of the river. We had noticed Tents and animals there in considerable numbers for sometime back. On arriving opposite we found it was a large encampment of Comanche and Kioway Indians. Some of the old men and boys have come over unarmed to talk with our party. Our horsemen went to talk with them, and as Walter was with them and stayed some time I became uneasy. I got Fuller to attend to my Team and walked down myself. They seemed peaceable enough. After some talk, which was carried on in Spanish on their part by a boy they had stolen from near Santa Fé, we rejoined our Train and continued say 3 Miles farther to our noon halt, where a considerable party of the same band of men and women (some of them very well dressed) joined us and stayed near us whilst there. The squaws I took for boys at first, for they were armed, some of them with guns, but most with bows and arrows and ride "en cavalier." Most of them had elaborate ear ornaments, the bottoms or ends of which usually were long pieces of mother of pearl shell.

They seemed disinclined to trade. Mrs. Warren was going to try on a pair of moccasins she had taken from the saddle bow of a squaw when an Indian, very well habited, her husband I suppose, sprang forward saying, "No, No!" took them hastily from her, snatched up some dust, put it into the moccasin and rubbed where her foot had touched twice over; he then rubbed his own foot with dust. I, however, afterward bought the same moccasins of him for a looking glass, 2 bells and 2 labels of needles. They are put away in my trunk for Mother. The voices of the squaws are remarkably musical and kind-like. This was the only trade made.

After noon halt we continued along between sand bluffs or ridges and the river, say 10 Miles; occasionally meeting Indians. We encamped close by the river after a probable day's journey of 20 Miles. Just at sundown a small party of Arapahoes came to the Camp, but I did not see them as I was on watch herding the cattle. From Jackson Grove to Camp was one continuous Prairie dog village or city. Their holes are occupied also by owls and rattlesnakes. Walter killed a large rattlesnake today and brought me the rattles to be put away with the moccasins for his Mother. The evening and night were excessively cold. Owing to our proximity to the Indians we had six guards on a watch.

14th Started just before sunrise—two miles brought us to "Fort Mann," a small fortification made of Cottonwood logs and turf, all falling to pieces. In it and around it were great quantities of iron, broken waggons, etc., etc., etc. Uncle Sam is rich and good natured and can bear this waste without any complaint. A large band of Arapahoes had encamped in a grove opposite the fort and some of our party went over. Indians are around and among us now all the time, and "swap"—"swap" seems the favorite word. They have large droves of horses and mules feeding near their Camps. We continued on from Fort Mann, say 10 Miles, and corralled near the river opposite a grove of timber. Since the sand hills ceased on the other side there is scarcely any timber to mark the course of the river. The grove near which we are and those near Fort Mann and Jackson Grove are therefore prominent. It appears we have travelled more Miles per diem since leaving Pawnee Fork than I have got down. The road is so level and beautiful, that I am not surprised at making a mistake. *June 1849*

We continued along the bottom, say 8 Miles from Fort Mann, to halt at 10 o'clock when we took a meal. The Camp was crowded with Arapahoes (pronounced Arapa-hove and by some Alapa-hove or Arapahooe) and trading for horses, mules, Buffalo robes, etc., etc., was the order of the day. Walter was keen for the sport and got moccasins, leggings, lasso, etc., for tobacco, knife, bells, etc., etc. Mrs. Harrison offered an Indian a shawl for the robe he wore. He accepted it and taking off his robe stood with easy negligence before us for a considerable time admiring his new purchase, with nothing on but his moccasins and a strip of blue cloth six inches wide passed between his legs and held up to his waist by a thong. This was taking things cool with a vengeance, I thought. I looked at Mrs. Harrison but she seemed to be quite easy about it as did all the rest: so I suppose it was all good Indian manners. About 2 o'clock we again rose from the river bottom and, passing for about a Mile over some gentle swells of Prairie to the right, dropped again on to the river bottom into a complete flower garden—the chief flower being the Portulaca. For two or three days flowers have been scarce; we hailed them therefore with pleasure. We continued on, alternating on Prairie to right and falling on to the river level, 8 Miles more where we encamped near the river. About 2 Miles before reaching our

Indian fashions

1849 June Camp ground, we passed about 17 Arapahoe Tents, the first Indian Tents we have seen pitched on this side of the river. The Indians came in numbers up to the road to see us; among them many squaws, boys and children, the boys many of them totally unadorned; in nature's costume. They were rather frolicksome and commenced at once to play pranks with the boys belonging to our Train. I again could not help noticing the musical voices of the women. They were dressed (the men) in breech cloth, moccasin and Buffalo robe. Some had leggings. The women had a more appropriate dress but they none of them comb their hair, at least none we have seen today. Combs are at a discount. The heads of neither Arapahoe, Kiowa or Comanche are shaved, leaving a scalp lock, like the Sacs and Kaws we have seen. Their hair hangs down long all over their heads. Those who can carry on a long braid of Buffalo hair, tied behind their head and reaching to the ground, circular ornaments beaten out by themselves from dollars like this: ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○. The Indians we have seen appear to be hunting parties. We, therefore, see but few Buffalo. What the force of the different encampments we have passed may amount to I do not know, but I should think not less than 6 or 700 men. Detrich here swapped horses with an Indian and before supper the same scene of traffic and barter went on as at noon.

I wanted to get a robe but I do not know how to get one. My trinkets will not get one and money is too valuable to me to spend, yet I must try and get one as I am about destitute of bed clothing for the reasons formerly named and have to depend upon Fuller and Detrich who lend me their surplus coverlets. The rest of the party are selfish enough and care very little about it, I believe. They took good care anyway that the sick should not use their clothes or the dead be buried in them. The two German Teams joined our Train today and corral with us. It appears the Dens were always desirous to do so but did not on ᵃ/ₑ of Major Steingrandt who was disinclined from a pique against the Missouri Company. I was on first guard tonight; 5 guards to a watch; 3 watches. Our watches are, first until 12 o'clock, second until 2, and third until 4. The number in each watch depends on the supposed necessity of the case. Our individual watch, therefore, comes round without any regularity. I shall not therefore think it necessary to make a point of noticing it.

15th Resumed our usual course and started after breakfast. We ascended from the bottom and arose over an elevated Prairie on which we continued about 9 Miles, stray Indians joining us occasionally, all Arapahoes; at the end of the 9 Miles turned to the left and went down rather a steep hill, to what I supposed to be the crossing, but J. O. McGahey was ahead and as he turned to the right and went up the bottom we all, like sheep, followed. Although Detrich and self stopped sometime and waited, the rest going on, we, of course, joined in. In about 1½ Miles the Captain became doubtful and made us turn to the river and corral. Charles Dens, the only man who knew the crossing, was away somewhere. After our luncheon he came up and told us we had passed the ford a Mile, so we ought to have stopped at the foot of the hill we came down. Near the crossing are two Arapahoe Tents, but as I was driving I could not go to see them. I have not yet seen the inside of an Indian Tent, but mean to take the first opportunity to do so. We busied ourselves about various matters whilst the Captain went down to examine the crossing. On his return he reported it unsafe so we drove up our cattle and unyoked them, intending to stay all night. About supper time 4 or 5 Arapahoe Indians came into Camp from another village still farther up the river, and staid until the guard was set. We all are very uneasy at the absence of Charles Reimer who is partner in Major Steingrandt's waggon. He went out to hunt in the morning and has not yet returned. We have offered a reward to the Indians to bring him in, but as we put off going out to look for him, expecting him to come in every minute, it is now too late for tonight. It is getting quite dark and we are obliged to defer it until tomorrow. There is much anxiety in Camp about him.

16th Reimer has not returned, and a party of nine on horseback have gone out to hunt for him. I employed myself during the day in various little jobs, besides spending 3 or 4 hours in writing. In the afternoon the party who went in search of Reimer returned without him, but they brought in instead a plentiful supply of Buffalo meat. Poor fellow he is doubtless lost, but whether he is made a prisoner or scalped by the Indians, or killed by a Buffalo bull, as some think likely, I cannot tell. Mr. Webb came to our Camp today. He is trying the ford 9 Miles below, but says he does not think his waggons can pass there; if they cannot, he says he

1849 June shall probably come up here tomorrow and try this ford. We await the event, as we wish to see his Teams pass first. Many Arapahoe Indians are in Camp today from the village above. I bought a fine hair rope from a Squaw for a little looking glass. Fuller is more and more dissatisfied; the Doctor seems determined to dragoon them all to his will. He is merely a coarse bully and a very evil tempered man. The party will break up at Santa Fé, I am satisfied. For myself, I will leave at the first good opportunity. A party went up to Indian village in the afternoon and did not return until after dark sometime. The women in the Camp became very uneasy. All wrong.

17th SUNDAY. Still waiting by the river, which does not fall. Had a good wash and clean up. We hear nothing of Reimer; and I do not see that anything more will be done about him. God help the poor fellow, for man seems to care but little for him. I fear he is dead. The Indians at the village say it is likely he has been killed by a Buffalo bull, as such things do happen sometimes. They say they know nothing of him. An Indian came in from the Camp below this morning and he also asserts he knows nothing of him. He is hunting for his wife, who is missing since yesterday. About 10 o'clock the Captain suddenly gave orders to go down to the ford and cross over, as he was tired of waiting for Webb's Train. As usual there was a great deal of fault finding and grumbling in the Train. The cattle were got up, however, and we went down. There our horseman went into the river, and crossed at various places, one of which was chosen for our track. The Captain's waggon went first with 7 Yoke of cattle, and got over very well. Our baggage waggon went next and also got over well. And so waggon followed waggon until all were safe on the other side. And then they were all glad that the Captain had been so pertinacious in at once setting about the business. The river where we crossed is about 500 yards wide, and the jerking motion of the waggons in passing struck me as very singular. We corralled immediately on the other side of the river, about half a mile above the crossing place; chosen for the convenience of wood. After dinner we began to get wood and water, and make preparations for the "Jornada." The salty efflorescence on the top of the earth is very great near the river on this side. What it is I do not know, nor could I find a person in the whole Company who could

June 1849

enlighten me. It was a stirring sight to see the men and Teams struggling through the river. We were all thankful when we were safe over. We shall, I presume, go on tomorrow morning. Alas! Poor Reimer, your fate is a hard one, for neither the Major or Henry or either of the Germans of your party seem likely to do anything more for you. The Angel of Death still hovers over our party. Who will be the next? There is certainly something in our course of life, or in the air of the Plains that blunts one's sensibilities, as well as indurates our nervous system; for, neither physical or mental troubles and difficulties seem to affect us with the same acuteness as they used to. It is a subject worthy the attention of the physiologist and metaphysician. For myself, I merely ponder; it overcomes me like the "summer cloud" and excites my "special wonder."

In the morning early the express Teams, with a party of Dragoons, passed the river "enroute" from Santa Fé to Independence. I wrote a letter in all haste, but they were so quick in their movement that I was too late to reach them in time to give it to them, as they passed the river about a Mile below us. Detrich, however, had a letter ready written, and he mounted his horse betimes and delivered it to them.

This will, at all events, tell them at home where we now are and that we are all well, which is some comfort. They left Santa Fé only 11 days since, and expect to be in Independence in 11 days more.

Would that we could get on as well. But "pacienza;" we get on pretty well. Fuller is so tired of the Dr. Burchard's and J. O. McGahey's eternal fault finding that he will not cook any more. He peremptorily declines and so Dr. Burchard takes his place as cook, etc., tomorrow, and Fuller as teamster takes charge of my waggon with Detrich. I am right glad of this for Burchard, I believe, began to think the waggon, Team and all were his own; he acted so at least. He is the most sullen, morose, jealous and overbearing man I ever knew in my life. His habits, ways, and manners are every way repulsive and disgusting. He has come out plainly as an Infidel also, condemns and derides the Bible. A nice man, truly. Sorry am I that I ever had anything to do with him. The Captain came to me today, and told me he was deputed by his party to say that if I intended to leave my present Company, as was understood by many, that the Missouri Company would be happy to receive me and

1849 June Walter; that I could either board with Mr. Snelling's family (the most influential man, by the bye, of their Company) or with his (the Captain's) and that the whole Company of Missourians would do everything they could to help me through. He said many kind things to me in behalf of his party, that pleased and gratified me much. I thanked them through him, heartily, but I told him that I did not think it prudent to leave my own Company at once; that I would watch an opportunity when all seemed peaceful and smooth and then propose it. I do not desire to leave them at the tail end of a quarrel. I earnestly desire to part in peace and amity. There are three at least that I respect and esteem and who I believe respect and esteem me, and I wish to preserve this good will and opinion. "Pacienza" again—a little time and as Louis Phillipe said, "perhaps;" or as Father Ritchie always says, "nous verrons."

18th Still encamped by river as Mr. Coy has broken his axletree again, just as he went into the river; lucky for him it held to bring him through. I believe I have not remarked that the waters of the Arkansas are very muddy, hardly fit to drink when first dipped from the river. Our practice, therefore, is to dig little wells as soon as we encamp. Anywhere on the bottom 3 or 4 feet gets a good supply of water. Fuller and myself have been very busy mending Tents. Dr. Burchard began his functions as cook this morning. I have been round the Camp and looked every way to see if I could make a good sketch; but there is nothing in the landscape to make a sketch of that might pass for anything we see constantly on the Plains. About 10 the Santa Fé Train corralled about a Mile from us. They passed at the other ford. Walter went out with others this morning to hunt Buffalo and returned with plenty of meat. After they had killed a Buffalo, the same Indian, who came to Camp yesterday and who was hunting his wife, came up to them and showed them how to cut it up, etc. The hunters were much amused to see him cut out pieces of raw tripe and after dipping it in the gall, eat it with great apparent gusto. After putting up as much wood and water as we could in preparation for the "Jornada," we started at 3 o'clock P.M. For 2 or 3 Miles, as we rose from the River's bottom, the road was very heavy and sandy and for 2 or 3 more Miles continued to rise gradually but not so heavy drawing. About 6 Miles from the river you are on an elevated flat Plain, the

soil thin and sandy, but the road hard, and good rolling. We kept on till, say, half past ten to some pools in the Prairie, which I think are about 15 Miles from our starting place at the river. Corralled the cattle without any feed and slept under the waggon. Santa Fé Train is close by. Dr. Burchard would not boil any coffee for us so I begged some of the Dens. For a week past it has blown a perfect gale. The wind is unpleasant but it tempers the heat so much that on the whole it is beneficial. Coming along saw two rabbits that looked more like hares to me than anything else. We also saw the "Soap plant" for the first time.

19th Yoked up and started at 4 o'clock. The wind, which had lulled a little in the night, rose again with the sun. The cattle had no feed, but our men got a "hasty cup of coffee," the only ones who had it, I believe. We kept on till about 10 o'clock, making some 12 Miles. The Company is again dissatisfied about something. I would not be Captain for $100.00 per month. Poor Lightner tries to please every one, and seems in turn to displease everyone. He is a very clever, good natured man, but cannot control such a disorganized crowd as he has under him. Everyone finds fault and everyone seems to think himself privileged to do as he pleases. And the party from Greenville I am connected with seem about the most forward in both. It is a vain task for the Captain to try to please them, the more he tries, the less success he seems to have. A fine party of soldiers we should make, all Captains and no men. I had to wedge up here, the felloes of my near fore wheel, as the tire had become very loose. The wind still blows a gale, and it is worthy of remark that owing to its cooling influence our cattle do not suffer, although the thermometer stands at 90°. Out of 150 head not one has had his tongue out. The wind so annoying to us in many respects, is friendly to them. We started again at 3 and stopped at 6 and got supper, probably going in that time 6 Miles. Started again at sundown, 7½ o'clock, and continued on until 11½, say 7 Miles more. It was "dark as Erebus" and the only thing that enabled us to see our way was the constant lightning. A violent storm stopped us at last. I got wet through in taking care of the cattle. Cold and miserable, and I could not get at my great Coat which Dr. Burchard, I believe with malice prepense, had covered up with my other clothes and with all kinds of baggage and wood. I

Water for thirsty cattle

1849 June crawled into the baggage waggon, where I made Walter go before the storm struck us. I closed it up and notwithstanding being so wet should have slept well, but the rest of my agreeable copartners came whilst I slept to get a halter or something for their convenience and I was awakened by the storm driving full on me and Walter. It was too much trouble for them to try the front apron door. I confess I was not very well pleased at this, but selfishness seems to be the order of the day. Our path today was over a level Plain, sandy and grass light. Two or three Trains were passing the "Jornada" at the same time, sometimes one, and sometimes the others were in front. The cattle do not seem to suffer as much as I expected; indeed, they all look quite well. At sundown we gave our horses a quart of water each.

20th Started at 4 o'clock. The cattle this morning show the want of food and water. They look gaunt and travel wearily. Two Miles from Camp we came to two pools of water, one on each side of the road. They were a welcome sight, and we lost no time in taking our cattle from the waggons and letting them drink. Poor things, they needed the water sadly. We proceeded some 5 or 6 Miles and descended into a desolate looking valley through which ran "Sand Creek." It is worthy of its name. It did not run, however. The water stood in pools, but it answered our purpose and we corralled close by it. After breakfast Fuller and myself worked several hours in fixing the hind wheels of my waggon which were felloe-bound. The Santa Fé Train corralled beyond us but proceeded on in the afternoon. There are dire rumours in the Camp about the Utah Indians who, they say, are out in great numbers on the Cimarron to steal cattle, and shoot and scalp, etc., etc., etc. Well, we have passed the big river and the "Jornada," safe and without any loss, so I think we will get into Santa Fé in good order and in due time. A slight rain storm in afternoon and a severe one in the evening. This is unusual, I believe, in this section of the country.

Dr. Burchard would not cook us any supper, so I went around and got a cup of milk from Mrs. Snelling. A nice man is Dr. Burchard!

21st Yoked up at 7 o'clock and went on to "Lower Cimarron Spring" and encamped near the two Santa Fé Trains. I should say the spring was

about 8 Miles from Sand Creek where we started from. We were encamped close by the battle ground of the Texans with the Mexicans when Kendall was taken, so says Charles Dens. *June 1849*

Here as we stayed for the rest of the day, and all my copartners seeming to be in an amicable and easy state of feeling, I determined to carry out an intention I had been revolving in my mind for some days. I proposed to withdraw my property and self from them and go on by myself. It was impossible to proceed with Dr. Burchard who is beyond endurance and I wished to leave in good part, rather than at the tail end of a quarrel. We had time today and they all seemed in a moderately placid temper, so I thought it about as good a time as I could find. I called a council, made my proposition, no objection started, and we at once went to work to close up our accounts and made a partition.

They peremptorily refused to allow me the debt that Dr. Park owed me; would not even allow me for the bacon I let him have, which he had placed to his credit as part of his capital stock in Company, and which they still have, and which they will either use or sell at Santa Fé and make a good profit on. They cannot allow me for it but they can use it or sell it themselves. Nice casuistry this: the difference between "tweedle dum and tweedle dee." I raised the bacon on my farm and put it in the concern. They do not pretend for a moment to deny the justice of the debt, but still they have a scruple of conscience either to allow me for it or let me take it back; but no scruple of conscience to use it themselves or sell it, and remit the proceeds when they choose to. And thus I am deprived of about $62.00, a serious matter in settling accounts. By transfer of property on the Cimarron I take the waggon I put with the concern at $90.00; my 2 Yoke of cattle at $100.00; with such provisions as they in their benignity choose to let me have. We worked late in unpacking and repacking waggons, but could not entirely finish the business. We had a mass meeting in the early afternoon and agreed to start for the future at daylight or as near after as possible, not waiting to cook breakfast; lie by in middle of day, and proceed again at 3 or 4 till dark. Fish in pool with red heads, tails, and fins.

22nd Started at daylight. The Captain came himself and took my flour. He and some of the Missouri Company having offered to help me all they

1849 June could, they take the flour to lighten my load. Previous to making my proposition to leave the Greenville Company yesterday I had spoken to Captain Lightner to ask him if he and his Missouri Company were in the same mind in regard to me, and if I could board with Mrs. Snelling. He made enquiries and told me yes. I, in consequence, got my cup of coffee at Mrs. Snelling's Tent this morning before starting. I shall stay with them as long as they are willing to keep Walter and myself. What I have seen of them I like much. I moved on still in Company with the Greenville waggons, but in my own waggon and driving my own two Yoke of cattle for about 8 Miles and turned off from the road to the course of the Cimarron, a mere sandy run into which we dug 2 or 3 feet to get water. The course of the Cimarron thus far is rich in flowers, some of them fragrant; all beautiful.

At noon halt got the balance of my provisions, etc., weighed out by my ci-devant copartners, and pretty much closed up accounts with them. When we started I left the Greenville waggons and passed over to the rear of Mr. Snelling's four waggons as I wished to incorporate myself with him, and detach myself from the others at once. We moved on about 9 Miles farther, encamping close by the course of the Cimarron. My heart was light. Untrammelled and free, I now move along, my own master. I have no person's whims to study and no one to find fault with me. Thanks be to praise, I am free, free! Walter is delighted with the change. Poor boy, he felt the trammel as much as I. I find my Team is ample for my load. This was my chief anxiety, but one day's travel has convinced me I have sufficient force to carry me to Santa Fé or even to California. Should any of my cattle give out, I am confident the Missouri Company would lend me one to help me on. So all is well. The road today was good except at starting when it was very sandy for a while. Walter and self slept in my waggon tonight which for the future will be our bedroom. We both of us prefer it to sleeping in a Tent. The flies are very troublesome. This evening they literally covered the inside of the Tents. The Captain today, acting on a suggestion of mine some days ago, organized a council composed of delegates from each mess who meet at his Tent and decide what to do, and he gives the order.

23rd Started at 3½ o'clock, went about 9 Miles and encamped by the Cimar-

ron; the starting sandy. Today at noon my old partners, who by refusing me my just dues, had, as they thought, brought me in debt $29.00, sent Fuller to me to demand security for it. They modestly claimed a bill of sale of cattle, waggon, etc., as security. This outrage I resisted and determined to pay them, but was dissuaded by Mr. Snelling. I went to them, however, and came to a final settlement of everything when lo! they found all the claim they had against me was $15.66, for which I gave them my note with Snelling's name as security, payable at Santa Fe. I again wished to pay them and have done with it, but Mr. Snelling said that as they seem to desire to persecute me, he would not gratify them by paying until the latest moment. Their ungenerous conduct to me, because I leave them, is appreciated by the whole Train and I am quite sure that I have the approbation and good will of much of the largest portion of the Company. The Flora today is very rich and variegated. We started again at 3, the road up hill and sandy for awhile. The character of the country changes; deep gullies and rolling ridges running toward the river, or where the river ought to be, and Bluffs, some rocky, toward the Cimarron, the extremity of ridges of Prairies, and which look like Pawnee Rock. We continued on through these about 8 Miles to "Middle Spring" which is between two of these ridges, 2 or 300 yards to the right of the road. A party of officers and men, the advance of some U. S. troops, came up with us at evening. They and McAuley's Train encamped below us near the road. The day has been very warm, but the night quite cold. June 1849

24th SUNDAY. I have had my mind so engaged for 2 or 3 days past in settling with my old partners that I could write but little. I am now free to do as I like and shall have more time to do as I please. I shall endeavor to improve my opportunities.

There was a mass meeting of Trains this morning; a rather disorganized crowd. They concluded to proceed. We started on, the sun beating down; sandy road, etc., and the cattle suffered much. It was a good day to try my Team, but they were equal to the emergency. Went 5 or 6 Miles and corralled. Two Santa Fé Trains encamped about 2 or 3 Miles before us. Proceeded at 3 and struggled through deep sand for 3 Miles, the cattle all suffering much. A very hot day. In the evening a storm,

1849 June after which it turned very cold and continued so all night. Fish in pools, green stripes.

25th Started at 4 o'clock and went about 7 Miles over a very heavy sandy road, cattle much distressed. I am tired of this desolate looking Plain of the Cimarron. We staid in corral, as usual now, from between 9 and 10 until 3 or 4. Occupied myself in arranging all my little "plunders" in their proper places in my waggon, and after that wrote home. Captain killed Antelope. Got one foot; mean to make whip handle of it.

The boys and young men are full of fun, all day chasing rabbits, etc. Went in afternoon about 5 Miles farther and encamped close by the Cimarron as usual; but for the first time it was by running water, instead of a sandy bed, or, as at noon, occasional pools. The water is evidently a freshet produced by rain and I have no doubt will subside soon. About a mile and half from noon Camp, we passed a pyramid of the skulls of mules, the remains of a large number killed here a few years since by a severe snow storm. From what I can learn this is a noted point in the journey up the Cimarron. My Team, Tom and Jerry, Dick and Bully, get along finely, although my waggon looks the largest in the Train, yet as my load is light, waggon and load only weigh about 2100, they manage it finely notwithstanding the heavy road. I have, now, no fears about my ability of getting to California unless some unforeseen and serious accident occurs; and, even then, I believe I have friends enough in the Company to keep me along. I thank God every day that I am free. Walter and I get along without any trouble at all. If he is sleepy in the middle of the day, I drive for him, and he takes a nap, or, if I wish to indulge in a siesta, he drives; and my waggon is so roomy and convenient that I have every appurtenance for comfort; much more, indeed, than anyone else in the Train. Thanks be to praise, again I am free! My path now looks bright before me. May God prosper me, for the sake of my dear ones at home. The Snellings are all very kind, and I am as one of the family. Walter's and my comfort in the way of eating, etc., are much enhanced; for we have our meals cooked and served as women only can do it. We have plenty of butter, buttermilk and sweet milk. In fact we are vastly more comfortable than I could have thought it possible to be on these desolate Plains. I shall try to continue as a boarder with them through

the whole route to California, as I am convinced I could not be in better hands, or in more comfortable situation. The boys have just brought in two young wolves. The Prairie is indeed teeming with animal life; Gophers, Ground Squirrels, Antelope, Wolves, Hares or Rabbits (I don't know which to call them), Prairie Dogs, Horned Toads, which I believe to be a lizzard, for it runs and has a tail, Lizzards, Snakes, etc. Buffalo are scarce since we struck the Cimarron, but Antelope more plentiful. Charles Snelling saw a deer today. They are scarce on the Plains, as this one, with 2 or 3 seen near the crossing of the Arkansas, are all that have been seen by us since leaving the frontier. We had Antelope and rabbit for supper, the Antelope being a doe was not very good, but the rabbit was excellent. The day has been very hot. In the evening, as yesterday, a thunder storm came from the West. We had more rain and then it set in cold for the night.

26th Started at half past four. Half a Mile brought us to the crossing of the Cimarron, swollen by recent rains. Here we were detained some time by the two Santa Fé Trains who started first. The water was so deep it got into some of the waggons. I escaped a wetting. Just after passing, some of our party thought they saw the Rocky Mountains in the distance. Fuller came and told me he had seen them. I doubt it much. The road was very sandy and heavy for awhile, but as we rose slope after slope the road got better and better.

About 2½ Miles from crossing, on the left of the road, a stony ridge comes near the road, the lower part very deep red colour. Could not go to it as it was my day to drive. The road near it for some distance was the colour of brick dust. We have now left the bottom of the Cimarron and the character of the country is changing rapidly. We keep rising. At a distance to the West we see what look like hills, Cones, Buttes. We stopped 7 Miles from crossing near a rocky run, where one of McAuly's men told me there was always some water either running, or in pools, and down it to the right or North of the road, toward the Cimarron about two Miles, is the first timber seen since leaving the Arkansas; only a few straggling trees.

The "bois de vache" was so scarce here that four of us after taking a circle of more than a Mile and a half scarcely got enough to cook a meal.

1849 June Three or four of Mr. Snelling's party, however, went off on horse back with axes and returned with a good supply of wood, which was packed into the waggons. We also filled our kegs and canteens with water. This is a practice never to be neglected when the opportunity offers. The two Santa Fé Teams starting a little before us, we caught them up, and all together made rather an imposing Train, although as usual we went in two lines. We numbered 84 waggons. We started from our Camp ground by the rock run about 2 o'clock. Three Miles brought us to the singular looking rocky table elevation to the West of our noon Camp. We passed over the ridge and on descending the other side found ourselves in a beautiful amphitheatre, open toward the Cimarron, formed by a ring of mounds, rocky table elevations, conical risings, etc. At the bottom of the sink of land was good clear water, as there was also on the East side of the rocky table near where Webb's Train camps. We passed out of the amphitheatre and again descended into the valley, the far side of which was a series of broken and wavy hills, with gorges running in different directions in which were some isolated trees; the whole of the hilly portion rocky, more or less. The rock that I saw, when broken, was a compact white sandstone; the upper portion of large masses, scorious, shewing the action of fire. In many places there were vast piles of rocks and stones in different forms, looking as if placed by the hand of man. I desired to take a sketch of the remarkable Rocky Table mound or elevation from the East side, but, it was my turn to drive, and Walter was away. We ascended from the valley and found ourselves on a high land overlooking a rolling Prairie with another long elevation at a great distance. I gave the whip to Walter who had now returned and took a sketch of the Rocky Table elevation, etc., looking back; and then turning to the West took another sketch of a remarkable flat long elevation in the far distance from me and I had to walk fast to over take the Teams. On the top of the ridge between the amphitheatre and valley there was an isolated rock with water on the top in which were some small fish; there were also fish in the pools on the top of the Rocky Table mound. We continued on until 7 o'clock. As storm had been brewing again in the West and was now close upon us, the wind having shifted from South East, where it has hung for 2 or 3 weeks, chiefly to the North West, we had just time to corral and get our

cattle inside when it descended with great violence. Walter and self got into our waggon and made all snug and as it looked as if it would be a continuous rain, we gave up all hopes of supper, so made down our bed, laid down and in two minutes were fast asleep. It was my turn to water the cattle but as I had no idea they would be turned out such a night I did not hesitate about going to sleep. It appears however it lulled and they turned them out. In the middle of the night they got them in again and the noise they then made woke me up. The sergeant of the guard was complaining about the guard not being out and I found I was in a scrape, but when he had them turned out he ought to have called me. The distance from Rocky View to place of encampment about 9 Miles. The Captain found some currants today toward the bottom of the valley or amphitheatre, I do not know which, and politely sent some to me by his little boy. They were of a singular flavour and as large as gooseberries. *June* 1849

27th It appears that we encamped, after all, close by the upper spring of the Cimarron, for immediately after starting, which we did about 5 o'clock, on turning round a small hill we came close to it. As they stopped to fill their kegs and canteens, I took a hasty sketch. Webb's Train was close by, encamped in a singular and romantic valley with ragged rocks jutting out on each side. The country round the spring is broken and hilly, but our road soon led us on to the Prairie which continued to ascend. About 10 Miles from the spring we seemed to be at the highest point where we had a view of some singular elevations that looked like Mountains in the South West. I took a sketch and joined the Train just as they were going into corral. Here I was brought up before the council for not keeping guard last night but my excuse was allowed and I was honorably acquitted. I discovered that Dr. Burchard and J. O. McGahey were trying hard to make something out of it, but it would not do. It only showed their malice but did me no harm. Just as we were starting in afternoon it rained again, but we continued on over a rolling Prairie 7 Miles to Cedar Creek. The character of the country was so different that I took a sketch of it just as they were rolling into Camp. Charles Snelling killed a buck Antelope this afternoon; the first that has been killed. We had some for supper and divided the rest with the Company. It certainly was as fine meat as I ever ate.

60 Walter accused of theft

1849 June 28th The Santa Fé Train encamped on the hill beyond the spring, and there was a rumour this morning that it was attacked by Indians last night and that 9 or 10 Indians were killed. Don't believe a word of it. It all grew out of their firing their gun last night, I expect. The whole Camp is in a turmoil again this morning, some wanting to go on, some to stay. Had a meeting at last and concluded to stay. There is nothing but contention in the Camp all the time. I do not attend the meetings myself or have any talks, but quietly await the result. It rained nearly all day. It is a very extraordinary season, I understand, for this country which usually is extremely dry. In the evening Thomas Gaas, others and self, went more than a Mile from Camp to get wood, all cedar, by the bye, and the air is redolent with the smell of its burning. We carried as much wood as we could on our shoulders to put into waggons to take with us, it being very scarce in this part of road. There are some very picturesque, rocky gorges and ravines to the North of our Camp near where we got our wood. The scenery is pleasant to all of us who are satiated with the level Plains. The feed for cattle is poor and we go on tomorrow. Fuller, Dr. Burchard and J. O. McGahey here tried to make out that a knife George Ferguson gave to Walter, Walter had stolen out of his pocket after he died. A more pitiful and gross effort of malice I never knew. They could not make it out anyway. And the Company appreciates this conduct. They have done Walter no harm and themselves no good. In fact, they are sinking below par. I must confess myself astonished at Fuller's malice. I can never have any respect for him more. I despise them all. The three are as contemptible fellows as one could find in a summer's day. In the evening we packed away wood and water for the next day's journey.

29th Started early, and crossed a sterile Prairie in the direction of the two mounds which gradually rose so as to show two immense Prairie hills. We travelled, I suspect, on the dividing ridge between the tributaries of the Arkansas and Red rivers. We nooned in a hollow about 9 Miles from Cedar Creek; no wood, no water; but we had prepared ourselves with both. One Mile brought us to McNees' Creek. Rain again. Went on from the creek about six Miles and turned off the road ½ Mile to a rocky run supposing it to be Rabbit Ear Creek. Here, at sundown, saw a Train coming from Santa Fé. I hurried to my waggon and hastily wrote

a letter home. Gave my letter to Mr. Davy, an Irishman, owner of the waggons, a Santa Fé and Chihuahua trader. The road today for about 3 Miles each side of McNees' Creek is very heavy and sandy. The rain made it muddy at other places, so that we had a hard day's drive. It tired the cattle very severely. About half way between McNees' Creek and the run we are now encamped on there were some scattered cedars on the side hill on the North of the road. June 1849

30th Off at 5, up hill, to a line of stony and sandy ridges, say two Miles, passing by a stony and sandy cone some 50 feet high, then down 1 Mile, to what I suppose must be Rabbit Ear Creek instead of that we camped near last. There are a series of open unwooded runs in the Prairie all nearly alike, rocky, and some deep. We kept on to what we supposed to be the West branch of Rabbit Ear Creek, the two mounds bearing South. It is a rocky run in the Prairie; the water in deep pools; say 9 Miles from last Camp. We left the rocky creek and passed it. It kept near our road for some distance; and this part of it was lined with small willows. Continued over rolling Prairie 7 Miles and encamped in a sandy bottom. For the last 3 Miles to the South of us was a stony precipitous bank or wall, or scarp, at some places almost perpendicular, at others, sloping. It appears to be the termination of an immense plateau or table land on which the mounds stand. To the West of us we see a large round mound. I begin to think the creek we nooned at must be Rabbit Ear Creek and this one on which we camp tonight the West Fork. This fork or branch runs along the foot of the wall, in a narrow swale to the East; but it opens out to the West into a large savannah. It is lined with willows and small Cottonwoods. We encamped, immediately after coming down from the high Prairie, in a rich sandy bottom, around us are acres of a flower in our garden at home that we call "Temessean." Near the stream there are plenty of currants as large as gooseberries. Their flavour is poor. The day was cool and pleasant, and the road good. We saw many Antelopes today South of the road and in the afternoon 6 Elk to the North.

July 1st SUNDAY. Had to proceed on ⅘ of feed for cattle. Kept on the low savannah for about two Miles and then rose over the wall on to the pla-

1849 July teau, or table land. Here we found ourselves gazing at a panorama of mounds and various shaped hills and elevations; the most conspicuous being Round Mound immediately in front. Satisfied now that the last two creeks are the Rabbit Ear.

The map must be wrong. The road here is excellent, and since coming on to the table land the Buffalo grass, that we have scarce seen for some time, is scattered round in large patches. We kept on about 9 Miles, just passing Round Mound, and corralled in the flat Prairie near some pools. I went to the top of Round Mound which I judge to be about 250 or 300 feet above the level of the table land. The view was magnificent: to the North West I saw for the first time the peaks of the "Rocky Mountains" on which the snow glittered in the sun; to the North a range of various shaped eminences, some like field works. East, the wide Prairie was broken only by our old friends, the two mounds; to the South, the Plains stretched away, away—I do not know how far; and to the South West and West a series of hills and some Mountains. The day has been cool and pleasant and since coming on to the plateau the road is excellent. In passing over the risings in the Prairie we find it stony; the stone looks like cinders; many of them honey combed. The country I should think is volcanic. Walter stayed behind with Mr. Snelling and others to pick currants at our last camping place. I regret that I could not take a view of the beautiful panorama of the hills when we came on to the table land. It was very striking and beautiful.

They found some large patches of peas this morning. In the afternoon we started late and only moved on about 3 Miles to some other pools in the Prairie. Our cattle appear to be failing, and there is much dissatisfaction in guarding them out so far; and so we had another meeting tonight and it was agreed to start hereafter at 7 o'clock instead of daylight. This was to give the cattle a chance to graze before starting. We got out of wood here and Thomas and some of the boys went up to the top of Round Mound, say 2 Miles, to cut and bring in some cedar on their shoulders. In the night one of Major Steingrandt's oxen died of murrain.

2nd Started, as agreed on yesterday, after breakfast. Three Miles brought us

to the East Fork of Rock Creek. Level Prairie for 7 Miles more brought us to the next fork, called "Whetstone Creek" on $^{a}/_{c}$ of fine whetstones got here. We laid in a stock. Here we found both Santa Fé Trains. The feed, fine for cattle. July 1849

I walked along all the morning sketching flowers and plants. There is a fine spring just North of where the road crosses the creek. In the afternoon we went on about 4 Miles over a level Prairie, and then passed down a rocky declivity and found ourselves in a small sink of Prairie through which passed a stream of water, along the border of which, South of the road, grew some Cottonwoods and Willows. We turned off the road to the South for a Mile and encamped for the sake of the wood and water. Among the rocks, where we passed down, grew some raspberry bushes. The fruit was large, black, and of fine flavour. They grew on a kind of shrub and not like our garden raspberries on long slender stems. It is determined to stay here for a day on $^{a}/_{c}$ of our cattle.

3rd Stayed in Camp all day, drawing and writing. Kirkpatrick and Grisson went on to the hills North West of us and came back much delighted with what they saw: Deer, Elk, large branching Cactus, view of Rocky Mountains, etc. These hills range here from about North West to West. Mr. Snelling and Walter went fishing and caught a mess of chubb. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison and their party and Steingrandt and son, becoming impatient, left our party this morning and proceeded alone.

4th Rained before day. We started about 6; 2 Miles brought us to a rocky run; 3 Miles more we went down a rocky declivity to a creek in a swale of land which we followed on the North side, say 2 Miles, when arriving at the rocky end of the hills which had been to our West and North we discovered it to be the "Point of Rock." Had I known this before I should have taken a sketch of it. The map placed it farther West from the creeks we have passed. As we turned the point we had a splendid view of the Rocky Mountains from the Plains for the first time. We went on a little more than a mile beyond Point of Rock and encamped. I then had the pleasure of coming back said mile or more and going up a rocky ravine a quarter of a Mile more for water. This water we found in the last ravine or gorge to the West, opening on the South. We afterward

1849 July learned that there was a spring at the point which is indicated in the road which looks wet; the water losing itself in the ground. Follow the wet ground to the rocky precipice and you will find the spring. A gorge opens to the West, also, about a Mile from the point, up which there is a fine spring, and at the mouth of this gorge we ought to have encamped. Whilst at dinner Colonel Collier, the new Collector of the Port of San Francisco, passed us. Some of his party came to our Camp. Two of them, Pell and Johnson, took some dinner with us. Wm. Draper brought in an Antelope he had killed. About 2, we left and went about 4 Miles over a wavy Prairie to a hill down which we passed from the table land on which these systems of Prairie hills stand. The hill goes down between sand ridges and knolls. Toward the bottom on the left hand side is a fine spring. Our course then was down hill. We continued on till late and passed Colonel Collier's Camp; and about 9 Miles from the last hill came at dark to another, at the bottom of which we encamped near a creek, up which there was good grass for cattle. We made about 21 Miles today. About 2 Miles back from Camp there was a dead mule which was recognized as one belonging to the party that left us yesterday. A note near it from Mrs. Harrison informed us they had experienced a dreadful storm last night. Blew over their waggon, etc., etc.

5th Colonel Collier's ambulance and waggons passed us before we were ready to start. We followed soon after; rose from creek bottom on to the Prairie, and then descended, say 4 Miles, to a hill going down to the "Canadian River," sandy hill with sandy ridges each side. Here the escort of Dragoons belonging to Colonel Collier's party, Captain Ker commanding, passed us. They stopped by river to feed horses. We passed the river and encamped for the day. The stream was about 2 feet deep and 15 yards wide, rapid and muddy. Dr. Steck caught a cat fish. It was 1½ foot long. Chatham in the afternoon shot an Antelope. The other hunters crippled 3 deer, but got none of them. There is no timber on the river near the crossing, but quantities of very fine black and yellow currants. Some grapes are found above, but they, of course, were not ripe. All around us is a singular system of table lands—difficult to give a correct idea of by a mere sketch. I was tired and sleepy, so after a good wash in the river I took it very easy all day. I had a long talk with Johnson

of Colonel Collier's party this morning and it has given me an inkling of an idea—"bide a wee," something may come out of it. Antelope and stewed currants for dinner. A little below us there is a rough breastwork of stone thrown up; by whom or for what, I know not. A Kentuckian by the name of Whittey and 3 Mexicans have a little Camp here. He says he lives at a ranch about 25 Miles above called Rayado, and is out on a hunt. He says Kit Carson lives there now. He has told our party that they cannot go by Cooke's route, that Cooke never took waggons, etc., etc. Many are foolish enough to believe him and the Camp is in a ferment. This man wants them to go to Rayado and change their cattle and waggons for mules, as he says it is our only chance to get through. They are hardly sane tonight and because of his talk I believe that if there was a road they would go tomorrow morning to Taos Mountain and give up the trip to California. The elders of the party believe otherwise and keep a steady front for the Land of Promise. About sundown a party of Mexicans came over the slope of one of the table lands to the North of West; they proved to be a party from Taos with a train of jacks and mules, carrying bread, maize, blankets, bridle bits, etc., etc., to trade with the Indians. They were a ragged looking set and many of them were only armed with bows and arrows. They camped close by us, for safety. Had they not come up with us they would have continued on farther, as they are very much afraid of the Apaches. They say they feel safe by us. They tell us that 3 pastores or herdsmen were killed only yesterday by the Apaches not more than 30 Miles from us. They tell us also to be on our guard as the Apaches will be around us all the time. *July 1849*

6th Started from the Canadian River and went up hill for about 2½ Miles and then descended about the same to the "Ocate," 5 Miles in all. No water where we passed; below, the banks were lined with pine. We continued on over a ridgy and hilly Prairie, say 3 Miles, and camped for noon near a rocky curve on the left of the road beneath which was plenty of clear water. Started again at 2 and travelled till 6 across a rolling Prairie; up hill all the way, say 8 Miles, and camped above a large pool of water in sight of Waggon Mound; distance about 9 Miles. The day's journey was hilly and the roads were cut up with the rain, etc. Ross' Santa Fé Trains camped close behind. Killed some Curlews; brown speckled with black, bills 6 inches long.

66 The traders hurry on

1849 July 7th Late start. Ross's Train passed us at breakfast. After breakfast took a sketch of Waggon Mound. There was one more mound to the right, or West, but my paper would not admit it. We went over a level Prairie to Santa Clara Spring which is at the East end of the next mound West of Waggon Mound; distance from Camp in morning, 10 Miles. The water was cool and clear and to us a great luxury after the variety of bad water we have used. Walter went out with Charles Snelling and William Draper to the top of the mound or hill, of which with the springs, for there are two, I took a sketch from the lower slope of Waggon Mound. Morning cold, but very warm at noon.

Walter saw some Indian signs at top: remains of fire, Antelope legs, etc. Some of the party saw some human skeletons to the North, in a ravine. We moved on at 3 o'clock and gradually ascended about 7 Miles and corralled; at whose order I do not know as the Captain was away. I told them that water was close by but they would not listen. Had a council to decide on a night march as Charles Dens said there was no water till we got to the Moro. I knew better and told them so. They decided to stay. I was put on watch at 12 and stayed till 3 when we drove the cattle into corral.

8th SUNDAY. Immediately yoked up and started off as they still believed Charles Dens; that there was no water. At the bottom of the hill we found Ross's Train in corral and about 1½ Mile from Camp found the water in pools in the creek run as I had said they would. We continued on till 8 o'clock, 8 Miles to Cedar Creek. The day was very warm; the road good, but stony at places. Descended for a long distance to creek, which runs through a high rocky gorge. Fine springs both above and below. Cedar and pine timber is plentiful. Antelope kid for breakfast; Turtle pie for dinner.

We camped in the bed of the creek, with fine water, timber and grass all together, so we concluded to stay all day. As I was up all night, I tried to sleep in the waggon but it was so close and hot I could not enjoy it.

The Antelope have been very plentiful lately. We often see them 6 or 7 together. The hunters see, they say, 100 of a morning beside red deer.

There are Indian signs about, and the traders, alarmed, have hurried on, 20 to 25 Miles per day, as a note from Mrs. Harrison informs us,

and which we found here hung on a cedar tree by the road. Our party laugh at this. If they are contentious, they are at least not fearful. I will give them credit for so much. We find great quantities of currants here, and a berry that is neither currant or gooseberry, but something between both. In the afternoon we had a meeting and Mr. Rickets gave us a very good sermon. About ¾ Mile below, the Moro passes in a deep narrow rapid stream; Emory's map of the route is again wrong, therefore. July 1849

9th Did not start very early. Passed over a ridgy Prairie and in about 4 Miles came to another rocky run with pools of water. The same style of country brought us to the Moro; say 7 Miles from Cedar Creek.

Here, North of the road about a Mile, a large Fort is now being built by a Mr. Bartley. To the left of road on the Sepullo there is a mill of most primitive construction to grind wheat; also a few adobe houses. Cattle, horses, mules, etc., around. About a Mile beyond Moro we passed the Sepullo a short distance and encamped. Between these two streams the Bent's Fort road joins ours. Near our Camp there is a company of soldiers encamped. They are Mexican War volunteers. They have Tents and some adobe houses, and it is difficult to say which is the dirtier, the men or the houses. Whilst staying here, Mr. Bartley, a very sinister looking man, in company with an Emigrant, came back from Las Vegas to trade for mules. They came to our Camp and both told us it was impossible to go to California with Ox Teams. The Emigrant said there was a large party at Las Vegas who were changing waggons and cattle for mules at a great sacrifice, giving a waggon or yoke of cattle for a mule, etc., etc., as they were satisfied of the impracticability of Cooke's route with Oxen.

This has again put our party into a ferment, but a few of us stand firm and we shall go on as we are to Santa Fé. I believe there is a conspiracy in the country to cheat the Emigrants. My belief in the route we have chosen has never wavered. In settling up the country, mules to them are not worth much; cattle and waggons are invaluable. I told the Emigrant that I believed his party were fairly "out-yanked." The troops here have planted corn, potatoes, beans and have sown oats, wheat, etc., which look pretty well; but the corn is not more than 6 inches high. No fences; all open. We started from here at 4 o'clock and travelled

1849 July over a hilly Prairie on an excellent road till 9 o'clock. This night marching I detest. Say 10 Miles from noon Camp. Bad headache all night.

10th Quite sick with old fashion headache. Our course lay down hill; still a fine road; 7 Miles to Las Vegas, of which I took a sketch at about 2 Miles distance. A Mile from town we went down a very steep and rough hill in a kind of gully broken through a ledge of blue limestones. At Las Vegas we found a large party of Emigrants busy in preparation for packing. Many of them already think they have been too hasty. I am sure of it. The native women squat down on the ground and lean back against the walls of their dirt houses, dressed in dirty chemise and dirty petticoats and over their heads wear a light coloured dirty "rebozo;" each one being the possessor of a very homely and dirty face.

As we came into town we saw scattered through the valley large flocks of sheep and goats and herds of cattle. The boys herding them have slings with which they pelt their charges occasionally and severely with stones. A Company of Artillery is stationed here but I did not see any of them as we made but a very short stay, driving on for 2 Miles to near the first cañon in the Mountains near which we encamped.

Water is rather scarce; the spring near the gap in the Mountains being very small. I have experienced for sometime a great difficulty in breathing. What it is owing to I cannot say; the elevation above the sea, or the dryness of atmosphere. Many of our Company complain of the same thing. Another thing we have remarked here and crossing the Plains is that the balls of our rifles whistle from the moment of discharge to the end of their course. You can hear them cut their way through the air the whole way. On entering Las Vegas we crossed an "acequia" or canal by which they bring the water through the town for their convenience and also to irrigate their lands below. In the evening a number of us went to Las Vegas, as we heard there was to be a Fandango, but it turned out to be a mistake so we returned to Camp about 11 o'clock.

11th Started quite late on account of some cattle being lost. Passed the gap in the Mountain and fairly entered the hilly country; the road very good and the hills not steep; some improvements going on; trees cut down, stones thrown out, etc., etc. Passed Tecalote, a little village in a low

valley; adobe houses and adobe church. It is close by a small stream and seems as if built in a gully. It put me in mind of the mud houses built by children in a rut in the road. The women here smear their faces with some dark glutinous substance. They are very plain and exceedingly dirty. In the valley they have wheat, oats, corn, potatoes, etc., and some pretty good gardens. Still no fences; all open. We went on 3 Miles and encamped for the night. On getting up our cattle we found 20 head missing and we learned they had gone back to Tecalote. W. Grisson, Mr. Joseph, Slade McGahey and Walter went after them about 9 o'clock at night and did not return until morning. Our road today was sandy and of a red colour, sometimes like a pounded brick. Some of the boys got high again at Tecalote as they had done at Las Vegas and as there was very little water in Camp they fared rather badly. A man at Tecalote, who said he belonged to the Quartermaster's Department, said we could not get through by Cooke's route with cattle, but his story did not hang well together and he contradicted himself. It had no effect on me. There is some sinister motive for all this talk, I believe. It seems to me they want to keep our cattle and waggons in the country and trade off their mules. Self interest is at the bottom, I am convinced. July 1849

12th Boys got in late with the cattle from Tecalote. A man came up with them for damage he said they had done to his cornfield. We paid him $5.00, hitched up and went on 3 Miles farther to the Ojo de Verral as fast as we could. Consequently we had no water and no breakfast. We watered ourselves and cattle. I took a sketch and we moved on, say 1½ Miles, turned out cattle to feed and took feed ourselves in shape of breakfast. 2 Miles East of Ojo de Verral we went up a steep rocky hill and descended an equally bad one; the rest of the way the road was good. There are a few adobe houses at Ojo de Verral and the corn is fenced in and looks better than any that I have yet seen. The fence is made by sticking cedar brush or cedar sticks in the ground; very rough but sufficient for their purpose. Here both the men and women have their faces daubed. The valley of the Ojo de Verral is very beautiful. The slope from the Mountains is gradual, and is dotted over with trees as if they had been planted. It looks like an immense pleasure ground; water only is wanting to make it a thriving settlement. 7½ Miles farther, the last

1849 July part down a long but not steep hill, brought us to the stream that passes by San Miguel. The ford we passed was about 2 Miles above the village near a very good adobe farm house; the farm having a good fence round it. The stream was about 1½ foot deep and 30 yards wide. From what I saw of San Miguel, Abert's sketch would answer—but the adobe houses and church are so near the colour of the soil around that at a short distance it is difficult clearly to distinguish the outline. I was driving and so I could not go to the village; the same cause hindered me from examining Tecalote. An Emigrant situated as I am has but poor opportunities for investigation. I shall, however, do the best I can. Went 4 or 5 Miles beyond the stream and encamped; the road good, when not rocky or stony, which at intervals it was. The character of the Mountains to the right begin to change from a table appearance to rolling and peaky. The costume of the men I have seen is an oil cloth hat, dirty shirt, ditto drawers, ditto trousers, both large, and the latter slit from hip down, dirty face and dirty hands with hair innocent of a comb. Yesterday and today we saw a great many beautiful Cacti. The dust today was intolerable. It choked both outselves and our cattle, making us all look as black and dirty as Mexicans. Some of our party who went to San Miguel bring us a report that 14 out of 16 men have been killed by the Apaches below Santa Fé; the two that escaped were dreadfully cut up.

13th We had to drive our cattle a Mile to water, which made us late at starting. Road good, but rather hilly and stony at some places. 8 Miles to a spring called "Hole of the Rock." Ross's Train had used it up so had to keep on to "Old Pecos," say 5 or 6 Miles farther, without feed. Our cattle suffered much. Passed Pecos river; watered our cattle and filled our kegs from a fine spring about ½ Mile above crossing; continued on and encamped 1½ Miles above the crossing. It rained but I went up to get a glance at the Old Ruin and got into Camp just in time for supper.

14th Last night was an eventful one. About 1 o'clock the cattle in the corral became suddenly very much alarmed at something; we do not know, certainly, what; some suppose it was because two or three of the loose horses galloped up to the Camp. I doubt this, however. Whatever the cause, they were so frightened that they made a rush at the opening of

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the corral. The guard could in no wise stop them. In their mad eagerness to get out they overthrew and crushed 3 waggons and, scrambling over each other and the prostrate waggons, they rushed down towards Pecos. We were all out at once and after them and with much trouble succeeded in getting them back. For 1½ hour after getting them in I wandered through the woods in search of Pony and could not find him, which annoyed me much. This morning, however, I found him quietly grazing within 200 yards of Camp. It would be a bad business to lose Pony. I do not know how we should get along without him. Most of the morning was spent in mending waggons. One was lost entirely but part was taken to mend another. These two belonged to the Palmetto Company, so they saved one out of the two; the third also belonged to the Palmetto Company. The off hind wheel was broken to pieces as if with a sledge. They put a pine pole under it to take it to Santa Fé. We are "in dubio" whether to go to Santa Fé or Galisteo. Whilst the sufferers were mending their waggons Dr. Compton and self went to the old Pecos ruins again. I took a sketch of the Church, etc., and paced off the size, viz.: from inside of Church door to end of Altar place, 40 paces; width of Nave 8 paces; length of Transept, 14 paces; thickness of walls, 2 paces; length of side aisle, 34 paces from priest room; width of side aisle, 6 paces; height from floor to roof beams from 25 to 30 feet. East end of the whole building out side is 59 paces. North end, 45 paces. We noticed a salty efflorescence in the bed of the stream as we came from the Camp to the ruins. Charles Dens tells us that the head waters of the Pecos river is a spring that boils up at the top peak of the highest Mountain North of us which rolls both sides of the Mountain, forming the head waters of the Pecos and Del Norte (very doubtful), watering 20 settlements. Having broken up one waggon and mended the other two as well as we could, we started about 2 o'clock. Half a Mile brought us to the fork of roads leading to Galisteo and Santa Fé. Here we met an officer in a carriage, who says he heard Kit Carson say it was impossible for Ox Teams to go by Cooke's route to California. Still, some of us are incredulous on the point. We, therefore, go to Galisteo and the rest go on to Santa Fé. I here paid my little note to the Illinois Company, and sincerely hope I may never see either Burchard or Fuller more, as two more mean men I have seldom known. There is not a single point in

1849 July the character of either to command esteem or respect; one a mere bully and a brag, the other a malicious hypocrite. Twelve Missouri waggons and my own took the road to Galisteo; the rest took the Santa Fé road. The road we took was broken and tortuous from the beginning; about a Mile and half from the fork we came to a long and steep hill, very stony and ledgy. We have had nothing like it since we left home. We got up, however, pretty well and found ourselves on the top of the table land, part of the great Llanos of New Mexico. About a Mile from the top of the hill on the left of road there is a spring, but a very little one. We camped in a fine open glade after coming, say 4 or 5 Miles, from last Camp—one or two places on the road were very rocky and bad, the rest of road on the Llano good. On the top of the hill we found a man of the name of Roberts. He had a cart drawn by 4 miserable scare-crows of oxen, mere piles of bones, and before these he had a horse. He was alone and going to California. We had noticed his establishment before in Ross' Train. He camped near us tonight. The table land we are on is not open like a Prairie as I expected to find it, but broken, hilly and full of timber.

15th SUNDAY. We found one of the oxen belonging to White's party dead in the corral this morning. We supposed he died from some internal injury received in the stampede night before last. Our course today was over a ragged and broken road at times. About 5 or 6 Miles from Camp we went down from the table land by a steep and rough hill. Some Miles before coming to Galisteo our course, tending downward, led over an open and broken Prairie; white clayey soil, barren miserable land. We camped close by Galisteo after a march of about 15 Miles, at 3 o'clock. There were two Camps of Emigrants there, both from Missouri; Gully's and, I believe, Turner's party. In the bed of the creek close by us we again see the salty efflorescence. I rode through the town and back again to Camp: the same as the others we have seen; an adobe Church that looks as if it had lost its roof, and adobe houses that look as if they never had and never deserved to have any. Some of the inhabitants came to Camp in the evening and seemed to be very friendly.

In the evening some of the young men went to the Fandango; did not go myself. When we left the Llano for the Plain we had a magnificent

view of piles of Mountains to the West. Our cattle suffered for water, as from Pecos here we only found one little puddle, near which we encamped last night. The spring has given out. Our road on coming into Galisteo ran nearly parallel with a singular ridge, it looks like the work of hands. There is a high embankment on the top of which is a wall so regular that it looks as if it must have been made by human labour. It extends for many Miles. Abert speaks of it, I believe, and explains it geologically.

16th I started for Santa Fé with the cartman John Roberts, who, it appears, belonged to the army and had been in this country before for sometime. He appears to be an intelligent man. About 8 Miles from Galisteo we met many of the Teams that parted with us near Pecos on their way to join us at Galisteo having come around by the "Stone Corral." I was pleased to see them. It is twelve Miles to the Stone Corral; mostly open country, in the latter part of which we saw quantities of Cacti in full bloom. We also here saw for the first time the sage; very large, say 10 feet high and as much in diameter. The Stone Corral is fairly in the Mountains. It is notorious for reasons given in Abert's report. Santa Fé is about 12 Miles from thence, say 24 or 25 from Galisteo. It was quite late when we got in. I was much wearied, so I let Roberts dispose of my pony, and I retired to bed in a carpenter's shop, where I slept well and cheaply. Prairie dogs are in great numbers North of the corral.

17th I was all day employed to little purpose. Part of my business, and the most important, was to sell my pork and get 4 sacks of flour that Coy had lent to Webb of this place when his Train was on the Arkansas. Webb cannot send it down. I wanted him to find a mule and I would find a man to go to Galisteo. I told him that one of our waggons could bring up pork and take back the flour. This, he said, he could not do, but was willing to pay for the transportation of the flour down. I lingered round his store most of the day to see if he could send it, but he could find no opportunity. I went out to Colonel Collier's Camp and saw Pell, but the little dream I had back at Point of Rock now fell to the ground. I went to the Quartermaster's Department in the Plaza to gain information of our route but they could give me none. They referred me to private citizens. Kit Carson, who goes out as guide for

74 Santa Fé "a miserable hole"

1849 July Colonel Collier's party, has gone to Taos and Leroux I could not find. I saw, however, Mr. Joseph, one of our party who left us at the Arkansas with a mule team, and who has been here some time. He informed me he had had a conversation with Carson, who assured him the route was practicable for Ox Teams, but that we had better not start from Socorro till September, as the grass would then be better all the way, yet that we might go on with safety even now. This, after all the stories we have heard, was cheering and I felt comforted, although my belief had never wavered. Santa Fé, it is unnecessary to describe: others have done it sufficiently. It is a miserable hole; gambling and drinking in all directions.

The most memorable thing I did here was to go into a barber shop and have my moustache, which had grown very long and flourished finely, cut off and part of my whiskers.

18th Finding I could do nothing more about Coy's flour, or my pork, without returning to Camp, I determined to do so at once but on enquiring I found that Roberts had gone out of town and he had locked up my bridle and saddle, so I was obliged to await his return. About 1 o'clock he returned and although there was a part of our Company in Santa Fé, as I wished to expedite matters, I determined to go to Galisteo alone. Not a very prudent move! I started, but as there are many roads, I found, when about 4 Miles out of town that I was not on the right one. I struck across the country Northward, toward the Mountains and after awhile regained the right road; but I had lost much valuable time. I passed the Stone Corral and had got within 6 Miles of Camp when both night and a severe storm of rain, thunder and lightning, overtook me. I urged Pony on, but I was soon drenched to the skin, and my boots were full of water. It got darker and darker till at length I lost all trace of the path. I rode around sometime to try and find it, but I went down such bad rocky places and met others that Pony refused to proceed on that I stopped and took council with myself what to do. I reflected that if he fell and I broke a limb, being alone, I might never be able to reach Camp. So I tied Pony up to a cedar bush, the only shelter near, took off his saddle and wrapped his light blanket around me as far as it would go. I placed the saddle under the bush and lying down placed my head on it and determined to stay there till daylight. It was bitterly cold, and I had

not a dry thread about me. Thus, thoroughly drenched and almost perishing with cold, I lay till within about 1½ hour of day, when it suddenly struck me that there might be wild animals about. I arose, saddled Pony, got on him, and letting him graze near the bush, waited for day. It came at last. But in my eagerness to proceed I started before it was fairly light. I struck a wrong trace, which took me at least 5 or 6 Miles out of my way.

19th I did not arrive at Camp till about 9 o'clock. I found then that 2 of our Company had also been out all night, while another party got in very late by following down the bed of the stream and some others, from the next Camp, had narrowly escaped. So on the whole I came off nearly as well as they. But I never want to lie out in a rain storm again without shelter, in the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Coy determined to start for Santa Fé, but would not take a waggon so I could not send my pork after all. I hastily wrote a letter home, as it was probably my last chance, and gave it to him. Gully's Train I found had moved on. I hear that a man has been killed near "Tuerto" by the Mexicans. They say the other two were killed by Mexicans and not by Indians. I went out all the afternoon and herded cattle in the bottom and then stood guard at Camp till 12 o'clock at night. Twelve hours guard is pretty severe, after lying out in the Mountains the night before, but it was my turn and, of course, I had to do it.

20th Tired and worn out, both in body and mind. I did scarce anything save get out my clothes and give them to a washerwoman. South of the town, near where the cattle feed, is a poisonous lake. It killed one of our oxen night before last and last night all of them were much swelled and much distressed, groaning miserably all night. Their breath is also very offensive. This morning, therefore, we sent them on the hills 4 Miles from Camp. The Mexicans from the village have skinned the ox that died and taken off the flesh to eat—faugh! During my absence at Santa Fé; a man was killed near Tuerto by Spaniards; this makes 3 since our arrival.

21st Went over to see the town; lingered around awhile; looked at the Church and returned. The Church is a small adobe building with some miserable ornaments; little looking glasses and 2 large looking glasses, 1 each side of the Altar, but all so high as to be of no use. The confes-

1849 July sional was an old rickety chair placed behind a piece of blanket that hung from a rough board frame that was around it. Some holes bored at one side of this with an auger served for the penitent to whisper his or her transgressions or peccadillos into the ear of the Padre. A rough gallery at the opposite end of Church from the Altar was entered by a very rough and clumsy ladder; a wretched affair all together. From mere inanity I idled away the whole day. Cattle 4 Miles. Prairie dog village around Camp. Saw in the village a part of our dead ox hung out to dry.

22nd SUNDAY. An idle morning. Afternoon on cattle guard, 4 Miles from Camp. Going out I met another Company of Missourians coming in. They seemed well equipped and had some negroes with them. On my return to Camp we found that Mr. Snelling's bull was missing from the herd. Sent Joe and Walter to get him but they could not find him. I am much annoyed at this for Mr. Snelling is somewhat notional and he may blame me. Will go myself in the morning. One of the guard told me he had driven him into the herd before starting. Found at Camp the rest of the party from Santa Fé; Mr. Harrison and lady, Messrs. Joseph, Burchard, Fuller, Detrich, the McGaheys, and others. The McGaheys have taken a waggon team and provisions and go on independently. They had, I hear, a great quarrel with Burchard and Fuller who wished to cheat them and browbeat them. They think of Burchard and Fuller now, as I have for some time, as two men without principle.

23rd Started before sunrise and rode out 4 Miles to grazing ground. Found Mr. Snelling's bull and drove him in. About noon a small party of Missourians, 5 waggons, who are camped below us met with us in council to organize and choose a leader. We chose a Mr. Turner of their party. He looks rough enough. How he will do, I know not, but I am sure I would not have his place on any account. It was decided to start at 3 o'clock, so we busied ourselves in preparation. I had made an arrangement with Mr. Snelling to carry some flour for him and he was to let me have a Yoke of cattle. I put, therefore, his flour into my waggon and made some other preparations; filled all the kegs and vessels with water as we should find none, they say, for 30 Miles. The cattle were so scattered when we went to drive them up that it was out of the question to start today.



SANTA FÉ TO SAN DIEGO

JULY 24, TO DECEMBER 3, 1849

A reduced facsimile of a section of Emory's Map of 1848, showing Powell's route traced in red.

N. B. Cooke's Wagon Route, often alluded to by Powell, is also designated.



NTA FÉ TO SAN DIEGO

JULY 24, TO DECEMBER 3, 1849

reduced facsimile of a section of Emory's Map of 1848, showing Powell's route traced in red.
Cooke's Wagon Route, often alluded to by Powell, is also designated.

July 24th, 1849

Started at 5 o'clock with 3 Yoke of cattle. I think I can get along now. Tuesday again for a start: Strange! Passed the poisonous lake to a gap in the same kind of a wall on the top of an apparently human-made embankment some 50 feet high. It was like that North of our late Camp which I mentioned before and which ran South of West. This one runs East of South; the two making apparently two sides of a square. It is very singular. We supposed it to be 8 Miles to this pass. We stopped to noon ½ Mile beyond and I brought wood nearly ½ Mile to Camp in the hot sun to cook dinner and after that ate dinner in sunshine hot enough to broil anyone. Started at half past one and 1½ Mile brought us to the top of the hill and on to the great Llano or table land; an immense Plain without a tree or running water. At the top of the hill we laid in a stock of wood. We continued travelling along a fine level road till half past six, making about 10 Miles from noon halt, say 19 Miles for day's work. We turned off the road about a quarter of a Mile near to some water in a pool. There were two remarkable "Buttes" or mounds bearing about East of us: one was conical, the other nearly square. We found here fine grass—Grama—for the first time in any quantity. Our course today about South. Cannot tell for the life of me where our road is to lead us. No one seems to know. All I can learn is that we see but one place between here and La Joya on the river. I suppose it is all right as two men in the Train have travelled the road before. But this travelling in the dark I don't like. Few flowers today, and those very small. Soil very sandy. Our Captain is a queer looking piece of furniture; he wears a coat that is literally one mass of rags. I expect he will fall through it in a day or two. We left behind the Burchard, Fuller and Detrich waggons; the Josephs who go with another Train; and the cartmen, Roberts and his brother, who were not ready to start.

25th Started again at 5 and went about 6 Miles. Here we found some large pools of water to the left of the road. Corralled and turned out our

1849 July cattle, who have had no water since night before last. The little water we found last night was barely enough for our horses and the cattle refused to drink when we started yesterday morning. Grass very good. The summer rains have started it up finely. At noon we moved on and after a Mile passed a return Train from below that had carried down government stores. From them I learnt our real route. It appears we are on a new road, considerably (say 10 or 12 Miles) East of Chilili, Tegique, etc., passing within 3 Miles of Manzanas and through Quarra, which is the only town we pass through from Galisteo to La Joya on the Rio Grande del Norte. They call Quarra, the "Pueblo," from the old Church there. Two nights since at Galisteo I read to many of our party what Abert says about his adventure at Quarra with José Lucero, who told him he knew the richest mine in the country, etc. As we shall pass through there, they are all talking of it, and speculating on the consequences. Our road continues flat and very good; soil sandy, gravelly; course South, say first 7 Miles, and South West last 7 Miles from noon Camp; 14 Miles in all to Antelope Spring where we arrived about sundown and encamped close by for the night. It is a beautiful spring in the vast open Plain gushing out cold and clear, filling up, just below it, a large hollow forming a pretty pond around the margin of which snipe and little sandpipers are running. The grass all the way was good; at spots mixed with wild sage and another shrub the name of which I do not know. East of the Spring, we suppose by appearances of the low bluffs, are the Salinas, but of this we are not certain. West of us, are isolated groups of Mountains between which and us runs a long range of low hills, amongst which I suppose the line of little towns marked on the map is situated. The day was very hot but the night quite cold.

26th It was so cold this morning that great Coats and cloaks were in requisition. We started before sunrise. I yoked up soon, as I had been on guard since 2 o'clock. Road perfectly level, course about South. We saw quantities of pine cones round us, which must have been washed at least 10 or 12 Miles by the rains from the Mountains. We travelled on 3 hours, about 7 Miles, and found some ponds near the road on the left hand. On examination we found that they came from springs. We stopped here and breakfasted. It looks like a vast meadow, the grass beautiful and the

ground perfectly smooth. North, North West, West and South West are groups of Mountains. South there lies a more elevated table land; and East at some 15 or 20 Miles distance there has skirted us a long range of low hills beyond which we can see afar off occasionally the tops of Mountains. July 1849

We started again at 11 o'clock. Level road for 6 or 7 Miles, and then wavy, almost hilly. Here the road turned to South West, bearing toward a point where the Western group of Mountains gradually sinks and appears to go off in low undulating hills. About half past five we encamped in a great hurry on account of a thunder storm that had been threatening for some time to descend on us from the Mountains.

We just got our cattle into the corral before the worst of it came. We all got wet, however. When the cattle were safe in corral a guard was set at the opening, but only one man, Vincent Rickets, stood his ground; the rest sought shelter. All honour to Vincent, he stood it out like a man. Walter and self, with Dr. Steck and Mr. Felder, got into my waggon where we were pretty well off. The storm, however, of rain, wind, lightning and thunder was very severe. The waggon, at times, though chained to the others, rocked like a cradle. The ground was completely covered with water. After nightfall it moderated and at last the moon shone out fitfully. Mrs. Snelling gave us some supper, as well as circumstances permitted, and Walter and self retired. Steck and Felder slept in my waggon also; too wet to sleep in their Tent.

27th Off very early. Misty cold morning. Coy whipped his eldest daughter, much to the scandal of the whole Camp. Travelled about 5 Miles and encamped, say ½ Mile beyond the old Ruins of Quarra, which are situated near an Arroyo among the low hills at the foot of the neighboring Mountains. Here I enquired for José Lucero. I found he lived in the ruins, as Abert said. Saw one of his children, but not himself, as he was out herding cattle. We took breakfast on a ridge of hills above the old "Pueblo," as they call it. After which I mounted Pony and sallied forth with Vincent Rickets and a Thomas River, one of the Volunteers stationed at Manzanas and who went along as interpreter, to find Don José. We had scarce got away from Camp when the cattle guard called to us to go after the cattle that had stampeded. We went a couple of

1849 July Miles and brought them back. They had merely run off to get water. We then went to Gully's Camp in the bottom North of our Camp to look for José. He had been there, but had left. Returned to Camp, and soon after José himself came in. Had a long talk with him. Says he knows such a mine, recollects the conversation with Abert, etc. The mine, however, is 6 days' journey from here and can only be worked in the winter months and it is difficult to get there.

Seemed a little afraid to say much; confessed his fear of his own countrymen and the Apaches, in whose country the mine lays somewhere in the Sierra Blanca or White Mountains. Spoke of Gran Quivera; says there are $15,000,000 buried there. Heard this story before. Our people in doubt what to do. Yoked up in the evening to move Camp to better feeding ground; went forward on main road half a Mile and then turned square off toward the North up the valley or bottom two Miles to a beautiful Camping ground. Plenty of wood; large white cedar trees, pine, oak, a tree much resembling black locust, and others. Grass plentiful; clover, different from ours, grama, etc., and water from 2 or 3 springs. The best camping ground we have had for many a long day. If the cattle had been here instead of Galisteo we should now have them in better care. As far as I can see and learn from those who have gone about, this is the only place since we have entered the territory of New Mexico fit for a settlement of whites.

28th Quiet in Camp; writing most of the day. In the afternoon a Mr. Washburn who left a Train back by Antelope Spring, came into Camp. He says that this side of Antelope Spring Roberts the Cartman who with his brother were coming on by themselves had been joined by two Mexicans professing friendship, but who took an opportunity to shoot them. Roberts' brother they killed outright. Washburn helped bury him; Roberts they wounded severely in the side. He jumped to the cart for his arms, he says, but they made off. Bad news this. It is the fourth murder probably by Mexicans since we have entered the territory. José Lucero was here this evening and promised to take us to a rich silver mine tomorrow, about 7 Miles from here, somewhere in the Mountains North West of us.

29th SUNDAY. José did not come this morning, but sent a man in his stead to show us the mine. About 20 of Gully's men and 11 of ours went with him to look at it. I went with them. Our course lay Westward about 5 Miles (moderately level road) toward the point of the Mountains. We then went down and up 2 very severe gullies or gorges. We had tired our horses and mules, of course. Mine as I led him down looked as if he would fall over on me at every step. Going up was severe labour. About 6 Miles from Camp we came to another very steep declivity like the others (very stony). We descended this and followed an Arroyo at the bottom for 2 Miles of very rough and severe travel which brought us to an old adobe smelting house near a spring. We staid a short time to collect all the stragglers, then turned North and moved straight up toward the Mountain or rather up the side of the Mountain for 1½ Miles. Here we were forced to leave our horses and mules as they could go no farther. Two hours of very severe labour brought us to the top of the Mountains where we found the mine within about a stone's throw of the highest peak, on which, by the way, was a cross with the letters ·I·N·R·I· carved on it. The mine seemed very rich, but I am no judge. Near the mine was a small building which, from appearances, they also used for smelting. The ore was carried from the mine on mules that went down a little path made for them in a zig-zag course, very precipitous, and I should think highly dangerous. When we had seen as much as we wished, we collected a quantity of specimens and returned. The weight of the ore I carried added to my arms made the return very fatiguing so that upon my arrival at Camp about sundown I was fagged out and in a poor condition to stand watch, but as the middle watch fell to me I had to stand it. The duties of every man on a trip like ours are much more than would be supposed. Our time is pretty well filled up one way or another.

30th Writing some in the morning and took a nap. About 12 we all geared up to move Camp as the grass was fed out round our present one, but we were detained more than an hour by that obstinate animal Coy, who had a steer missing. He would not go on without it and then come back for it, although we offered to take him on and did not intend to move more than 2 or 3 Miles. No, he would stay till he got his own steer if it took a

1849 July month. A nice man is Mr. Coy! At length he found his steer and we moved on about 3 Miles and half to an excellent camping ground on the same trace we took to the Silver mine. Near by are a number of springs; one, nearest the Camp, say 10 or 16 yards away, we cleared out and put bushes round to protect it from the cattle. We are in the midst of fine pine timber and the grass is excellent. The Captain called a meeting to decide something about the Gold mine José Lucero knows of. It was called just as most were cooking their supper so it was thinly attended but those who did attend, however, concluded to go to Gully's Camp tomorrow and with some of them go and see José and give him the $700.00 he asks, if he would take them to the mine, and if it was as rich as he said. Some with the Captain went to Gully's Camp this evening. Quite sick all night with a bad cold. Turkey, deer, etc., very plentiful in Camp, also peas and beans.

31st Still very unwell with cold and sore throat but rode back with Dr. Compton to old Pueblo of Quarra to examine the ruin. It was about 7 Miles back, and as we were going we met Gully's Train moving up toward us for the sake of grass, as we had done yesterday. For description of Ruins, see Abert's report; for appearance of Ruins, see my sketch. José Lucero was not there. We went into his house or mud hole but he had gone to Manzanas. The women troubled me so much crowding round while I took the sketch that I hurried it through as quickly as possible. Returned to Camp about 2 o'clock. Talk at Camp was solely about the Gold mine for they had seen José last evening and he had agreed to go with them. Some, however, are usefully employed in making tar.

August 1st Wrote some and then went and helped Captain Lightner make a tar kiln; returned and wrote more. Took a nap in afternoon and then wrote some more. José came in to Camp today, and rather backs out. The story is that the troops which returned the other day were worsted by the Indians in the White Mountains. This makes him a little timid, I believe. Some of the young men, however, are not willing to give it up and have gone over to Manzanas to see him again. Roberts, the Cartman, came to Camp today to have his wound dressed by Dr. Snelling. It was an ugly

looking wound under the left arm; the ball travelled along the rib and came out about six inches from where it entered. Captain Berry's Train with about 22 waggons came in today and camped near us. Evening: Chatham and Scoggins came in from the Sierra where they saw grizzly bears and a magnificent cañon; both are full of it. Charles Snelling has returned from Manzanas and says the Mexicans are willing to go with the party to Sierra Blanca tomorrow.

2nd Writing and drawing some. Womenkind are busy cooking bread, etc., for the expedition to the Gold mines. South East from our Camp we see in the distance the Sierra de Jumanes. West of that, over the top of a very high table land, we see the tops of some very distant Mountains, bearing a little East of South of us. This the Mexican guide, who came in about 2 o'clock to guide the party, tells me is the Sierra Carrisa, or Sierra Blanca, where the Gold lies. After a great deal of fuss and fixing our party started. I lent them my pistols, canteens, and Walter's rifle. There are, as near as I can find out, 11 from our Train, 22 from Gully's; 5 from Berry's; and 3 from another little Train near by. The party, about 43 strong, moved off at 4 o'clock with the guide to the old Pueblo of Quarra to take José with them, as a guide also. Success attend them. We have now over seventy waggons encamped within ½ Mile of each other. Three waggons from Allen's Train came in this evening, and wish to join us. The rest of Allen's Train will remain at the New Placer near Tuerto where they intend to stay this winter and work the mines.

They tell us that Jackson's Train will probably come in tomorrow, so we shall soon have a strong gathering here of Americanos. Walter today had a pretty little Fawn given him. Old Man Snelling, who is somewhat arbitrary, thought fit to make a fuss about it and told Mrs. Snelling not to give Walter any milk, etc., etc. He did not know I was sitting on the other side of the Tent and heard all he said. They are pretty good folks, and I believe mean well and kindly, but the old man is coarse and peremptory in his manners. His bluntness, which he prides himself on, is apt to run into rudeness. Mrs. Snelling and his daughter, Mrs. White, remonstrated with him and remarked there was more milk than they wanted, and that they had given it of their own free will to Charles Dens all the way for his young Antelope. This was all to no pur-

1849 *August* pose. Walter was not to keep it and should have no milk. He is a queer man. Since leaving Galisteo I have only drank one cup of coffee at a meal and have sometimes restrained my appetite and not eaten as much as I wanted, solely to avoid unpleasant remarks from him. I would pay him and leave him, but I am unable to sell my pork here and lack means without I do that.

If he does not alter his manners I will, as soon as I get to the river and sell my pork, pay him what he asks for cooking, etc., and leave him, for his manner is somewhat overbearing. I do not want to do so, for in the main he is a kind-hearted and generous man, but his generosity and kindness of heart are but small compared with his wife's, who is indeed a kind, generous and motherly old lady. They mean well I am sure, and I will put up with their manners and forbear with them on that account as much as I possibly can. I think when the Old Gent knows I heard all he said he will be a little ashamed of it and it may prove to have a good effect.

Walter had offers immediately from 2 or 3 to give him milk so the Old Gent must feel his ebullition of temper somewhat misplaced. Two of Berry's men and 1 from the small Train are missing; they have been firing signal guns all the evening for them.

3rd Captain Turner and Obi Bounds returned before day from the Gold hunting party, having taken a disgust at the guides. They think their story does not hold well together. José, the moment he saw the party, asked where were the water kegs and pack mules. Captain Turner thought this was merely a difficulty raised at the moment for the sake of getting off, but during the morning a gentleman by the name of Richardson came up from Gully's Camp and I had a long conversation with him. Mr. Richardson says that José particularly stipulated with Captain Gully that he was to have a good horse, rifle and brace of pistols; also, that 2 pack mules with kegs of water were to be taken, as there was a "Jornada" at starting of 60 Miles, all of which Captain Gully failed to find. Mr. Richardson's idea is that the guides are not well used. I think so too. A party from our Camp went out bear hunting in the Sierra North West of us this morning. I hear this Sierra is called "Sierra de Toro." Before noon 3 other young men came back from the Gold hunting party; Alth, Burden and William Draper. One of

the horses gave out and the other two came home with him for protection, it not being deemed safe for one to return alone. They left the party at the East of the table land some 25 Miles from Quarra. Colonel Jackson and Major McDaniel came to Camp this morning. Colonel Jackson's Train is camped on the other side of Quarra. I like his looks; he thinks well of the Gold search in the Sierra Blanca. I showed him my specimen from the Silver mines; he thinks he can smelt it. I doubt it.

He says there are great quantities of Gold in the Indian country West of Rio Puerco and that he intended to go and see, but now will wait the return of our party and if that is unsuccessful, will move on to the Mimbres and give that a thorough search. Fuller and the others are in his Train. Sorry for it. I thought they were gone by Albuquerque and that we should see them no more. Colonel Jackson's Train brings news that little Charles Reimer, who was lost on the Arkansas river was later found by the Indians after wandering about for four days and taken to their Camp, where he was kindly treated, provided with moccasins and passed on to an Emigrant Train with which he came to Santa Fé. He is now supposed to be on his way in search of Old Major Steingrandt who passed us while we were staying at Galisteo. The Major, by the bye, left his son Henry at Santa Fé, and had taken Palmer with him to help. The cause of Henry's staying behind I do not know, but the old man was such a passionate, fractious old fellow that I suppose he could not get on pleasantly with him. The three lost men not yet returned; firing guns for signals to them all night.

4th On cattle guard before sunrise. After breakfast yoked up and moved the corral about 50 yards; after that herding cattle all day. Three lost men came in about noon. The weather ever since we have been here has been delightful, rather warm in the middle of the day; morning and evening cool, nights rather cold. I still suffer with my cold and the difficulty of breathing continues. Sometimes at night when I first lie down in bed, I fairly gasp for breath. It distresses me much. The least exertion of any kind puts me so out of breath that I can hardly speak. It must be some peculiarity of the atmosphere for many in our Camp complain of the same feelings. The three waggons that left Allen's Train at Tuerto joined us this evening. There was some excitement in Gully's Camp

1849 *August* today about a new mine over the Rio del Norte in the Navajo country. I think some of them will go to see it. Evening rainy; had to guard corral of cattle until 10 o'clock. Went to bed wet and weary.

5th SUNDAY. Before I could wash and put on some clean clothes a Carreta came in from town drawn by two Yokes of cattle. I traded a bowie knife and shirt for a good wool mattress with the man who brought it. I gave him to boot some rings for his wife and child, which so pleased him that he made me a present of 2 sheep skins. I made him another present for these, on which he insisted on my taking a serape. This obliged me to give him some things in return. I gave him more than its value. I was glad to stop this system of presents for I found I should get the worst of it every time. He proved to be the brother of the Alcalde, and insisted on my being his friend and called me always "amigo mio." I am afraid he would be a dear friend. A number of men and women came to Camp from both Manzanas and Quarra. One of the women from the latter place, whom I had seen when there taking the sketch of old ruins, ran up to me and embraced me. This was almost too much for my philosophy. It has been a source of a great deal of joking at my expense all day in the Camp. The Alcalde of Manzanas came in also; a pleasant old gentleman. He asked for a "medico" and I called Dr. Steck, who bled him. He and his brother, my "amigo mio," insist on my going to their houses in Manzanas. I have promised to go in a day or two. They are all very simple and childlike in their manners, apparently very good natured too, but one gets very tired of them in a short time. In the afternoon we had a meeting and Mr. Rickets preached. The Mexican women attended and laughed outright two or three times; very bad manners. I don't think they thought very well of the singing. In truth, it was not the best in the world.

6th Morning—reading, writing and finishing up some sketches. In the afternoon Mr. Jones insisted on my going out with him hunting. This was out of my line but I put a pistol in my pocket and went with him for the sake of the walk. Saw a deer and fawn and returned.

7th Major McDaniel from Colonel Jackson's Camp came up to see us. He

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is a Missourian and ex-M.C. He thinks Congress will fall under an obligation to make a donation of land to actual settlers in California, the same as they have done for settlers in Oregon. This would change the aspect of my affairs very much. It has led me to think a great deal about it. Something of the kind may happen and if it does I think it likely I may settle there myself and get my family out as quick as possible. Let me but once more be joined with them and nothing but the grave shall separate us any more. I regret every day of my life that I did not bring them with me. Perhaps it is for the best, but the trial is a hard one for me. Let us be joined once more and we will part no more if I can help it. Their images are eternally before me; my life is one long regret. Yet as I am here for their sake, I hope it will please God to prosper my undertaking and restore me and Walter to all the dear ones at home in due time. About 10 o'clock Slade McGahey and self went to Manzanas. 2 Miles this side we saw a new Camp of Emigrants who arrived, I understand, yesterday from Charenton County, Missouri; Captain Tisdale. We called on Don Miguel Lucero, the Alcalde, and a José Lucero, his brother, but the latter had gone to the Sierra with his peons to cut timber. His wife, however, treated us politely. I traded her a pistol and a razor for 3 good blankets. This puts my bedding once more on a good footing. The people were very hospitable. I was obliged to eat 2 dinners, and had a 3rd served for me when I returned to the Lucero house for Slade, who staid there whilst I was trading for blankets. This I was, however, obliged to decline. I could eat no more. The village is like all I have seen in New Mexico; adobe houses 1 story high; little adobe Church; a dam to set back water; acequias for irrigation and domestic purposes; corn in the silk, stalks about 3 feet high; some fences to fields, miserable affairs; furniture, 1 table and 1 chair of pine. Their beds form a sort of dais on two sides of the room. Shall not forget to amplify this some other time.

8th Morning. Washing; hard work. Afternoon, laid down. Still quite unwell with my cold. Many others complain of colds and since our stay here diarrhoea has been very prevalent.

Mexicans stole some cattle last night from the Train near town; 5 oxen. Followed. Just killed one up a cañon in the Sierra. Fired at them;

1849 *August* wounded one made off and left horse, blankets, arms, saddles. This should be a warning to them. The Mexicans are great thieves!

9th Last night about 11 o'clock we were visited by a severe thunder storm. Early this morning word was passed that three oxen were killed in the corral. Camped amidst tall pines; bad place. I turned out quick to see if any of them were mine. Fortunately they were not. Two of them were White's and 1 of Lightner's. This makes two Yoke that White's party have lost. They started, however, with more cattle than they really needed. Still have 4 Yoke left. Better able to spare them than almost anyone else. Walter and self did washing all the morning. Afternoon: reading, writing, etc. Rained hard in afternoon and best part of night. Still suffering with cold.

10th Word passed to move corral. All got ready and in time except Mr. Harrison, who got up late, and so we all stopped like a set of fools for a full hour whilst he was coolly taking his breakfast. First rate discipline this! Free country, etc., etc.! We moved South of East about 3 Miles to where two rocky runs join, forming a delta. A miserable selection. How we are to get out without going back the way we came, I know not. We seemed to have dropped into a game country, however, for the hunters who went out as soon as we had camped killed two panthers; an animal they called a Mexican lion. They also killed 1 bear and wounded two others—all not far from Camp.

Afternoon. Very hard rain again. Detrich came up to see us from Jackson's Train. He brought very bad news of the Cholera raging in the States, especially in Missouri. This has made me very uneasy.

11th Could not sleep last night for thinking of the news that Detrich brought. Would to Heaven my family were here, and I should be content.

This morning a strong party went out bear and deer hunting. Toward noon our party returned from the Sierra Carrisa, did not go as far as Sierra Blanca proper. From all I can hear they have made a miserable business of it; a complete botch. They found no Gold and can scarcely say they have looked for any. A more ill-advised and badly conducted expedition I never heard of. Afternoon—rained hard again. Preparing

to move in earnest tomorrow. Had bear meat and grape tarts for supper. Very unwell and very low spirited all day.

12th SUNDAY, but no sabbath to us. Wedged fore wheels of my waggon, got up cattle and yoked up to start. Turned East, and crossed rocky, rough, rugged bed of arroyo, and then up a steep hill, where my team nearly stalled. Got up at last. Continued on East and East by South course about 4 Miles through the scrubby cedars and piñons until we reached the main road from Quarra, at a point I suppose to be about 4 Miles distance from that place. Day, very warm; road sandy, gravelly and dusty. Eight Miles from where we came into main road we stopped and about ½ Mile after passing Berry's Train we corralled. Road all the way down hill, last 3 Miles somewhat hilly and broken. Soil is so porous that it looks as if there never had been any rain in the neighbourhood. A little East of North and one Mile from where we camped are the ruins of Abo. Went with Dr. Compton in a shower of rain to see them. When there the rain held up for four or five minutes, which enabled me to take a hasty sketch. Abert's does not give the idea at all. The background of Mountains in mine shows our old friends, "the Sierra Mina," at the foot of which we have encamped so long. Abert is wrong in some particulars concerning these ruins, as well as those at Quarra. I have observed that the Churches of Pecos, Quarra, and Abo all stand due North and South and at each place the Turtle Doves resort. They are indeed the only places that I have seen Doves since coming into this country. They tell many stories of great quantities of money being hid in or near all these ruins, and some still believe it. We had not sufficient faith to try.

13th About 1 o'clock last night our cattle stampeded from the corral. Every one was out at once, of course. I had been off guard about an hour when it happened and as my station had been at the mouth of the corral I was well satisfied they did not start an hour or so earlier. With much trouble we succeeded in getting the greater part back again, but 25 are still out. A party started betimes to trace them and about noon we heard that three men were following their trail. Three of mine are among the missing. We killed a large rattlesnake in the corral this morning and we sup-

1849 *August* pose it to be the cause of the stampede. It rained hard all the afternoon and best part of the night.

14th Awakened by the thundering tramp of cattle again, I thought our cattle had taken another stampede; but it proved to be a part of the cattle of Gully's Train that broke last night. Misery, they say, loves company but their loss does not bring our cattle back. The three men on the trail have not returned and a new party was sent out this morning to go to our old Camp 12 Miles away at the foot of the Sierra Mina. Walter has gone with them. About noon Mr. William White returned from hunting cattle as his horse had given out. He had followed their trail from the Camp yesterday and kept on it all day, a distance of not less than 40 Miles. He had traced them in their varied courses till they had got near our old Camp when his horse was so far worn out that he had thought it best to return and send someone else after them. We are beginning to be uneasy, but still I do not doubt we shall get them. In the evening Captain Turner, Dr. Warren and Burden; the three mentioned as being on the trail yesterday, came in. To our great delight they were driving the cattle before them. All praise to them, they have done their work like men: going steady ever since yesterday morning early. They found them on the topmost peak of the Sierra Mina! We presume they must have been seen by the Spaniards who drove them there, for I can hardly think that after a run of more than forty Miles they would climb the rugged and precipitous sides of the Sierra for Miles of their own accord. After their arrival near nightfall we had another very heavy rain. I became uneasy about Walter, but a little after dark he came in all right.

15th On cattle guard before sunrise. Rain started after breakfast. Walter drove out for me and I went with Dr. Compton to the Ruins of Abo again. West of the ruins of the Church there are the remains of a long line of buildings parallel with the Church about 300 paces long. Other ruins are to the South and East. These are chiefly of small rooms, all built with the flat red stone described by Abert. They have not been faced by hand but arranged with the natural face of the stone out. The Church, too, like that at Quarra, is not built as well as experienced workmen could put it up, but looks as if built by just such persons as

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it was. They are erected with great care to be sure but many of the towers and walls lean, some one way, some another, and some bulge out in the middle. This is not the work of time or the effect of decay but evidently the result of want of skill. I would very much like to get some work that would give me some reliable information respecting these places, and the people by whom they were built. Dr. Compton and self, after rambling about for awhile, returned to near Camp, struck off the road and, entered what, in the parlance of the country, is called a cañon. We proceeded a short distance when Dr. Compton turned to the right to look at rather a singular looking place in the bluff. He got off his mule and went up a piece and then called to me to come. When I got to him I perceived some paintings on the overhanging rocks of what seemed to be an excavation. We scrambled over the rocks and then over a rude wall and found ourselves in front of a large hollow in the rock evidently excavated and all to one little seam in the rock which lay in strata or layers. The upper ledge projected considerably forming a roof or ceiling. On this there were a number of paintings, but time had defaced them so much that we could only make out some isolated arms, legs, heads. The colours were still bright; black, white, green, red, blue, and yellow. The little seam beneath which the excavation was made was about ¼ of an inch thick and extended in length many rods. We supposed it to be an old Gold mine. We took some of this vein with us and, pushing on, followed the cañon and caught the Train which had encamped about 8 Miles from us. Just previous to encamping they got water on the right of the road from a spring, near which Gully's Train was camped. They had not recovered all their cattle. Our noon Camp was at the beginning of the hills forming a junction between our old acquaintance the Sierra Mina and another large range of Mountains to the South called the Sierra Grande. As we looked North we looked straight up the valley we came down when we went from Old Camp into the Mountains to the Silver mine. In the afternoon we wound our way through the hills for some time and at top of the last one laid in a quantity of wood as there is none on the Plain, we understand, and we do not come to wood on the Rio Grande del Norte for a day or two. We dropped by a moderate but long and in some places sideling hill into the great valley of the Rio Grande, and when fairly out on the

A night of terrors

1849 *August* Plain encamped, making, say, 6 Miles for the afternoon drive. Here the Sierra Grande and Sierra Mina, as well as other Sierras that on the other side seem separate and distinct, appear to form one continuous range of Mountains. We are apparently surrounded by a vast amphitheatre of Mountains, though to the West in the sunset a high hill circular in shape looms up with great magnificence in front of us a few Miles off. It stands alone in the midst of the vast Plain. The feed for cattle is very good. As evening closes in, we see away toward the Mountains the fires of the "Pastores." We were just going to bed and all the cattle were lying down in the corral, when on a sudden, without a moment's warning, they simultaneously rose. It was like the rush of a mighty wind. They tried to go toward the mouth of the corral but it so happened that a dozen or more men were standing there and they succeeded in stopping them. I had gone round to the head of the corral. They turned and made a rush that way. Mr. Snelling and his black man Tom were there and fortunately the head cattle were his. They knew him and Tom and their efforts to stop them succeeded and being large powerful cattle they so far checked the most of the others that they did not break through. It was a turn of a straw, however. The two head waggons had the outer wheels buried deep in the sand by the pressure. In one of these Amie, Tom's wife, and her children were in bed and the way Tom dragged them out as soon as he had a chance was by no means slow! After stopping them at both the opening and head of the corral the cattle began to chase around in it and we had to have a man between each waggon. They continued so uneasy that at last we determined to yoke up. With much trouble and some considerable risk and danger we did so; and then chained them to our waggons. Still from some cause they were so fearful and terrified that 4 times afterward they made a start for a break and if they had been loose would have stampeded. I was too anxious to go to bed till almost morning. In fact, most of the Company staid up the best part of the night. Those only can tell the full meaning of the word "stampede" who like ourselves have seen 2 or 300 oxen rush over the waggons and crush them down like egg shells. It was a very fine night; but very little fun to the sufferers.

16*th* Started at 8 o'clock, tired and sleepy from watching cattle all night. Our

road led to the South of the remarkable mound. It was gradually down hill and the soil, sandy and gravelly. At a great distance to the West, Mountains rise over Mountains. Some of the far ones must be beyond the line of New Mexico so that I think I have had a glimpse of California anyway. We did not see the river till, descending some rather steep hills, we came right on to it. We pitched our Camp near some ranchos about 1½ Miles from La Joya Ciboletta. Our day's journey, probably, was about 16 Miles. Near the river were some very small scrubby cedars and vast quantities of the "soap plant." Here we got a feast of grapes from the neighboring farm houses and some onions, tunas and Cibollos. The river is very rapid and turbid; the water so filled with mud that it looks red with it. It is hardly fit to drink even after it has stood some time.

17th Half a Mile brought us in sight of La Joya by the river trace, which I took with the pony. It looks quite picturesque, placed on the immediate river bottom, the bluffs encircling it, and interspersed with Cottonwood and fruit trees. Here we got some more grapes and vegetables; corn, peas, beans and onions, the latter 2 for a bit. They were the largest and finest I almost ever saw, quite white and some of them 5 and 6 inches in diameter. I tried to sell my pork, but could not. I went into one of their vineyards. They cut the vines in the spring close to the ground and now that they are bearing they run all over the ground and look more like a cucumber patch than anything else. Everything that they plant seems to me to be placed too close, but this may perhaps be necessary on ᵃ/ₑ of the climate. One Corn patch I passed they had let the water into from the acequia and it stood 6 inches to a foot deep. The soil is so sandy, however, that it will probably all sink in, in a day or two. Our Train had to pass over the bluff to get to La Joya. From there we went along the river bottom by a very heavy sandy road 6 Miles to Joyetta, passed the village and a trading Train camped close by and turned to the right for about a Mile to near the river where we corralled. Some Mexicans were hired to herd our cattle for us as we were near their corn fields, which, as usual, had no fences. The river here runs between two high bluffs; they are described and characterized by Emory (vide Emory's Report). The costume of the men about here is mostly simply a shirt and trowsers

1849 *August* with the shirt outside. Both are common factory-made and each leg of the latter wide enough for a petticoat. Some, indeed, wore Jackets and leather trowsers outside of said big factory trowsers, which then passed for drawers—the leather trowsers being slit on the outside of the leg from the hip down for the purpose, I believe, of showing how very dirty drawers might become and still be worn. The women dress as usual; chemise over coloured skirt, a mere petticoat with a deep flounce, the eternal "rebozo;" blue and white spotted with a little fringe at the end, and with their faces daubed over, either with poke juice or a mixture of flour and water. The houses here have a little pent house  over their windows with mica stuck in roughly for glass.

The Cottonwoods and other trees make the village look pretty at a short distance. Grape pies for supper. After supper we had our usual shower of rain.

18*th* Our first job this morning was to go and haul five oxen from a quicksand they had got into close by the river. We then started for the road. When near it we stopped and the Captain and others went back to see if it was not best to cross the river here. They had come to such a conclusion, when Dr. Palmer brought word that we could ford the river at Socorro, and this sent us on. We had to go up a long heavy, sandy, steep hill that tired our cattle close. From the top I saw Polvidera on the other side. It looked pretty, mingled as all these river towns are, with trees. Our drive was very hard indeed on the cattle; sun scorching and sand deep. Eight Miles brought us to Sabino. We passed on 3 Miles farther and encamped near a rancho. We got grapes and very large onions, 8 for 2 bits. The grapes were better here and we feasted finely on them. After passing Sabino the cacti were very numerous and beautiful. The heat was oppressive all day, and we had nothing but warm muddy water to drink. Hard times! Some of the boys stopped at Sabino and had a frolic. In the evening one of the Bunders had a wrestling match with a Mexican which ended in a fight; foolish business.

19*th* SUNDAY. Moved out early 2 Miles to Panida: passed it 1 Mile and encamped amidst some Cottonwood trees by the river. Near us was a Trader's Train for Chihuahua; Dr. Groves, Captain. It is the same

Train that passed us at Abo. They tell me they were stopped by the Indians on the Arkansas and made to pay a toll.

After breakfast Captain Turner, William Dodd and others went off with a Mexican about 7 Miles in an easterly direction to look at a Gold mine. Mr. Snelling, Mr. Rickets, Mr. de Masters and self went up stream to find a ford. De Masters waded across a great many times in different directions and found what I believed to be a practicable ford near the town. On our return the boys in bathing had found one close to Camp. Determined to cross in the morning. Dr. Steck told me today that he and Dr. Palmer had decided to stay in the country and practice. They will make Santa Fé headquarters and each one will travel about among the towns in turn. I am, as all the rest are, sorry to lose him. He is a very amiable, fine man. Evening; as usual, hard rain. By the bye, the rain here is always, as far as I have had experience, accompanied by lightning and thunder and usually of the best kind.

20th Rain all night, and rainy this morning. On our trying the river we found the bed of this treacherous stream had shifted and the place that was fordable last night was at spots over a man's head. Captain Turner went below opposite Socorro to examine it. In about 1½ hours he returned and reported sufficiently favorably to induce us to roll on. The first Mile was very bad, through deep mud. This brought us to a very bad hill that had taken the Trader's Train all day yesterday to get up. We surmounted it and dropped down on the other side; at the bottom we turned off short to the right and the river, opposite Socorro. Our young men immediately plunged in in all directions to find a ford for we are all anxious to get across. They found a place that was deemed practicable. We made blocks and set the fore parts of our waggons up higher, doubled Teams, and began to pass. We all got over safely. Passing over an island in the middle the ground quaked and shook under my oxen and waggon like jelly. We encamped close to the Western or right bank of river, all delighted at having passed over in safety.

21st Went to Socorro to try and sell my pork. Staid all day, waiting on one and another in hopes of making a sale but could not effect it. There is a rumour that the Apaches have run off a large flock just above. I wanted

1849 *August* to take a sketch of Socorro but could find no place as the bottom is flooded with water. Troops here; pretty good Church of adobe, 2 steeples so fashion. Slade McGahey who went with me saw little Reimer here, he told me, but when I went to find him he had gone on to join his Train.

22nd Started from Camp and went to Socorro. Train staid awhile for some to get flour, etc. I sold my pork, or rather gave it away for $18.00 and bought $15.00 worth of coffee and sugar at 2/. per pound. We left Dr. Steck and Dr. Palmer at Socorro. I regret the loss of Steck. The Train went on and left my waggon as it took me some time to get my pork out and get sugar and coffee, say an hour. They could wait to let a man get his breakfast because he got up late but could not wait for me to attend to indispensible business! I caught them up after awhile. We went by the bottom road which was very bad from recent rains. Passed Jackson's Train camped on the bluffs below town and also some ruins on bluff marked by Emory on his map. Passed through Louis Lopez and San Antonio, the "Ultima Thule"; our last town. We encamped about a Mile and half below the latter which is a miserable looking place about 3 years old. Gully's Train is encamped about 2 Miles ahead. A Mexican at San Antonio told me that waggon Trains and mule Trains had been passing there for California for five months. He also told me that a guide had come back and reports the Colorado as 4 or 5 Miles wide and that some of the Trains had gone up it a great way to pass it. The bottom here, as at other places, smells very offensive. The water is bad. I am afraid it will make some of us sick. Captain Turner came to me today and requested me to be Sergeant of the Guard. I declined at first as I hate office but he pressed it on me and I felt almost constrained to take it.

23rd Some of our folks went back on horseback early to San Antonio to do some trading as there was a waggon load of goods there. The Train consequently did not start until past 8 o'clock; our course was near the river; Gully's Train about 2 Miles ahead. We drove from 8 to 12½, say 9 Miles, and camped near Tisdale's Train at noon. Here the Captain called a meeting and wanted to resign, as some of the young men were

remiss in guarding, etc., etc. We would not hear of his resigning, however, so we reorganized and made him Captain over again with, as the Irish say, "more power to his elbow." Moved on at 4 about 4 Miles; very bad, sandy road. Camped again near Gully's Train close by the river. The grass in the bottom has much the appearance of our old red top, but is not a good grass; watery and with little substance.

Saw today the Larrea Mexicana, called by the natives "lodeodondo"; it is also known as the creosote plant; also a shrub like that at our front door which we call Washington's Bower and a new variety of cactus. Roberts the Cartman joined us today rather against the wishes of the Company. Gully's Train owns a seine and they have a good chance for fish here.

24th Gully's Train lost a horse last night, and one of their guard shot a man prowling about. They lost 4 horses the night before; two of their own and two belonging to visitors at their Camp, and feel a little wolfish about it. They keep the lead today. Passed Valverde (other side) which I suppose to be North of a table land on the East side of the river, the steep bluff or escarpment of which comes close down to the river's edge. The closing in of banks this side, with the swampy nature of the bottom, forced us to pass over spurs of the sandy bluffs, which are along the edge, in a very sideling and "pokenish" manner. Road very bad and sandy. Camped about 14 Miles from old Camp. We intended to move on farther but did not. The grass is bad. Oxen got swamped and had to pull them out with ropes. Indian signs around in plenty. All on the alert.

Wild sky and usual rain at night. Caught some blue catfish. Fra Cristobal Mountain is South of us. East of it runs the "Jornada de Muerte." River here takes bend to the West.

25th Started at six without feeding either ourselves or our cattle; first over some bad sandy hills about ¾ of a Mile, then we turned West away from the river and up a cañon about 3 Miles, then ascended the South side of the cañon and, climbing to the top of the bluffs, corralled and took breakfast. We found here that 2 Mexicans who had been in our Train for some time, one living with Mr. Jones and the other with Mr. Harrison, had both "vamoosed." Our course then lay West, back

1849 *August* toward the Mountains over a gravelly road. When near the Mountains we turned South for a few Miles. This part of our route was a constant succession of ups and downs. The Plain is cut through at short distances by deep ravines made by the waters running from the Mountains for ages. Many of the descents and ascents are precipitous and all are very heavy dragging. They are also deep and wide. At length our course turned easterly toward the river again, which in a short time brought us to the top of a side ravine that led to the bottom of a deep cañon running to the Rio del Norte.

Walter had stopped and helped me at all the other bad hills as usual, but here, to my surprise, he was not and it was evidently the worst of any. I was the last waggon of the Train and I was obliged to take the track alone. It was very narrow, precipitous and rocky, and so winding that it seemed almost impossible for my long-reached waggon to get down. The run where the water took its course in rainy weather was so deep at the short turnings and the pass so narrow that most of the waggons took the side hill. I knew this would not do for my waggon as it was so high. I endeavoured, therefore, to span it and run a wheel each side. In this I succeeded for awhile but the cattle became so worried with the constant haw and gee at the short turnings and the rocky stony bottom that they became a little unruly and at length it ended by my waggon becoming cramped at a short turn, so that the end was fairly forced on to the top of the hind off standard. I braced it with all my strength; it was tottering to the fall. I yelled "Whoa! Whoa!" with all my might and happily the cattle stopped. The other waggons all went on and left me to my fate. Fortunately Roberts the Cartman and his two companions were behind. They with Isaac and Mat Coy lifted the bed down, and in doing so broke the standard. When they had done this much the two Coys hurried on; Mat to attend his own Team which was ahead and Isaac to tell the head Teams to stop. I took halters and bound the bed in its place as well as I could and with great trouble got near to the bottom of the ravine with the help of one of the cartmen. When just at the bottom the bed slipped so that the bottom cleats ran in between the spokes of the wheels. I could move no further, of course, without lifting it back into its place. The three men and myself tried, but it resisted all our efforts. We tried and tried again and I began to fear I

should have to stay back in this "pokenist" spot all night; a deep cañon closed by the mountains and known to be full of Apaches. The Train had got ahead more than two Miles and showed no intention of stopping. I proposed to give it one more trial, one last and desperate effort. One was to give the word and all were to lift at once with all our might. We placed ourselves, each at a corner, and braced ourselves for the lift. At the second trial we lifted so well together that we urged the bed back into its place. All of us were streaming at every pore, and we sat down for a few moments panting.

Roberts got a bar of iron from his cart, and passing it into the halters twisted it so tight that it could not again get out of place. One of his men, Calvin Walden, led my front steers and I drove the others until we got fairly down on the good road in the cañon which we followed to the river. We then turned South and followed the course of the stream about a Mile where I found the Train corralled opposite a Mountain that on the other side comes right down to the river. Isaac tells me he told Felder and Lightner to stop but they would not. Fine fellows these, after travelling 1200 Miles with a man, to leave him broken down toward nightfall in an Indian country and not lift a finger to help! If any one had told me yesterday they would have acted so, I should not have believed it. Well, I hope they break down too, and I will take especial care to go and help either of them with all my might. I should not like to have it said I left a companion broken down in the Indian country and would not help him. The fore part of the day the Plain was covered with a great variety of scrubby shrubs, but the latter part with good "grama" grass; and here on the bottom at our Camp the grama grass is abundant also. I do not think we are more than 6 or 7 Miles from our last night's Camp in a straight line, but we must have travelled at least 18 Miles to get here. Our course was about the shape of a horse shoe and a very trying and a heavy day's work it was for the cattle.

26th SUNDAY and a Sabbath too, at last, for we laid by. We had a meeting at which Mr. Rickets preached, part of Gully's Train attending. Quiet all day. I was too tired to do anything so I lounged about the whole day. Our Camp is opposite the Fra Cristobal Mountain. It is scarce worth while describing the valley of the Rio Grande del Norte as Emory has

1849 *August* done it so well (vide his report). Some of the party caught a number of blue catfish weighing from 5 to 20 lbs. and very fat. Kirkpatrick in the afternoon mended my waggon. Tisdale's Train passed and encamped about as far South of us as Gully's is North, say 2 or 300 yards. Rattlesnakes in plenty round the Camp; very large.

27th Started at daylight without breakfast again; up over the bluffs at once, up and down and down and up steep sandy hills; dreadful going! We dropped into the river bottom again and passed a remarkable "butte" looking like the walls of an adobe house. It is described by Emory. We went up a cañon about ⅛ Mile, encamped and took breakfast. Gully's Train passed us here. The flowers change every day, they are mostly small but very pretty and some fragrant, especially the ground flowers or creepers. The prickly pear fruit, we first saw just as we came through the Sierra Grande on to the Plain, is here very plentiful.

After breakfast our road was the same as in the morning; like travelling over a wash board, only more so. As soon as the steers had panted up one sandy hill, we had to lock our wheels in preparation for a precipitous descent on the other side. It continued so until 2 or 3 o'clock, when we turned toward the river and found Gully's Train encamped in the bottom in the middle of a vast water course from the Mountains. A little farther on we encamped. Walter here gave away his little pet Fawn to Diana Lightner. This was because of the many unpleasant remarks made about it by Old Man Snelling. We did not get our milk from him to feed it but the Old Man thinks himself biased to make unnecessary strictures about it. His bluntness is mere rudeness. I believe he means well but his manners are too peremptory to be pleasant. Politeness is out of his line of business. Again I say I believe he is well meaning but he is a rough and rude Old Man. We came today about 10 Miles in our semicircular and up and down course but still we are only down the river about 5 Miles from our old Camp of last night. We are now opposite the South end of the Fra Cristobal Mountain.

28th Off by daylight without breakfast again. Don't like the plan for many reasons. Went up from the bottom, westerly, to the top of a sandy bluff, continued on South for some distance over a level road and

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dropped down into what I suppose to be the second large river course mentioned by Emory. Here the little Fawn Walter had given to Diana Lightner fell out of the waggon and broke its leg. Alack, poor Fawny! I felt more sorry than I would like to say about it. They killed the poor little thing and Dr. Snelling, I believe, kept her skin. We followed down the large cañon toward the river, turned South and, following the course of the Rio Grande, continued on the level sandy bottom for some time and encamped near the river for breakfast, about 6 Miles from last Camp. Here were a number of recent Indian traces. Some of the boys found an Indian bow that had been very recently shaved off with a knife. It looked as if it must have been done within a day or two. Killed some very large rattlesnakes here. After breakfast we went along the bottom near the spurs of the bluffs for a Mile and a half, then, turning West again went up a gully and passed down a hill in a Southerly direction. It began to rain. Captain Turner rode forward to hunt a Camp. When he returned word was passed to move on. Up another very long heavy sandy hill, South West, then descended as long a one South East to a good bottom of grass, near the river. Here we corralled for the day, making in all about 10 Miles. Right facing us, East, on the other side of the river, there are a little to the left and right high table lands. The river here bends West considerably and the space between lies lower than the table lands. It contains thousands of acres and looks like a good place for a settlement for grazing farms. This bottom or valley seems to be about half way between Fra Cristobal Mountain and the next range on the river, which I shall call for want of knowing any other name, the San Diego Mountains. I still feel quite unwell; the effect of the bad water I believe and the stench of the river bottom. It is a detestable river anyway, the only saving clause about it being the fat catfish. Gully's guide I have no faith in. Found some fine petrifications. Some of our people saw a few beaver. Cedars grow here rather plentifully, after a scrubby fashion, and the soap plant assumes a curious form, from the stem growing so high thus  ; like a fan on the top of a pillar. Rattlesnakes in plenty still.



29th We left Gully's Train encamped for the night at the place we were encamped at breakfast. We see it across the bottom some 2 Miles in a

1849 *August* straight line but a long 4 by the road. Off again before sunrise without even a cup of coffee. This way of travelling is totally unnecessary, does no good to the cattle and is a great discomfort to us. I want my breakfast when I get up, beside we have to yoke up twice instead of once; once at daylight and once after breakfast. I bounced up to the Captain and remonstrated with him. I told him it was bad for my health, and my temper, that I did not like it, and I was not going to try to like it. He laughed and said he would alter it tomorrow. First rate fellow is Captain Turner! Started up one sandy hill and then down; then up another—very long and sandy—and down a still longer to Camp for breakfast in the river bottom. Here the Rio Grande sweeps at the base of the San Diego Mountains; the North end of which run up to a conical peak. Came about 4 Miles.

Afternoon worse and worse. This afternoon's travel caps the sheaf! We left the bottom about 1 o'clock. Went up, as usual, on to the bluff but the hill was so steep and sideling that some of the waggons nearly went over. Mine canted but was saved by William Coates jumping on the wheel in the nick of time. Our course continued on through a series of gorges, ravines and gullies; through a high hill that runs down to the river, closing it in a cañon with the Mountain on the East side. We emerged at last into a cañon that led back to the river easterly. Our road lay in an arc close under the bluffs, the intermediate space between it and the river being a swamp or pond of very brakish water. This pond drove us back onto the side hill of the bluffs, where it was with difficulty that 4 or 5 men to a waggon could keep a waggon right side up. We, however, all got by in safety and after a drive of 6 or 7 Miles from last Camp we corralled for the night in the bottom amid a quantity of bushes of all kinds, but near some good grass for the cattle. But we found our troubles were not over for we had not unyoked our cattle before we discovered that we were in a perfect den of rattlesnakes. All set to work beating the bushes and killing the snakes. How many we killed I do not know. They were very large, had black and white rings round their tails just above the rattles; in other respects they were like our own snakes in Illinois; same colour and form though much larger. One I helped kill had 13 rattles and his fangs were nearly an inch long! By the bye, a mule in one of the other Trains was bitten by one of

these reptiles today and died from the bite in a very short time. Besides snakes we have rats, mice, black tailed rabbits, quails and a few centipedes around us.

30th We started after breakfast, according to the Captain's promise. Our way led us along the bottom toward the point of the bluffs setting in South to the river, but the road turned up a cañon (or bed of one of the thousand and one arroyos that traverse the Plain) before arriving at the last point.

The road turned again, short to the left, up a side ravine, narrow, steep and winding. Here I had great trouble in getting up; my lead cattle refusing to draw at a short turn at the pinch of the hill. After worrying over them a long while Slade McGahey brought up a Yoke of his steers to help which soon brought me safely to the top. A short distance and we descended into the next valley, or arroyo, or cañon, or whatever it might be called, leading toward the river. The hill was very steep, but it was not very long. In the centre of the valley ran a fine stream of water over a pebbly bottom about 5 or 6 yards wide. This has upset all my calculations of my whereabouts. We filled our kegs with water and ascended to the top of the bluffs again, where we found a fine place for a Camp, the grama grass being very abundant. As Mac Wingfield was sick we stopped here for the day. Half way from North to South of the San Diego Mountains there is a deep gap that seems to sever it in two. Immediately opposite to this gap is our Camp. West and South West in the distance we see the Sierra Mimbres. And other ranges are in all directions, the names of which I know not, except one North East, our old friend Fra Cristobal, which in the distance looms over the hills we passed this morning.

Toward noon Tisdale's Train passed us, and immediately afterward, Gully's. I amused myself writing some, and wandering about hunting pebbles and agates to take home with me. I still continue quite unwell and many in Camp complain. This bottom of the Rio Grande del Norte, I am sure, must be unhealthy. The smell in the bottoms is very unpleasant and the water is execrable. I never saw a more unamiable and unpleasant river. I shall be glad to cut its acquaintance. Broken pieces of pottery are scattered around our Camp and we have found it scattered at

1849 *August* places along the road all through the valley. I am led to believe the rivulet we crossed this morning, and which runs just below us, is the Paloma or "Pigeon Creek" mentioned by Emory.

31*st* Wingfield is no better and Huff and Copeland are sick also, so we are compelled to stay here. Almost all hands are gone to the creek to wash. About one o'clock Colonel Jackson's Train passed us. Saw and shook hands with Detrich, little Reimers who was lost back at the Arkansas, the Josephs and others. Fuller came along on horseback and put out his hand to me saying, "How do you do, Mr. Powell?" When I looked up I saw who it was. I said, "I cannot take you by the hand, sir! You may pass on." He did not reply but passed on. I cannot dissemble with such a man; his was too dirty a hand for me to touch.

Writing most of the day; occasionally hunting pebbles. In the evening the Peoria Train came up and camped close by us. Their Captain, name I do not know, resigned today and tonight they choose a new Captain, the fourth since they started. One team, Mr. Merrill's, staid behind from Jackson's Train to join us. Colonel Jackson drives on too fast for him. Engaged him in conversation; he seems gentlemanly and intelligent. Boys saw plenty of deer tracks in the bottom and up Pigeon Creek today but killed nothing but a fawn.

September 1*st* Wingfield and Copeland are better, but Huff still continues very sick. Will have to wait for him. Writing all day. Weather, clear and fine. Scorching hot by day, but cool at night, and indeed toward morning, cold. Boys fishing, in the old mud stream. Mr. Snelling bottoming his chairs with the leaves of the soap plant which makes a good bottom and strong.

2*nd* SUNDAY. Yoked up and away before sunrise. Down hill first, then immediately up again on to the Plain for three quarters of a Mile, then down into the bottom again along a pretty good road for about 3 or 4 Miles where we turned sharply to the right up one of the infernal, stony, winding gullys. Just at the top we had to double Teams at a very steep pitch. A few hundred yards then brought us to a very steep and strong hill indeed, leading down again to the bottom. Continued on until we

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came to a fine stream flowing into the Del Norte about 7 Miles, I judge, from our last Camp. This I take to be the stream Emory mentions as passing 4 Miles after crossing Pigeon Creek. Went on about two Miles farther along the bottom and encamped for breakfast, 9 Miles in all. Our Camp is nearly opposite the highest part of the San Diego Mountains. Yoked up to start, rather late, and then had to keep the Train waiting more than an hour, because Mr. Harrison had not picketed his mules and so they had taken the back track. After we had started and had gotten a little way on, we saw a man coming toward us on a mule at full gallop from a Train we saw in the distance. He came from Berry's Train express for Mrs. Jones.

It appears that a nephew of hers, of the name of Wiginton, had been badly stabbed in the back by a man of the name of Gadson. Mr. and Mrs. Jones mounted and rode on full speed with the messenger for Berry's Train. We lost some time hunting a camping spot near water, but could find none where we could drive our cattle to it, the banks of the river being too steep. We concluded, therefore, to go on toward the other Train some two or three Miles. It was bright moonlight when we encamped, and we did not get to water after all. Just after stopping, Mr. Felder's gun accidentally went off as he was fixing the mattress in his waggon for the night. It was loaded with buckshot and many of them passed through Mr. Coy's waggon in which Mrs. Coy was at the time getting some flour. It riddled the covers considerably, and shivered a bow close by her. On counting up casualties with others, we find this is the tenth accidental discharge of a gun since leaving the States. Five of these have sent their balls through some waggon of the Train. Truly we ought to be thankful for a protecting Providence, for a more careless, heedless set I think I never knew.

Our lives are in constant danger. Saw centipedes today, and a dirty yellow worm about an inch and a half long, which, those who have been in this country before say, is poisonous. The grasshoppers are singularly variegated here; some black and white; others red, yellow and black, and some I have seen that have a dress of many bright colours, putting me in mind of a clown at a circus more than anything else. Afternoon, 5 Miles, 14 all day.

1849 *September 3rd* Started before day, by moonlight, to "go to grass," wood and water, all of which are scarce here. Passed Berry's Train. Continued on a broken up and down hill course for 2 Miles, and dropped down a steep hill into the river bottom, camping at its foot. Our Camp is just opposite the semi, demi-Mountains which yesterday appeared distinct from the large range I have called the San Diego Mountains, but from this point they look like a mere continuation, gradually sloping down South some six or seven Miles below where they seem to terminate in a bluff, against which I see the timber rising from the river's edge.

This is in fact a coast range of small Mountains between which and the main range there is a valley the depth and width of which, I, of course, am unable to judge.

The grass here is not the grama, but the swamp, bottom grass. The river runs about ½ Mile East of us. I saw a new variety of mesquite this morning, with a beautiful little feathery leaf. It is a very pretty shrub. The mesquite, in fact, is nothing more than a shrubby locust.

After breakfast, the greater part of Berry's Train passed us. They have left the wounded man, his opponent and 6 waggons; two of them being Mr. Jones' who had them taken there so that he and Mrs. Jones could wait on Wiginton. I walked back to see them. I found Wiginton, who is a fine looking young man, lying on his back in a tent, in great distress, senses wandering, and his eyes expressing a deep, wild anxiety. He seems to suffer acutely. He must die, I think. Gadson was lying in the sun near the tent, where he could hear every groan of his victim. He had a large log chain round his leg, and seemed very indifferent. He has a bad countenance; in fact, he is a truculent, ill-looking fellow. The story, as I heard it is as follows:

Wiginton's waggon, being the head one, was ordered to stop by the Captain at a certain time; the order was obeyed. Gadson wanted to move on, I believe. This led to some words. Finally Gadson jumped into his waggon and got out his gun, stepping out on the other side. Wiginton jumped over the tongue, wrested the gun from him, struck him with it and nearly knocked him down. Gadson ran along the line of waggons calling for another gun. Then Gadson's brother went up to Wiginton and took hold of the gun, on which Wiginton asked him if he intended to take up the quarrel. He replied no, but said something about Wigin-

ton paying for the gun if he broke it, upon which Wiginton gave up the gun and told Gadson's brother to put it away. At this moment Gadson himself rushed up behind and stabbed Wiginton in the back with his bowie knife. It entered on the left side of the spine, the point sticking against the ribs of the right breast. This is the story as told to me by 4 or 5 different persons. I staid over there awhile and returned just in time to yoke up for a start. It was late. Our course seemed to lie through the bottom, but still we went down some bad hills. The road was much cut up by the previous Trains. About 7 Miles brought us near a very heavy bluff, the point of which ran almost down to the river. Here, they say, we turn off and leave the river. Opposite to us, on the other side, the hills slope down to the river. South of us at some considerable distance we see a remarkable range of Mountains. It rises from the West in a straight line, gradually, like an inclined Plain; the top is even and sharp against the sky. It then assumes the ordinary mountain appearance, peaks, cones, curved elevations, etc., until it sinks again to the Plain. South East at a great distance apparently rises the jagged points of what appears the top of a vast, isolated Sierra. *September 1849*

We corralled here for the day. The weather was burning hot. I took the water from my canteen (which I keep in a till by the side of the waggon) about sun down to wash my hands, it was positively unpleasantly warm.

At this point, I suppose we leave the valley of the "Rio Grande del Norte," and glad enough are we all to do so. The road has been detestable. The river is a muddy rapid stream, with shifting sands and very treacherous quick places in all directions. It has but one saving clause about it, it raises good catfish, blue, yellow, and white. We caught a great many, weighing from 5 to 20 lbs.

All through as far as we came a strong saline efflorescence exuded from the ground where it had been wet and dried again. I am disposed to believe it is owing to this ingredient of the soil that the adobes with which they build their houses are so compact and have the quality of resisting the influence of their hard rains. I had heard that after we came to the Arkansas we should neither have flies nor dew; we have found the flies a great nuisance all the way and the dew, especially in the valley of the Del Norte, as heavy as I ever saw it in the States, but this, I believe, is an extraordinary season.

108 Wiginton's wound fatal

1849 *September* 4th

Out at daybreak on cattle guard; Dr. Snelling and Chas. Snelling aid us in the vocation. It was a light guard and we had a hard time of it. On one of the points of the bluff, bordering the cañon running to the river in which the cattle were feeding, I found a stratum or ledge of what I at first took to be a dirty rock, but soon found it was a solid mass of vitrification like coarse glass. About half past ten the McSwain and Jones waggons joined us. William Wiginton had died of his wound the night before, and they waited to let them pick a jury from our Train to try Gadson for the murder, but we declined having anything to do with the business.

We started at 11, our course being up a side ravine some distance from the end of the point below us putting toward the river. I snatched a few moments after yoking up to take a sketch looking South as I sat in front of my waggon. I was heated with herding and yoking and had so little time that though the main features are right, it is but a poor one. A gradual ascent brought us to top of the bluff along which we travelled half a Mile and then turned toward the river again. At the turn I thought we were going to renew our acquaintance with the Rio del Norte, and it made me sick, but when we came to the brink of a very steep hill leading to the valley I saw our trace led South West and I became satisfied that we were really going to leave the muddy old creek in earnest, and my equilibrium was restored.

From the bottom of this steep hill to the bluffs beyond, 3 Miles, the ascent was very slight. After rising this and the bluffs we went over a number of hills and crossed down ravines running to the river, but not so bad as those we have lately been used to. Three Miles brought us to a very broad cañon-like bed of a large river; up this we travelled about two Miles and then turned off up a side run, and again went over hills and down into dales; some of the hills long and very steep and stony and bad at places.

Our course led us toward an isolated Mountain South West; up this we seemed gradually to rise, the last hill being very long and stony. We passed down the other side to a rocky run which proved to be near by the place called "Foster's Hole." Here on the West side we encamped and found plenty of good grass and water; the latter being in pools in the rocky run above named. We encamped at 6½ o'clock, making 7½

hours travel; the computed distance, 12 Miles. Our road runs a little North of the highest peak of the Mountain toward which we had been travelling all day. East of us the San Diego Mountains and West what we supposed to be the Mimbres Mountains loom up and make a magnificent frame to the picture. The day was another scorcher, but, as usual the evening was cool. No wood here. Very few flowers, except sunflowers and they plenty.

5th Last night we almost had another stampede, owing to Roberts' horse being loose, which made a great noise and frightened the cattle. We started a quarter before eight; McSwain and Jones' waggons were a little behind on the other side of the hill. Went over a few little elevations, the tail end of the Mountain, and came onto a fine level Plain, out of which, South West from our Camp, rises a lone conical mound. To the North of this we passed about half a Mile and then gradually rose as if going among a line of hills in front; about 3 Miles from the mound brought us to the stream laid down in the map. This made 12 Miles, by estimate, in all, arriving at quarter of one; five hours travel. Beautiful road, slightly gravelly. Soap plant scattered around on the Plain in patches. Due South from this spot at a great distance is a pile of isolated Mountains. The stream, which is very small, comes from a spring out or over a rock in a slight hollow or vale and has a strong sulphurous taste. A little West of South rise some hemispherical hills destitute of trees, but grassy, smooth and pretty. Around the spring and scattered along the vale grow ash, oak, willow and mesquite. Hills West and North West of the spring are like a cluster of flatish sugar loaves. Passing the Plain I saw a quantity of Prairie dog holes but did not see any dogs. South East of us the Mountains, that at the river end looked like an inclined Plain, from this elevated point are broken in a singular manner, table elevations rising in all parts and in some places, table on table. Here near the sulphur spring is what seems to be an old settlement, as there are the remains of stone foundations. The rooms, some of them, say, 7 by 12; others about 10 by 15 or 16, and some only about 6 or 7 feet square. I found a stone mill for bruising corn, the grit hard and fine, well rounded out; also a quantity of broken pottery, all of it red. Moved out at half past four, and camped on the Plain at half past six, travelling about 4 Miles. First

1849 *September* 3 Miles over some small hills, the base of the round hills South West of the sulphur spring. This brought us to a hollow or swale in the Plain, the continuation of a rocky cañon on the West side of said hills. From the rank growth of herbage, and the fact of a few willows growing here, this may occasionally be a place for water. The water course in the cañon above, Mr. McSwain tells me, is cut deep. One Mile farther, over smooth Prairie, brought us so near to night that we encamped. West of our Camp is a line of Mountains apparently running North and South, tapering off at the South. The ground here is covered with the dirty yellow worms with dark brown heads. Grass only middling.

Mr. McSwain went on from here with the prisoner Gadson to take him on to Berry's Train and see what was best to be done with him. Their Train is so small that they do not like to take the responsibility of punishing him, and we do not choose to be mixed with it in any way. I think Berry did wrong to leave them as he did. If our Train had not stopped for them at the turning off place at the river they would have been at the mercy of the Apaches, who, we are pretty well assured, are watching us all the time.

6th Awakened by the Captain's cry of, "Jeames M. Williams! Look out! Look out! Jeames M. Williams!!" which, being interpreted, is "Get up and yoke your cattle!" I turned out. It was not near day; yoked up in haste. I now tie my cattle every night to my waggon wheels and was all ready for a start, when we found that most of the cows had taken the back track. A party was detailed to fetch them on, and we moved out at quarter before five, hardly daylight. Our road was smooth and level for about 4 Miles, then we came to some cañons, as most of our Train call them; old water courses apparently, very wide, but here they are shallow compared with those we were scrambling down into and up out of in coming down the del Norte. We passed 3 or 4 of these, getting larger and deeper as we neared the Mountains. We arrived at the foot of the range where it appears to run into the hills and found the camping spot marked in map as 13 Miles from the Sulphur Spring. It is a muddy hole, around which little holes have been dug by the Emigrants 4 or 5 feet deep. Just before arriving here the last little knoll we passed was covered with pieces of chalcedony. I chose some specimens from them. We got

here at a little past nine; say 9 Miles, making the 13 as mentioned in map. *September 1849*
On our way the level Plain seems to have no limit or break to the South, save the isolated Mountains, but at all other points ranges of Mountains bounded the view. We saw many centipedes on the road. At this "mud spring," as we called it, we, of course, had to water our cattle with a pail; the water insufficient and very muddy, perfectly black. The day was very hot, however, and the cattle drank the wretched stuff eagerly. To the North of the so-called spring I found some coarse red pottery and, on the top of a knob close by, a rude basin of stone, probably built either by the Indians or hunters. A broad Indian trail ran from the spring also, up toward the Mountains. Dr. Snelling who was out hunting all the morning says it runs to the other side of the Sierra where he saw the remains of a large Indian encampment and relics of sheep and beef cattle laying around in considerable quantities. The grass here is poor and there is no wood save some little scrubby mesquite and cedars. Our hunters came in at breakfast; no game; saw one deer and plenty of fresh Indian signs. On moving out from the mud spring, about 150 yards, we found that a fine stream of water ran in a water course from the Mountains under and among the sand and gravel, close to a clump of rocks that jut up perpendicularly from the run. The rocks are on the right of the road and the run crosses it. A few holes dug here 2 feet deep would supply a Train; the water running in faster than 2 persons could dip out.

We started from the mud spring at ¼ of 3 and travelled until ¼ past 6. Our road led through the defile of the Mountains for about 3 Miles. First Mile and half was up hill, a pretty good road, but tortuous after passing the culminating point half a Mile. A cañon put off to the right of the road up which, less than a Mile, just beyond a reddish yellow point of rock, is a fine spring near by which is an old encampment of Apaches. So I am informed by Dr. Snelling who passed through it this morning whilst hunting. The Western slope of the Mountains we found very rough and rocky for a Mile or so. To the left of the road, say a Mile from the top of the pass, we saw the remains of some twenty or thirty Indian boys. When fairly at the bottom we turned toward the North West and encamped in a valley about 6 Miles from the muddy spring. Grass, pretty good; no water; and our wood for the fire was the dead

1849 *September* branches of mesquite bushes. The day was exceedingly hot, and the road miserably dusty. In the defile of the Mountains the vegetation assumed a variety of singular forms. No Botanist—sorry. Mesquite bushes are here like long slender poles, leaves close to the wood, fixed with thorns, and the stalk of the soap plant is like mullen. I raised one that lay by the side of the road and was astonished at its great weight.

7*th* My guard came on at 2 o'clock last night and I called up the Company before day to make an early start to get to wood and water. Turned out cattle at 4 ½ and went with my guard to help the cattle guard as it was so dark. Staid with them until ½ past five, breakfasted and rolled out at ¼ before seven; rather late after all on ⁰/₀ of breakfast. We travelled until half past twelve and encamped then on the other side of the "Mimbres river." 15 Miles, I judge. Our road at starting led up through a valley, formed by the Sierra we had passed, and a series of hills West of it being connected at the North and with a point of the Mountain by some undulating swells of land, similar swells connecting the hills. Over these swells or ridges we went. At starting the highest part seemed only about 2 Miles distant opposite the point, but we found it to be near 5. When we rose to the highest ridge we saw out into the middle of the vast Plain beyond, which was skirted on all sides by Mountains and hills, a broken line of trees running North and South; this was the line of the Mimbres river. From this topmost swell to the Mimbres it was down hill all the way. The whole course today being a fine road. The Mimbres, where we crossed it, is split by islands into 3 streams, the last being the deepest; nearly up to our waggon beds in front. It runs rapidly, is clear and cold, bordered with ash, willow, cottonwood and some young butternuts. North of us is a singular table mountain. It is useless to describe Mountains for every Mile of travel modifies and varies them so that a person to recognize them must be at the exact spot where the description is taken from. We here took a vote, and received Mr. McSwain's waggons into our Train. Mr. Jones, of course, belonged to us, having only left us for a season to attend to his nephew. We now number 32 waggons, a cart, and a covered buggy. The guard list has 70 men enrolled, beside which there are 4 coloured men. This is our fighting force. The women and children I have not counted. It was very dusty

today but cool, as it was cloudy. This I have noticed is always the case; if it clouds up it is cool at once. A good wash in the cool waters of the Mimbres soon cleaned off the stains of travel and after dinner I took a comfortable nap in my waggon. In the evening Berry's Train moved over from the East to the West side of the Mimbres, near us, empaneled a Jury, chose a Judge and Sheriff, appointed Counsel, etc., and tried William Gadson for killing William Wiginton. The testimony modified the affair some from what I had heard it. It was, however, still sufficiently atrocious to have subjected him in any State in the Union, I think, to the Penitentiary for life. The Jury sentenced him to have 50 lashes and to be expelled from the Train. This was all the penalty they deemed necessary for stabbing a man in the back. Comment is needless.

8th Started at 6 o'clock without breakfast. Snatched time to take a little sketch of Mountains to the North as I sat in front of my waggon, waiting for word to move on. Rose out of the little bottom in which the Mimbres runs, Berry's Train ahead. Level Prairie then, with an excellent road. Cloudy morning; turned to rain soon, the first we have had since being in the Territory unaccompanied with thunder and lightning.

Ranges of isolated hills and Mountains all around. At starting I saw a little knot of men a short distance down the Mimbres. On enquiring I learnt it was on $^{a}/_{c}$ of putting the sentence in execution against Gadson. Was somewhat surprised at the privacy of the concern, publicity being a part of the punishment as I had understood, but I suppose they wished to save the poor lamb's feelings as much as possible. The punishment was inflicted by a sick man, or rather one very weak and just recovering from sickness. The instrument was a willow switch. Said the poor sufferer, "Hit me a little lower!" or "Hit me a little higher!" and again, "Stop now! And let us rest at that awhile!" The so-called Sheriff accommodated himself to the request of the amiable and much abused man in every instance; for which kindness and lenity the prisoner threatened to shoot him as soon as he was cast loose. Who can hear this and not—but no, as I said before, comment is needless. We travelled across the Plain 6 hours, until we arrived opposite two knolls, marked on the map, on the North side of which is a rocky water course where we found plenty of water standing in pools. Nearby Berry's Train had corralled.

1849 *September* We found by a viameter they had in their Train that we had made 15 Miles in the 6 hours, and this was done without urging the cattle. The road being so level and extremely good, combined with the coolness of air from the rain, was the cause of our good travel, I presume. Here we stay for the night, as the Captain, who has been on to the "Ojo de Vaca," says it is not as good a place there to water our stock as it is here. Berry's Train, however, has passed on, and I am not sorry for it. The murderer's waggon followed them a short distance behind.

9th SUNDAY. After breakfast I went to the top of the South Knoll. The view was picturesque and singular. The combination of Plain and Mountain being such, I think, as no other country could show but this. From the vast Plains spring isolated Mountains; Mountain ranges; mounds; hills; ridges, etc., etc., in endless variety. I amused myself after my excursion by writing the rest of the morning and washing myself in one of the pools. We started from here at ten minutes past one and 45 minutes brought us to the Ojo de Vaca which we found a second edition of mud spring; a little better perhaps, but not much. There are two other mounds North West of the spring that ought to be on the map. We filled our kegs and canteens with water and left at ¼ past 3 o'clock, course South for about a Mile and a half, then West, over a slightly rolling Prairie. About 5 Miles brought us to a deep swale like an old river course and we passed 3 or 4 more, not so large, in the course of a Mile and a half more. We encamped at six o'clock and estimated we came about 8 Miles as the cattle travelled very fast. Rattlesnakes, tarantulas, centipedes, and what I suppose from the description to be scorpions, on the road. The three first I saw myself, the latter I did not.

The Prairie was covered at places with a pretty trumpet-shaped flower; white at the narrow part and tinged with a delicate violet colour around the bell. I took a sketch of some mounds ahead of us when about 3 Miles from the spring, as well as the jolting and jiggling would permit me. No need of a turn in the road, as there is no obstruction to a straight course, but we, like Cooke, took the old Yanos road, but I believe turned off sooner than he did. Road excellent. I saw today some of the party using the old dry stumps of the old soap plant for fuel. It answered very well when mixed with some wood; but it is necessary to be careful

in handling them as the centipedes harbour in them. The dry stem of the flower answers very well also, it being more ligneus than one would suppose. They begin now to grow very large.

10th Off before day. The Captain was angry because the head waggons moved out before the order was given, and thus breaking the corral before all were yoked up, giving a chance for the loose steers to get out. As he thought it was done willfully he stepped out into the middle of the corral and resigned the command. It was, however, after all, a mere mistake; it had a bad consequence, for, as there was no head, no one hunted for the spring 12 Miles from Ojo de Vaca and we passed it three Miles to Camp for breakfast without filling our kegs with water; thus entering on a known "jornada" of 40 Miles unprepared. This was a bad business. And turn back is a thing never ever hinted on a journey like ours. It was about 4 Miles from our Camp last night to this watering place marked on the map, the road hilly, but good. There was a very plain trail of waggons leading to the water but no one took it. 7 Miles to Breakfast Camp, from which we started at 11 o'clock and travelled until 6 over an excellent road across a very level Prairie. Soil gravelly and sandy.

It rained hard most of the afternoon, and as we got near to the point of low hills shown on the map, we found the water standing in some shallow pools. Here we corralled, about 2 Miles short of the point. Lucky was it for us, it rained as it did. Our cattle drank eagerly, not having had any water since yesterday noon. Just before camping, we passed a large barren spot that looked like the bottom of a pond. The Prairie dogs and soap plant had divided it between them. Grass poor. Fuel; dry soap plant and dead twigs of mesquite and larrea mexicana.

11th We started this morning at sunrise and travelled two hours and a half, making about 5 Miles. Passed the point of the first range of hills, and began to pass through another range. We stopped short of the place marked on map as "water for 50 animals" and about ¼ Mile from Camp found a pool of water on the right of the road sufficient for ourselves and about that number of animals. We here found a new variety of lizzard, striped alternately black and white round the head and the tail, and

1849 *September* brown and light buff round the body, scaled very coarsely all over; a very ugly looking little animal. Near our Camp there was a small cave in the rock, near which were the remains of a recent fire which with other indications showed it to be an Indian lookout. Isaac, also, this morning found a Mexican horse-pistol about a couple of Miles from the Camp. We started late. Very warm. About a Mile from our stopping place in a pass of the hills and on the left of the road there was a hole dug in a small water course from which some of the head Teams got water; we who were behind got none. This possibly may be the place marked "water for 50 animals"; at any event we saw no other place with water in it. We passed over a hilly road through the defiles of the second range of hills marked on the map. Our road was then down hill all the way to the night stopping place which was 3 or 4 Miles short of Las Playas. It was late when we got there, but still we drove our cattle to the lake at a place that seemed nearer than the road led, but it was dark before they got there and every one that could raise a horse or mule had to go and get them back and a nice job it was, after driving all day. Las Playas, or dry lakes, fortunately for us had from the recent rains a great deal of water in them which again favoured us. The "jornada" was thus no "jornada" to us. The water in the lakes had a very strong alkaline, unpleasant taste and if the cattle had not been very thirsty I doubt if they would have drunk it. Two or three Miles from the hills on to the Plains, the road led through bushes of mesquite, larrea, etc. If such as this, however, is what Cooke talks about as cutting his way through mesquite bushes, he makes a great deal of a little. No flowers worth naming. Berry's Train on the other side of Las Playas had 4 horses stolen from them last night by the Indians. And two waggons in the rear of Gully's Train ahead had 2 stolen the night before that. We learnt here that Berry's Train missed the water 12 Miles this side of Ojo de Vaca as well as ourselves, but that some of their men hunting on the Mountain saw it from there and went down to it. It was in a thicket of bushes about a Mile North of the main road.

12th Started before sunrise. Road still down hill and good; passed the lakes to a swampy spring about 1 Mile on the other side, say 5 Miles in all. Picked up a variety of corroded pebbles from the bed of the lake which

was dry and looks like a floor of water cement. "Sierra de las Animas" is West of us, and another Sierra is East of the lake; both fine bold looking ranges of Mountains running North and South to form the sides of valley in which Las Playas lies. Mountains, hills, peaks and ridges; all kinds in sight during a day's drive, from a mole hill to an Etna almost. A clay spring boils up near the lake, around which the upper surface of the earth bends up like a bubble, which shakes and trembles as you stamp on it.

There are a great many springy places scattered along on this Western shore of the lake where water can be got with digging a little, but it all has an unpleasant taste, something between sulphur and gutter mud. There must be some corrosive quality in the water that is occasionally in the lake, as the appearance of the pebbles taken from its bed shows, they being seamed and fretted all over.

The boys had a man up on trial this morning for falling asleep on guard; which made them some fun. Started at 1 o'clock, skirted the lake southerly for a Mile or more, than turned short toward the Sierra de las Animas and kept on as if going right over it; ascent gradual all the way; road, springy or wet, kind of swampy all the way. Had to stop and corral after 3 hours' travel, making 5 Miles. This was on $^{a}/_{c}$ of a severe thunder storm that was coming down on us. Rainy all night. My guard till 12 and being sergeant and my duty being to make the rounds and see that all were alert and attending to theirs, I got wet, of course.

13th The guard that stood after mine last night tell me they heard Indians near our Camp. They tried to imitate the owl in calling to each other but they did not succeed well; their want of skill betrayed them. We saw the smoke of two of their fires this morning, on the other side of the lake. We are vigilant and I think they will find it difficult to steal from us.

We took our breakfast this morning before starting, which was about 8 o'clock, and continued on to the creek marked on the other side of the Sierra,where we stopped at ¼ past 1. At starting we breasted the pass of the mountains at once, the last hill at top of the pass was steep and, as usual, Bully, my off leader, refused to pull and turned back, giving me a great deal of trouble; in fact he has been bad all the way, doing the same at every little rise. He is an intractable brute at best. On the Western slope of the Sierra near the bottom there are some rather deep pitches,

1849 *September* through some gullys and water courses, but on the whole, for a Mountain pass it is a fine road. From the foot of the Mountain to the place of encampment at the creek it would be difficult to find a finer Prairie road. We passed two lines of timber or dry water courses before we arrived at the present Camp. The water here stands in pools but runs a fine stream ½ a Mile above us. We are now in a similar valley to that of Las Playas but not so wide. The two extremities are closed in more by Mountains. It is, in truth, a very picturesque country. The combination of Plain and Mountain is unique. Our fuel on the Plains is scarce. We gather it from the mesquite and soap plant as we go along. There are cedars, to be sure, on the Mountains, but generally they are too far off. I saw some oaks with a singular small leaf as we passed the Sierra. We also saw some smoke as if from Indian fires. We hear that the Indians visited Gully's Train the other day in a friendly manner. I wish they would visit us, I should like to see them very much. When about to get the cattle up to move on, we were interrupted by one of the severest rains I almost ever saw, accompanied by thunder and lightning. It continued so long that when it stopped it was too late to think of moving; so, here we stay for the night. The singularity of the storm was that the sun shone brightly on us the whole time; the combined effect of sunshine, very hard rain, double rainbow, and thunder and lightning was remarkable. The timber along the creek is oak, black walnut, sycamore and willow. Grass good. This side of the Sierra is well timbered to the very top, but of which kind I do not know. In the pass today it was but sparsely sprinkled around and that chiefly a small growth of cedar and a very few oaks.

14th I suppose we stopped at or near the Camp marked on the map, although we passed, before getting here, two water courses from the Mountains having timber scattered along them. We left Camp at 8 o'clock and our course soon after swerved away from the Sierra toward the main stream running through the bottom of the valley. Our road was very stony and passed many ravines running from the Mountains to the main stream. Our cattle flinched very much, their feet being tender. About 5 Miles from Camp our trace struck down one of these water courses, taking us nearly down to the main stream. We passed this stream 5 or 6 times and encamped near to Cooke's Camp again, as we suppose from the map; as

it is opposite a mound beyond which is a grove of oaks. In passing the stream today we had much trouble as both the banks and bed are very miry. The first Teams that went in sank down to their necks at the first jump and their noses plunged into the unctuous mud. We urged them through, but such plunging and scrambling I never saw before. We cut quantities of sun flowers that grew along the bank and laid over the approach and thus got the rest over pretty well. The valley is good rich land; and has all the requisites for a settlement; good soil, water, and timber at a moderate distance. Mr. Coy and Scoggins went back on to the Sierra some 4 or 5 Miles and report that the timber is oak of various kinds; but all different from ours in the States. The fruit of the acorn is of a bright blue colour.

They saw bear and Indian signs but got no game. We arrived at our present Camp at ¼ past 2, 6¼ hours travel with some very severe pulling. We came in all some 10 or 12 Miles, I suppose.

Cooke's topographical skill is poor; the main features are right so that we can tell pretty well where we are getting to, but it is a source of regret to me every day that some such a man as Emory was not with him. Had Emory himself been over the ground I feel satisfied we could tell our whereabouts to ½ a Mile. Besides the useful and interesting information, we should have something of the geology, mineralogy and botany of the country. The grass here (grama) is very good. About a Mile beyond us is encamped the Peoria Train. I was lucky enough today to be able to buy of Green White a piece of an old saddle skirt and to find in the Train a man sufficiently skillful to half sole my boots, two pair of which had given out over these sharp gravelly roads.

I had begun to be alarmed about my boots as there was no place to replace them or have them mended, and winter is approaching. No joke.

15th We travelled today 7 hours and went about 12 Miles; near to where Cooke's next Camp is marked by the head waters of the "Sun-flower Creek," as I shall call it. We thought, as we came along, that the Map was wrong, and that we travelled up the right bank of the main stream for some distance, but we afterward found our mistake and that it was a tributary running into the left side of the creek. After following this for awhile we got up on to the Plain at the foot of the Sierra de las

Weary and footsore cattle

1849 *September* Animas and continued travelling on a dead level for Miles; the ground at places very swampy, some of the waggons having to double Teams. As we neared the point of hills marked on map as setting toward the left bank of stream, we ascended a very gentle slope. Toward evening we came to the main stream running between the point we had just passed and a range of hills beyond, in which is a singular depression, through which, I understand, we pass. This must be the range marked on the map as two mounds or hills; if so, it is another of the many instances of slovenly topography in Cooke's map. We encamped before passing Sun-flower Creek, as the Peoria Train was on the opposite side. Our cattle are very weary and foot sore. We passed on the Creek and Plain 1 dead Ox, 1 dead Mule and 1 Mule about as good as dead, poor wretch; it was in a miserable condition and the crowd had left him where there was neither water or grass. I was tired, but still I had to stand with my guard on the first watch until half past nine. I was for half an hour very unwell. I quivered in every part of me and felt miserable. It went off after awhile, but I was glad when my tour of guard was out and I could go to bed.

16th SUNDAY. On cattle guard by daylight and continued on until after sundown. In the morning I continued to take a sketch of the opposite hills, with the Peoria Train passing the gap and our own Train in the bottom, with a part of the Sierra de las Animas to the left in the distance.

The ground around us is very stony and there are about one hundred of our cattle whose feet are very tender. It makes us a little anxious as it is all important to us to get into California with waggons and Teams in good order.

Whilst we have them we feel as if we have a home wherever we may be. In the evening Mr. Jones and myself found a fine range for the cattle; some hundreds of acres of the finest growth of red clover, mixed with timothy. It is on the left bank of the stream, above where the road crosses it to go through the gap in the hills beyond. It runs up the valley a long way.

About 2 Miles above there is a fine growth of black walnut trees, running from the vale up onto the hills beyond. I call this stream Sun-

flower Creek (no name being given on the map) from the immense quantity of sun-flowers that line its banks the whole way, forming a perfect thicket. Convolvuli are here in plenty, as pretty but not as large as those at home. Potatoes have been found also through the whole valley. But these have been found occasionally from Cow creek to the Rio Grande del Norte.

The hills on the right bank of Sun-flower Creek through which we are to pass are covered with varieties of oak, all with a small leaf, the kernel of the acorns being of a deep bright lake colour.

Chalcedony of all shapes and sizes is scattered round in profusion as also pieces of lava, dark coloured pumice stone and other volcanic formations. Boys hunting humble bees nest and taking the honey. Found red pottery here.

17th Having concluded to stay here another day, on ⅞ of the fine grass, we moved our corral after breakfast to the other side of the stream and turned our cattle out again on the fine clover and timothy. I spent the day in writing. Toward sun down I had to give up. I quivered all over again as I had done the night before last; it lasted, however, much longer and left me feeling very weak and miserable. Some of our party went to hunt but they were not very successful. The Indians have run off the game I expect. Rufus Turner went up to the top of the Mountain to the right of the pass and found at the highest peak an Indian fire still burning and heard a noise beyond, as if one was going down on the other side through the bushes. Being alone he, of course, returned to Camp as fast as he could. They watch us close, but we are too strong a party for them to attack unless we are culpably negligent. I gave my clothes to Anna (Mrs. Snelling's coloured woman) to wash. I tried washing at Manzanas and cooking on the Plains, but I am satisfied I have a talent for neither.

18th I was quite sick all night, and am still very unwell. I spent the morning in writing, and in the afternoon tried to read but could not apply myself. A small thunder storm in the afternoon. Mr. Coy found five Indian fires still smouldering about 3 Miles North West of Camp; and the Captain who went with a party to the Sierra de las Animas, found, on

1849 *September* their return from thence, that their trail had been passed by about 30 Indians, some of whom they traced returning to our valley. I got some information from him. The Sierra is about 12 Miles from here. At the foot is a belt of timber a Mile wide, consisting of scrubby kinds of black oak, black jack and post oak, burr oak, (yet these are not exactly like those in the States either), black walnut, cedar (good size); land rich, and very fine springs near the edge of the Plain, close to the timber. They found the old Yanos road which joins ours on the other side of the gap. Beside it was a new trace almost as much worn as the one we travel on. Our road, he says, should have been from the last point of hills we passed, to the Southern point of hills ahead of us, through the gap of which we now have to pass. It is level Prairie all the way to the road, not swampy but with fine springs of water. They also saw plenty of deer, herds of Antelope, and some bear tracks near the Sierra. He says there is every requisite for a fine settlement at the foot of the Sierra. We had to stay today on account of Mrs. Coy's sickness.

19th We left Camp by the head waters of Sun-flower Creek at 9 o'clock and encamped at the second camping place of Cooke's, from thence 12 Miles, at 5½ p.m. Our first step was up through the gap in the hills West of us, then down the other side turning to the South. When on the Plain we turned again to the right, round a point of the same range of hills we had passed, which formed a semi-circle; about 4 Miles brought us to where the road forks, the right hand being Cooke's trace through the pass of Guadalupe, and the left one the new one recommended by him. Two more Miles brought us to the divide; a small knoll at the spot where our road passed. On the East side of it the Yanos road came into ours; on the West of the knoll the precipitous pass began. I had ridden on ahead of the Train on Pony, who is much recruited with his rest, having literally "lived in clover," as well as the cattle, for 3 days past. But when we came to this spot Mr. Lightner and self staid to help our waggons through, each of us having only little boys behind, driving. Here, on the dividing ridge of this great continent we sat; the waters on one side flowing to the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico, on the other to the Pacific and Gulf of California or Sea of Cortez. Dr. Compton and Slade McGahey left us at the forks of the road to take Cooke's route and make

me a report. I am much indebted to the Doctor, Slade and others of the company, who seem to take a pleasure in examining the country for me, when I am confined to my waggon, and bringing me all the information they can. Many in the company seem to feel an interest in doing this and I feel under obligations to them for it. It would be difficult to give a graphic description of the pass. It looked, from the point where I sat awaiting the waggons, like an interminable jumble of peaks, rocks, deep, dark ravines, and gullies in endless confusion, through which no waggon could pass by any possibility. We found the road exceedingly rough; many of the declivities and acclivities being such as appeared almost impracticable. One place in particular it was not only fearfully steep, but it took a very short turn on the outside a steep descent, where to upset was to be utterly lost. *September 1849*

With great labour and much anxiety we got our loaded waggons at last down to where Cooke's old trail joined the one we had come, about a Mile and half beyond which point we encamped, near where two Mountain arroyos join, making a pretty little stream. One of these had been to the left of our road nearly all through the pass and the other set in from the North, just after passing Cooke's trace. Our Camp is on the left of the stream and immediately under a high point of rock some 400 feet high. Slade and the Doctor inform me that Cooke's route would have been impracticable with loaded waggons. On our road we had two upsets and those vehicles that I should have thought most likely to get through safe. Mr. Harrison's buggy waggon upset near the short turn on the steep hill and Roberts' cart (or buggy as the boys call it) upset a little below, turning completely bottom up.

The labour of keeping the cattle to their work, on ⅞ of roughness of the road, their tender feet and locking and unlocking wheels continually, etc., etc., tired us all very much. I had been up since a little past 2 a.m., for it was my morning guard, and I was completely fagged out when we corralled.

After arriving at our camping place, a difficulty arose between some of the party about precedence and places, as some of the waggons had changed places in the hurry, bustle and trouble of the pass. The consequence was that the Barders, McSwain, Turner and others encamped apart and herded their cattle apart. I do not think, however, the diffi-

1849 *September* culty is sufficiently serious to split the party. Cooke not only took the wrong route through the pass, but the wrong route to get to it. When at the point of hills, before coming to Sun-flower Creek for the last time, he should have turned to the left, leaving the next range of hills with the gap to his right. At the end of this range there are three low knolls in a line running apparently North and South. At the South end of these is a beautiful spring. By this spring he should have come, and from thence struck the Yanos road. He would then have been on smooth Prairie all the way, until he struck the pass.

20th Have to stay here today on ⁴/₇ of the sickness of Mrs. Coy. The 11 waggons; Bardens, Harrison, McSwain and others, have concluded to make a split of it, so they have gone on. Captain Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Stevenson feel unpleasantly about it, and seem to regret leaving us very much, but feel constrained to go with the others, as their interests in the outfit are in some way linked together. I am sorry to lose them, but do not regret the discretion of the others. I took a sketch of the Mountains from just above Cooke's old Camp, which was on the opposite side of the stream from us. Deer are plentiful here, but very small; venison plenty in Camp. Four or five Miles South of us, over the Mountain, Mr. Scoggins, while hunting, came to a larger stream than the one we are encamped on, running South West, probably a tributary of the Huaqui. Organized a new guard—45 men—21 waggons and the cart (or buggy as we call it). Some talk of making me Captain by Mr. Coy, Mr. Snelling, Lightner, Roberts and others. I told them that I was not the man for the place, and recommended them to choose Mr. White. The timber along the creek and around us is walnut, sycamore, cedar, blue ash, scrubby oak, small white mulberry and willow and a scrubby tree with a red, smooth bark; the South Carolinians call it red shunk; I suppose it is a kind of laurel.

21st Mr. Coy and others made a swing bed for Mrs. Coy with which contrivance the Doctor thought she might be moved with safety. We therefore moved on and I think in the whole day made about 7. Miles to somewhere near Cooke's next camping spot. I suppose so from a conical hill rising about South of us and because we found close by our Camp

the skull and horns of one of the wild cattle that from appearances must have been lying 3 years at least. He mentions killing them in the pass. Two men and a boy could be locked within the horns. It looked monstrous to us. Our course all day was across or on the bed of the stream near which we encamped last night. I believe it to be the head waters of a tributary to the Huaqui. Our course for about 4 Miles, as near as I could guess, was as some of the party expected it, in a trench; the Mountains on each side springing up right from the stream, or very close to it. We passed here a very singular rock, more than 300 feet high. Could not sketch it as I was obliged to be attending to the cattle, the driving being tiresome and requiring much care on ⅘ of the trees. The Cottonwood and black walnut meet us as we proceed, also some huckberry. At noon halt, 4 or 5 Miles from morning Camp, I took a sketch. The road most of the way was very stony and rugged which, with the trees, short turns, etc., made the driving difficult. I esteemed myself fortunate in getting my high waggon through with one broken bow. Travelling so much in the arroyo I was, of course, wet through to the knees all day. The cattle's feet suffered much, and after their hard day's work they have but very poor grass to make them amends. At Camp this evening they had a meeting and chose William White for Captain. Owing to some uncivil remarks of Mr. Lightner, I resigned my office of Orderly Sergeant of the guard. After my day's hard work, I had to stand my tour of guard until half past nine; wet, weary and uncomfortable.

22nd Out on cattle guard in the wet swampy grass by daylight. Travelled today 8 hours and encamped at night near the Rancho of San Bernardino. Our course for about 2 Miles continued along the stream, which we now know to be an affluent of the Huaqui, crossing it very often, and often the waggons continued for some time in the bed of the stream. I, of course, got very wet. This has made me sick. I was very feverish all night, and scarce got any sleep. On the right of the road about half a Mile before leaving the stream there was a large pile of rocks that from the appearance I suppose to be Breccia or pudding stone, but the Teams took all my attention, and I could not leave to examine it. About 2 Miles from Camp the road turned up the bluff to the right and by a zig-zag course took us up on to a flat high tongue of land shooting down

1849 *September* southerly, covered with mesquite, etc. We here left the pass of Guadalupe, much to our satisfaction. Near the top, a broad Indian trail passed from North to South. The road was now good for some Miles, but as it began to descend toward the Huaqui it became stony and ragged. At the bottom we entered a stream course or cañon, very wet and swampy; a great deal of rain having fallen here recently. We went down this course some distance, and then, turning short round a point to the right went up another about the same distance. It was at this first cañon that we supposed from appearances that Cooke had his Camp. We then struck to the left up the bank, and passing over a little hill, went down into a broad wet bottom on the opposite side of which, about a Mile away in a straight course, was the old Rancho of San Bernardino. At the foot of the hill at the East side of the bottom we found the waggons that had deserted us encamped in a miserable swampy spot, with nothing but swamp water to use. The road here takes a sweep round northerly to avoid the wet spots in the bottom. When we got to the other side, we encamped among the mesquite and other bushes on the dry bluff about a quarter of a Mile North of the Rancho, and got our water from a fine spring near it. Our cattle had a plenty of grass up a swale near the Camp, but it was not grama; it was a swampy kind of grass, but young and tender. There were a great many cattle tracks worn around in all directions. Murrell of the other party had a scrap with a wild bull. The other party, I find, are satisfied with their own movement—not sorry. We killed a monstrous large rattlesnake here. Copeland is sick with Camp fever. Mrs. Coy is better. The valley in which the Rancho is situated is a broken and uneven one, hemmed in apparently by Mountains. It is not an open Plain as I was led to suppose from Cooke's slovenly report. The other party have killed 2 wild bulls. On looking back from here, to the East, the pass seems to go through the wildest and highest mountains in the range. Either North or South of it looks lower and better and I cannot but think a better trace could be found. The Leroux cut-off is the way and I believe it will soon be taken by all travellers.

23rd SUNDAY. Immediately after breakfast I took my gun and sketch book and went over to San Bernardino. Being on cattle guard yesterday I had no time.

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It is built of adobe, and is the ruin of a very large establishment. It is a quadrangle enclosing about 3 acres. On the West side are the main building and offices. On the North, a range of houses or rooms extended the whole length. A long bastion is placed at the North East corner, and another at the South West. Near the latter is what we supposed to be a furnace for melting ore. As it might have been built here for mining purposes, as well as agricultural, I looked it over. It is a mere wreck of adobe walls. I took a sketch of it as I was perched up on the North East bastion, and returned just in time to put my cattle to and drive out of Camp in my turn. The road runs close round the Rancho and then turns straight toward the Mountains to the West of it. For a Mile or more the road lay through a low flat bottom, then rose out of it, and continued up hill gradually until we arrived at the entrance of the pass in the Mountains. Here we staid for noon. About a Mile beyond was the Indian trail which looks as if it had not been used for sometime. The one on the tongue of land, at the mouth of the pass of Guadalupe, was much plainer. From the bottom to noon Camp the road was through a great variety of mesquite. One was very singular and like that I named when first seen at the pass of the Mimbres Mountains; long slender poles with leaves clinging close to them. Here they are in flower. There is a beautiful cluster of scarlet bell flowers at the top. I am not certain it is mesquite. Besides these, there are larrea and other shrubs. The other party followed close after us up the hill, and nooned a short distance behind us. I was very feverish again all night, and feel any thing but well today. My walking two days in the arroyo has done me no good. We staid awhile and continued up through the pass. When near the top, close under a craggy hill some 3 or 400 feet above us, we stopped, as we here found a spring and good grama grass. It is about 3 Miles from noon Camp. We here found a Yoke of broken down steers, left by some Train.

The other Train passed us, and went on. I wish they would leave us entirely, for there are some there who had better be away from us as they only make trouble while near us. They took offense tonight because some of the Henry County Company had got a little flag stuck up beside their waggon. Many of the young men and boys went to the top of the crag and amused themselves by thundering down large masses of rock. The pass is very good; nowhere more than a gentle slope, nothing that

1849 *September* can be called a hill. The road near noon Camp seemed composed of slacked lime. Very little gravel or stone all day.

24th A few rods, by a gentle slope, brought us to the highest point of the pass. From thence to "Black Water Creek," the road was down hill all the way. Road good, very little stone or gravel; good for our cattle's feet, which is our chief anxiety now. Last night was very cold, but today is hot again. Still continue unwell. 4½ hours to noon Camp, 4 Miles. Left noon Camp at 2½ and camped at night at half past 5; travelled about 6 Miles. Our road from the creek, a gradual ascent toward the line of hills, was through mesquite, larrea, etc. Came to the creek again, but the water only lay in pools as it did at noon Camp. Passed a great many wild cattle trails and old skulls, horses, etc. We found a human skull at noon Camp. Poor grass at both Camps. Bully, my off leader, almost gave out. All the oxen are very tired. It is a miserable apology for a creek as far as we have seen it. There are many waggon traces through this valley. The other Train is just before us, and some of them are trying to make a fuss about the poor little flag. I wish they were away. Mesquite, larrea, etc., on both sides of the valley, quite thick. Mr. Snelling went out and crippled a bull.

25th On guard at 2½ until day, when we yoked up and started without breakfast and kept up the creek, a very trifling ascent indeed for 2½ hours, say 5 Miles. Here Dr. Compton found another Yoke of broken down cattle. The water runs over a bed of rocks, a little clear stream about the size of my arm. The other Train is still close by, but being in the wrong can not feel kindly toward us. They called the place Ash Spring from the timber around.

We started in a shower of rain, leaving the creek on the left bank. I judge it a branch of the main one running East of us, and do not think Cooke left Black Water at this spot, but kept up the main branch farther before turning off. On leaving, we continued up a gentle hill, with a few dips, to the top of the pass, which is even easier than the last one. Before us lay the valley between us and the "San Pedro," the view bounded by some bold Mountains. The Plain or valley is undulating; at places breaking into small hills. Travelled for 4 hours and made about 7 Miles.

Bully gave out and we had to stop. The Benders, as their Train passed, came to have an explanation about the flag. After some talk they expressed themselves as satisfied. They have made but little by their folly. The day was cloudy. Hunters killed 3 wild cows. On arriving at Camp, saw to the North what we supposed to be a herd of wild cattle. Men turned out quick to follow them, but they proved to be a herd of Antelope. The road was good all the way. Rainy all night. Guard hailed 3 Mexicans passing about 11 o'clock.

26*th* Started at 7 and stopped at 12, probably went 12 Miles. Ground undulating all the way. 3 Miles from Camp plenty of water in a branch for cattle. 3 Miles farther still more and better. Road leads up near this branch. Many branches about and some with pools of water. Timber; scattered oak, walnut, ash and willow. Encamped about a Mile beyond the ridge of the divide. Timber here, and branches of water running toward the San Pedro. From the many cattle tracks I believe that water stays in the branches East of the divide most of the time. Grass from the top of the last pass very good indeed. Convolvuli in great variety, some like the Cypress vine with small scarlet flowers, very beautiful. Camped at noon, 12 Miles, near a mound or round hill South of us. Whilst here 4 wild horses came galloping toward the Camp and only swerved when very near. Charles Snelling saw 9 Indians back of our road near Coyetero trail. Our course today I think a little different from Cooke's but as I did not take the course with the compass I am not sure. I think the Emigrants here changed it on ª/c of water. On leaving noon Camp our course lay a little North of West and in about 3 Miles struck into a hollow like those I have often had occasion to mention; I do not know what to call them. They look like a river course, but the bottom is covered with grass. The present one had banks from 5 to 30 feet high, the width ranging from ¼ to ½ a Mile; through it, as usual, winds, sometimes on one side, sometime on another, a little water course. In the present case, water was running where we struck into it. We followed this in the same direction for 4 Miles, making 7 Miles from last Camp. We have no wood and see none near us, neither have we water, for it sunk 2½ Miles back; but the grass is very good. Other Trains encamped about 1½ Mile behind us.

We leave Cooke's route

1849 *September* 27th We had to start very early this morning to get wood and water for breakfast. We were off at half past 5 and continued travelling until half past 10, 5 hours, and made about 10 Miles. At first we kept down the bottom for about 3 or 4 Miles, expecting every minute, from the distance we had travelled and the map, that we should come to the San Pedro. At this stage the road turned from about West to South West and went over the bluffs, or tongue of land, as it proved to be. We then continued to the end, passing up on to the high flats by a gentle slope and falling into the wet bottoms. About 5 Miles from Camp we passed a muddy stream in one of the flats. As we thought this the San Pedro we were very much disappointed. We continued on, for there was no wood to cook breakfast. At length we passed a clear stream, running over a rocky bed, and soon after a still larger one, running North East. After passing the last one, we kept up it a short distance on to a small elevation of land and encamped near the stream. One third of a Mile from us, on some hills West of Camp, grew some oak and cedars. Thus we have made about 30 Miles from breakfast to breakfast; pretty strong travelling at this stage of the journey.

The road yesterday and today was very muddy from recent rains and at some places in the bottoms, this morning, it was very heavy drawing.

We are not on Cooke's route now, as we have passed the river, I am satisfied, above the forks. Why this new road runs here I do not know as, of course, it makes the road so much longer. The left fork of the river on which we are encamped is the main branch. Cooke has it different. It runs up a long way round the North end of what is marked on the map as Santa Cruz Mountain and seems to come from another range of Mountains away to the West of us. The grass here is very good. Mr. Snelling wants me to leave my waggon here from a selfish notion; to get the use of my cattle for his. I shall not do it. It is my only home and is likely to be so for a long time. He might as soon ask a snail to cast away his shell. After arriving here it rained but when it cleared many went to hunt. For myself I went to the clear stream and washed all over and put on clean clothes. It falls here over a bed of rocks, and would be a fine situation for a Mill. We stayed here all day. Santa Cruz Mountains South South West, about 6 Miles. Mr. Snelling and Mr. Coy shot a wild horse. Other hunters brought in a large deer; both on Santa Cruz

Mountain where they say game, deer, antelope, bear and wild cattle are very plentiful.

28th Started at 15 minutes past 8 and drove until 20 minutes past 12, and made about 8 Miles. Our course at starting led us up the creek, but soon turned toward the North and we supposed we should now lean toward the San Pedro, but we were disappointed. It turned almost immediately, at the top of the rise of ground, due West again and continued on for a mile and a half. We then turned down on the bottom and passed a little clear stream, running East, a tributary of the San Pedro, I suppose. Continued on the bottom toward some rocky bluffs. A short distance from where we crossed the stream we saw the ruins of a number of adobe houses. The ground became swampy and heavy. In about a Mile we recrossed the same creek, which now ran southerly. A little beyond this Turner's Train was encamped. We passed them and soon entered an opening in the rocky bluffs, which were of a variety of fantastic shapes. This opening seemed the debouch of a valley. Before reaching Turner's Camp some horsemen from Gully's Train passed us going back to hunt wild cattle. They said their Train was only 7 or 8 Miles ahead. We went up the valley through some very swampy ground and over some rough spurs, and encamped in a little bottom of some 60 or 70 acres. The rock all round us is like that over which the stream flowed, being pebbles or broken pieces of soft stone held together by a cement, the nature of which I do not know. Suppose it to be lime.

I took a bearing with the compass and found our Camp to be due West of the round Knoll marked on the map and near which we encamped when we saw the wild horses. On our road we saw two dead wild cattle, shot by some hunters. None of the meat had been taken for some reason, although their throats had been cut to bleed them. We are entirely off Cooke's route, and do not, now, know anything of the road. We suppose it a new route made by Governor Lane last year, as we saw his name marked on a tree a short distance back. Afternoon: We started and travelled until dark and encamped near Gully's Train, in a very severe cold rain; it came down a perfect flood, accompanied with some hail. Our course is still West. The highest peak of what is laid down on the map as Santa Cruz Mountain bears about 5 points East of South

1849 *September* South East from here. Immediately before us, blocking our path, is a range of Mountains; over which we now learn we have to pass to go to Santa Cruz, which, it appears, is our destination.

We hear it is about 12 Miles distant. And some of Gully's Train, who have explored it, say it is even worse than the pass of Guadalupe. If this is so our prospect is a bad one. We are all much vexed at this change of route, as the road is avowedly longer to Tucson by this route and we lose our fishing, and hunting wild cattle on the San Pedro. When we left noon Camp we continued due West up the narrow and beautiful valley, the sides of which are hemmed in by conglomerate rocks of various elevations, sometime falling back and giving way to little side vales and gentle slopes; at some spots at the South side they rise to over 100 feet. About 2 Miles from noon Camp on one of these bluffs that seemed to run down and out into the valley, dividing it in two (we taking the right), were the remains of an old rancho; rather extensive, apparently deserted some twenty years. Beneath it in the valley, close by our road, runs an old acequia which we followed for Miles. The valley is very rich bottom land, with plenty of water and timber; chiefly oak, Cottonwood (some very fine ones near the old rancho), cedars and willows. From recent rains the valley was very muddy and our cattle had some hard pulling. We shunned it at times by going over the little swells that set in from the North side. We supped whilst the rain sifted through our tent and half filled our plates as we ate, but we laughed and made light of it. A more serious misfortune happened; the coffee pot upset and spilled all the coffee; owing to the tent being on a side hill, it slid off and we could not make any more. Dr. Compton and O. Bounds were out very late hunting.

29th Laid by to examine road, etc. Walter borrowed Dr. Warren's mule and went hunting with Mr. Wall and I employed myself with A. White and Mr. Kane in cutting down my waggon bed. Mr. Scoggins was bitten in the foot by a spider and in the evening was seriously sick on account of it. Our hunters brought in 2 Antelopes and a deer, so that fresh meat is plentiful. Close by is Gully's Train; 2 Miles behind. The whole Camp is in high dudgeon at finding themselves so far off of Cooke's route. The Mountain due West of us must be Santa Cruz Mountain and I think the

Mountain marked on Cooke's map, as such, is wrong. They are much smaller than the range South South East of us and run North and South, heading this valley. Walter and Mr. Wall came in very late and I became very uneasy.

30th SUNDAY. A new road has been found that leads by a circuitous route to Santa Cruz. This we have determined to take. Gully's Train and the 6 waggons (or Cricket Train, as the boys call it) took the trace first. We followed at ½ past nine and travelled until ½ past 12. We started in a North East direction over the low hills that form the North side of this very pretty valley. A Mile and a half brought us to a small stream in another valley North of it. We followed the stream in an Easterly direction for about a Mile and a half more; then turning to the left rose the hills that confine it and passed into another valley, through which ran a much larger arroyo some 4 yards wide. Up this valley went the course about 5° of North East and crossed the stream near some fine oak and walnut trees where we encamped for noon on the opposite side, the "Cricket" Train being on the right bank. Turner's Train passed us here; Gully's is out of sight. Distance, estimated, 7 Miles to noon Camp. Afternoon: We travelled 2 hours, making about 4 Miles, our course about West North West.

The trees in these valleys are ash, oak (a kind of Black Jack and Post, but all the oaks differ in some respects from ours), sycamore, walnut, Cottonwood and some little cedars; Cottonwoods very large and some of the walnuts over 2 feet through. The soil is excellent, and fit for any kind of culture. I have no doubt that sugar, cotton and tobacco might be raised here with little trouble. The appearance of the country is beautiful. Gentle hills and dales. Trees scattered around singly and in clumps give it a park-like appearance. The grama and other grasses grow very luxuriantly; the grama being the most abundant.

At a distance, in all directions, rising above these undulating hills, we see the tall peaks of the Sierra peering over their tops and giving a beautiful finish to the picture. The climate is delightful, moderately warm and balmy; the atmosphere impregnated with the odours of the different herbs and flowers that we pass. In short, there is everything here to make a country life delightful, and yet the imbecile Mexicans permit a few

1849 *September* Apaches to drive them out of as beautiful a country as heaven ever smiled on. The rocks in all these valleys are the same singular conglomerate of pieces of sand and other stone of various sizes, from a small pebble to two feet through, held together by a cement.

I get on now with 2 Yoke of cattle. I turned out Mr. Snelling's Buck; he lends me a steer and I lend him one, so we are even. As soon as he took his flour away he began to talk about his Yoke of cattle, and I am glad to be more on my own resources, but I only used his to draw his loading. Turner's men that have been out 2 days came in this evening with 5 mule loads of wild cattle meat. They intend staying a day or two to dry it. They are encamped some 3 Miles below. On guard at 12. Very cold.

October 1st Gully's Train started before us, as did also 6 waggons encamped higher up the valley. We followed on close, however, starting at 8 and travelling until 12. Our way still led up the valley West North West for about a Mile; then we reached the high land. It seemed a divide and proved so, we thought, at noon. We turned to within 5° of North and continued on about 2 Miles. Here 4 or 5 wild horses disturbed by our Trains dashed off with head erect and flowing manes and tails toward the Mountains by the San Pedro. We here turned short round to the left and took a South West course. In about 2 Miles more we came to a steep hill, at the bottom of which was a pretty little clear stream which seemed to have a course, as far as we could see, South South West. Down this we travelled about 3 Miles, 8 in all, and encamped close by it. The valley here is very narrow, almost a cañon. It is not as rich as the ones we passed yesterday. The timber is very good. At the northernmost point of the road, the peak of the high Mountain on the other side of San Pedro river, of which I took a sketch some days ago whilst sitting in the waggon, bore from us due East, and the Mountain marked on the map as Santa Cruz Mountain, South South East. Wasps.

In the afternoon we continued down the narrow valley, still in a southwesterly direction, for 4 Miles, crossing and recrossing the bed of the stream, which, shortly from noon Camp, sank through the gravel and sand.

At this point we went up a short hill to go over a tongue of land shooting down to the bottom of another creek, setting down from the

North. A Mile brought us to the other side and we descended into the bottom. At the top of this hill leading down to the bottom I took the bearing of Santa Cruz, which appeared from there about 5 Miles distance. It was 10 degrees East of South. We went into the bottom, same course, a Mile and encamped near the stream. Gully's Train being encamped close at the stream, we passed through their corral and again encamped between them and the 6 waggons. As we were leaving the point of the high tongue of land 5 Miles North of Santa Cruz we caught a glimpse in the South East of the top peaks of the Mountain laid down in Cooke's Map as the Santa Cruz Mountain. It must be a mistake; the Santa Cruz Mountains, being the range we have turned, are now East of us and running South overlooking the town. The first view of the town was very beautiful. It is on a rise of land in the centre of the valley. The ranges of Mountains East and West of it are very bold and fine, timbered to the very tops, chiefly with oak. The right, or West bank of the stream, on which we now are, is highly picturesque, not being, as usual, a long unsightly bluff, but rises to the Mountains in a thousand little swells and undulations; the timber growing sometimes in clumps, at places in the indentations and little ravines, at others over the tops like a comb or crest. The East bank is an escarpment and looks like field works, or a fortification. The soil of the valley is rich and the grasses (grama and others) grow here luxuriantly. Exactly 10° North of East, North East of us, rises the highest peak of the long Sierra on the left bank of the San Pedro opposite to where Cooke first crossed the river. A Mexican who was in Gully's Camp said there was "mucha plata" there, but that they did not dare work it on $^{a}/_{c}$ of the Apaches. Most of our Train are much annoyed at being off Cooke's route so far. This way, we learn, is 4 days the farther. The peak of the Mountain due East of us is the same as 2 days ago was about West. I do not think our Camp place there can be more than 7 or 8 Miles from here in a straight line, and we now have taken a round of 26. It is too provoking! 2 deer and 1 Antelope brought in by hunters. We learn from a Mexican in Camp that the stream we are on, and which runs from due North as far as we can see, is the Santa Cruz river. *October 1849*

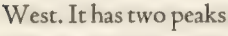
2nd Between 3 and 4 Miles brought us to Santa Cruz. The corn fields come

1849 *October* so close to the West side of the valley at places that it threw our waggons on the side hill; one large one canted and turned over into the water which flooded it.

Santa Cruz is an old looking place, very dilapidated; the grama grass growing on the tops of the houses. Two churches, one quite large and much ornamented, the other smaller, are quarters for the soldiers, 150 of whom are stationed in town; 150 more, I understand, being out on country parties after the Apaches who stripped them last spring of every thing except a few sheep and goats. They took all their mules, horses and beef cattle, amounting to 3700. Two months since, I understand, they sacked "Tubac," killing 3 or 4 women and children. The inhabitants of Tubac have deserted it and are scattered, some here, and some are gone to other villages. Most of the men and women of this place are now gone to "Arizpe," the capital of the state, to a grand festival or "Fandango," as they call it. They are certainly a very imbecile, trifling people. We got flour (unbolted) here, at $6.00 the Fanega (2½ bushels), and sugar in cakes weighing about ½ pound at 12½ cents the cake. Flour seems plentiful. Sugar which is made from the cane, not so. The people look better than those I saw in New Mexico. They have a brighter and more intelligent look. Santa Cruz stands on the right or West bank of the river on an elevated plateau. I took a sketch of it before entering, about North West from town. Our Train staid a short time there and then moved on a little in the rear of Gully's; our course down the valley 1 league due South, then turned West and went through the pass 1 league more to a deserted rancho, passing the stream in this distance some 16 or 18 times. We passed the deserted rancho 1 Mile and encamped before the other Train near the river. There seemed to be a great deal of sickness in Santa Cruz; chiefly fever and ague. The Cartman Roberts, sold his cart here for $10. Mr. Lightner takes his load for him, about 200#. Roberts finds 3 head of oxen and pays him, I understand, $10 per hundred besides. I hauled for Mr. Snelling 400# of flour and he found me only one Yoke of cattle, paid me nothing, and as soon as he took out his flour and had used 2 bags of mine he began to make a talk and I had to give the oxen up or expose myself to disagreeable observations. He has lived so long with his negro servants and dependent family that he does not know how arbitrary his way is, or how rude his man-

ners. Still he is a man of good feeling and kindly disposition; a man also of very good judgment, although spoiled by a rather more than uncommon share of egotism. Quinces were very plentiful at Santa Cruz, as also melons and pumpkins; beans and peas not as plentiful. No onions. I was told the quinces bore in 2 years after planting the seed. *October* 1849

3rd Our evening Camp is, as near as I can get it by the compass, North West from where we started in the morning; but our course has been a devious one. The first league was West on the river bottom. Then we went in a North West direction over some low hills that force the Santa Cruz river farther West. We continued North West until we struck the river again, then for a portion of the day North North West, which course for a while was the course of the river. We nooned at the river; 7½ Miles from morning Camp. In the afternoon a little more than 3 hours travel carried us about 6½ Miles. Just before camping our road cut through a mesquite wood of a larger growth than any I have yet seen. Some of the trees (for they are now trees instead of bushes) were two feet through. Road excellent, grass ditto. Mountains to the West are about 7 Miles from those on the East. Now at night Camp we are about opposite the North extremity of the western range, which runs a long way South, some 30 or 40 Miles. Both ranges run a little West of North. Dr. Compton, Mr. Duncan and self, rode back about a Mile when the Train started in the morning to examine the deserted rancho. It proved a very large establishment with a tower (having loop holes) at the South East corner; built of adobe, part 2 stories high. This we took to be the owner's quarters. Some rooms were laid down with burnt brick, sides of doorways ditto, roof ditto, and covered very neatly with a hard cement, raised and rounded at the outer edge. Large furnaces with what appeared to me like drying kilns, with what were like malt kilns over them. A lime kiln. Large circular vats with fire places under; I thought these were for the purpose of boiling sugar. Large square cistern for water, neatly cemented. Loom; American waggon; carpenter's bench and some tools, etc., etc., etc. Officers and Majordomo's quarters were very extensive; fine peach orchard, some apple and pear trees, grape, apricots, fig trees, etc. A few rods from the rancho were large vats neatly cemented. As the ground all round was cemented to lead clean water into

1849 *October* them; we concluded them to be water vats. Vast pile of bones of cattle nearby. The corral, which was burnt up, could have easily held a 1000 head of cattle. In a word, a complete establishment; much the best I have seen and infinitely better than San Bernardino. I did not take a sketch as we took so long to examine it, and as it was we only caught the Train just as it was about to corral. On our road over the low hills we saw a herd of about 20 Antelope some 3000 yards from us; pretty creatures, they bounded away as fleet as the wind. Timber on the river—Cottonwood, large mesquite, black walnut; little sycamore except in the pass. One oak we passed near the road spread its branches over 30 paces. Santa Barbara, as I presume it was, was a deserted rancho 4 Miles from morning Camp; both rancho and Camp are on the left bank of the river. Sun-flowers 12 feet high here. On the East side of the river, at a great distance, there is a range of Mountains running apparently East and West. It has two peaks 

; half way between them is North North West exactly. I intend to take these two peaks for points of observation as they are so far off and so high. At noon Camp and at crossing the river to Santa Barbara I noticed that the bed of the river at places, as also the sand at the side, were thickly sprinkled with shiny yellow particles about the size of a pin's head. It looked as if the river ran over golden sand, bright as the dreams of youth and as fallacious. It was mica. There were two Mexicans who staid in our Camp last night near the deserted rancho and this morning they gave me the names and distance of places between Santa Cruz and Tucson. I was surprised for I thought the valley a wilderness like those we had passed. I write it out, and we shall see how near their calculations and mine agree. Their ℄ was as follows: from Camp, 1 Mile West of rancho and 7 from Santa Cruz, to Santa Barbara rancho, 2½ leagues; from there to Guevavi (R), 2 leagues; to Calabasas (R), 2 leagues; to the Pueblo Tamacacori, 6 leagues; to Tubac, 1 league; to San Xavier, 16 leagues; Tucson, 3 leagues from San Xavier.

4th Our course today has been a changeable one, but the river here, as last night, is North West from where it turns northly. Two miles we went North West; 2 Miles North North West, 1 Mile North; here we crossed the river to the left bank, and as the banks close in almost to a cañon it threw us on the side hill for a time. Followed one Mile of bot-

tom in a North West direction, the river bending here to the right or East, and then we rose onto a shelf of land and passed over it two Miles farther. Here the bend came back and we repassed to the right bank again and encamped. In the afternoon our general course was North West, river very winding. Our road was sometimes on the bottom and often passing little spurs of the high land, but the hills were not bad. On the whole the road was good. Three Miles from morning Camp there was a pueblo on the left bank of the river. I did not see it for I was driving. It was described to me by Dr. Snelling. On the flat or river bottom there was 1 house with 4 rooms and 1 house with 6 rooms; in each of which was a furnace and outside a great many waggon loads of cinder; at the back of these, 70 or 80 adobe houses built in this form for defense. I understood him to say that some of the houses were built of adobe and cinder. This must be "Guevavi!" *October 1849*

Three Miles below noon Camp we passed close by a ruined rancho on an elevation on the right bank of river. It was like Santa Barbara, a mere pile of crumbling adobe walls. One Mile below this on the other side of the river the horsemen saw a large establishment which I presume to be "Calabasas." It was also a ruin. As my whole time today was taken up with driving my Team and, when we stopped, in herding cattle, I was unable to examine these places myself. I can merely tell of what was said by others of the party. I noticed a quantity of Convolvuli of different shades of blue today. Mesquite at least 3 feet through and one black walnut as large across its branches as the oak I saw yesterday—90 feet. The grass was plentiful but a poor kind; bunchy swamp grass. The hunters say that the deer and Antelope are very plentiful. Poor Dick gave out. Things look dark for me. Roberts lent me a steer. Morning, 8 Miles. Evening, 6 Miles; 14 in all. They are pushing on at a very unwise pace and take no rest. I have preached prudence to them to no purpose. It is vain to tell them that on the Gila we shall have hard times. The word is: "On, On—no delay!" I prophesy trouble and loss from this.

5th Went with Dr. Compton to the top of the highest hill in our vicinity to take some bearings. Found that the river ran from where it turns its course northerly, about 6 Miles West of pass, to this spot 5° West of North West. North end of Mountain range West of Santa Cruz is

1849 *October* 5 points North of East North East, distance probably 10 Miles. East peak of ⩙ double peak due North from here. This is the range running East and West, with the two remarkable peaks that day before yesterday between peaks bore North North West. This range is probably 10 or 12 Miles from here, and seems from here to run East South East to West North West. A range of hills between here and there about East and West sinks to the North-pointing Mountains West of Santa Cruz, and there, probably, a pass from Santa Cruz valley East to Santa Cruz valley West might be found. A single peak (3 peaks but it looks like one in the outline) shoots up West North West about 5 Miles, the terminus of the range of hills between here and the double peak Mountain. West of us is a long range running North and South; the South, farther than the range that day before yesterday formed the West side of Santa Cruz river valley, marking, as I suppose, a new valley West of the river. South from here the whole valley is much broken into hills, gorges, ravines and slopes. The course of the river now seems to run still North West to a point of the Mountains. Our road ran North West, toward the North of the point of the Mountains on the West side of the river, which bow South, outward from river, and then in again toward the range named as ending two days ago. Our trace was chiefly on the bottom, quite a good road. 4½ hours, 9 Miles to noon Camp. Single peak of the terminus Mountain is due East; this terminus runs to the river bottom and shows here a flat side some 5 or 6 Miles long. The East peak of the double-peak Mountain is North East. Dick gave out last night and again today: had to drive 2 Miles into Camp with Tom and Jerry. Things look darker and darker for me as no one is willing to lend any cattle. Mr. Snelling still urges me to throw away my waggon. Will not do it; will stick it out to the last. I will get to Tucson at any rate. Will think of it and act there. Scoggins saw an Indian this morning on the West side of the river; painted; and also a number of wigwam fires. He had just killed a deer, but when he saw the Indian he left it and made for Camp. He told me that a large creek puts into the river on the West side, as big as the river itself. All the rock I have seen in this valley is the same as in the little valleys on the East of Santa Cruz Mountain; a conglomerate of pebbles and broken stones held together by a cement. Saw some yesterday dipping, say, 20° East, in laminae, varying from

3 inches to 1 foot. We still have the same swampy bunch grass as yesterday and the day before; the grama seems to have given out. Afternoon we travelled a little over 2 hours and went about 5 Miles. Three Miles from noon Camp, as I was riding slowly along driving loose cattle, I heard the toll of a church bell, and, coming shortly to a more open space, saw a long brick fence and some distance beyond, under the Mountain, a white cupola. Finding a gap in the fence we went through and, passing a large growth of sun-flowers some 14 feet high, we came to the river, which here was some 30 yards in width. Passing it we soon arrived at a very large building with many appendages. I will not now describe it as I ran over it in a hasty manner. The Train being in advance and I not having my portfolio, I determined to return tomorrow and make a sketch and have a more thorough look at it. We got to the Train, some 3 Miles, about sundown. It had encamped inside of a brush fence near Tubac. It was too late to go there so I must examine that also tomorrow. It is situated apparently at the end of the range of Mountains on the West side of the river, spoken of as bowing out, and is at the North end of the arc. The church we examined was "Tumacacori." I found a key which I brought to Camp and shall keep as a memento.

6th Wolves last night were more than usually noisy. I could not sleep for their constant howling. I went with Dr. Compton and others back to the Pueblo Tumacacori. We took what we thought was a short cut, but were so much impeded by brush fences that stretch in all directions, masses of sun-flowers and mesquite bushes, that we had a wearisome time getting there. When there, the rest ran about looking at it and I sat myself down on the South side and took a sketch of it. The church is built chiefly of brick, plastered over. The square tower looks as if it had never been finished. The houses, extending East, are adobe. The church inside is about 90x18, painted and gilded with some pretensions to taste. The Altar place under the dome was, of course, more carved, gilded, and painted than anywhere else. Behind the church, North side, there is a large burying ground enclosed by a neat adobe wall plastered and having niches in it at intervals. There was a circular oratory at the South end of it near the church. East of the Church there was a large square yard, on the West side of which, passing under some solid arches,

1849 *October* we came to a flight of steps leading to a granary, etc. It is a very large establishment and the monks or priests had every accommodation to make life comfortable, as they usually contrive to do.

In the square tower there were 3 large bells, and there was one lying inside the church, dedicated to Señor San Antonio—dated 1809.

On leaving it, we struck a mule trail that took us straight to Tubac on the West side of the river, the same as the Pueblo, distance about 1 league. We found it deserted on $^{a}/_{c}$ of Apache depredations (they killed 2 women and 2 children) about 2 months since; so we heard at Santa Cruz; but it looks as if it had been deserted much longer. The walls are all punched with holes for musketry, etc. It is mere pile of tumble-down adobe houses. The church has no roof; is built in the form of a cross—main building 90x25. It was not worth the trouble of sketching. We found some old military papers in one of the houses. I took 2 or 3 of them and put them into my portfolio as a "souvenir."

Our waggon Train, as soon as they left, crossed the stream to the left bank and passed on about ½ Mile through Tubac and continued on in a North course 3½ hours—7 Miles. One ½ Mile from town they recrossed the river to the right bank again. The river runs on the West side of the valley to Tumacacori, and after Tubac to the East, then back to the West. I took a bearing of the point of fresh range of Mountains North of Tubac and the point of them was 10° West of North. Another range of Mountains, North of the double peak (East peak of which was due North East from Tubac Church), runs on, and ends exactly North. Between these the river runs as near as I could make out; so that, to Tubac it runs North-West in general course, and from thence North 5° West. The character of the country is entirely changed here. The valley, West of the river, gradually runs to the foot of next range of Mountains North West, the whole inclined plane much covered with mesquite. The East peak of the double peak Mountain is 10° North of East; the West peak now, being from this place, on the right hand. I was much wearied with my ride. The day was intensely hot and when I got back to Camp the Snellings did not offer me anything to eat, and I would not ask for it, so I had to go from breakfast at 7 o'clock until past sundown without a mouthful. This seems strange in people that perfectly gorge their own family, negroes and all, but such is human nature.

We have some grama grass here but it looks dry, and some of the party think it worthless. I am of a different opinion.

We made a great mistake in staying so long in the pine woods near Manzanas—as advised by Carson and Leroux. We should have passed here 6 weeks ago. Width of the valley here from Mountain to Mountain is, say, 10 Miles. 7 Miles below, at Terminus Mountain to point of circle West of river near Tubac, less. Rattlesnakes.

7th SUNDAY. So sick last night that I could not stand guard, the first time I have missed since leaving the frontier. I wrote all this morning, notwithstanding. The point of the Mountain that bends into Tubac keeps on to this place, North 7 Miles, and ends. Raining part of the night and morning. North of us, ranges of Mountains far back from the river on both sides. We started about noon and travelled 4 hours, 8 Miles. The road was a little East of North all the way. Four Miles to the Mountains, East side of river, which we now saw at the end, due East from us. In 2½ Miles we crossed the river to left bank. Here the double peak took a vast bend East and then runs in again North; the same with the Mountains West of river; they bend out West and then run in again toward the river. Good road, through weeds, sun-flowers 16 feet high, mesquite, etc., etc. Left Gully's Train behind. Left Turner's, that passed us just as we were starting, ½ Mile South of the river. There are 6 waggons 1 Mile north. Raining. Borrowed a steer today of Foster, who has a Yoke of loose steers. I thought I had made a bargain with him for them, but on my arrival at Camp he came and took them away, as he had sold them to a Mr. Merrill of Turner's Train. Worse and worse, it seems as if I should not be able to get on. It looks very dark for me but I have the bump of hope strong yet and believe I shall get through; "nil desperandum" shall be my motto yet. Three or four hundred yards below where we crossed the river it sinks into the sand, and where it rises again we do not know. It sinks in the bend North East of the point of double peak Mountain. Joseph jokes about washing gold near Santa Cruz; the yellow mica sands.



8th We started at 8 and got to Camp at ½ past 12, but I do not think we went over 6 or 7 Miles. Our course was a little East of North, on the incline

Falstaffian soldiers

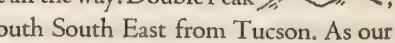
1849 October Plain running up from river toward the Mountain West, through a dense mesquite wood mixed with other thorny shrubs. In this country everything is thorny, the grass even is pointed and, running up through your trousers, chafes and wounds you. The leaves of some of the oaks have sharp points. Everything is armed, and all the insects are venomous. Our road was a little up hill and sandy, the draft was heavy and tried the cattle much for about 3 Miles. 4 Miles from Camp we saw the first Cereus Giganteus, on the left of the road; it was about 30 feet high. Five Miles from Camp we found water in a trench, East of the road. Here we stopped to water the cattle. East North East from present Camp is a sink in the range of Mountains, through which I think Cooke must have passed when he left the San Pedro river. Grama grass with 4 heads here; good, but dry. We had to water our cattle at the creek with buckets; the day being very sultry, it was rather a tough job. The point of the East range of the semicircle of Mountains is at the North point 50°West of North from hence. We met some Mexicans at noon Camp going from Tucson to Santa Cruz. Two of these were "soldados." Any one of Falstaff's ragged regiment was well dressed in comparison. Our afternoon drive was 4½ hours. It rained but we made probably 10 Miles; some part of the way East of North and some West of North a few degrees. Mesquite dense but small, road sandy. Cacti, in great variety. Roberts had lent me an ox. It also gave out this afternoon. This is the 4th ox that has given out with me. My waggon is heavy and runs very hard. If I can only get to Tucson I will sell it or give it away. What I will do, I know not, but it looks very black for me now. I will keep up my heart and trust in a Good Providence which has been singularly favorable to me ever since leaving home. Something will turn up, I do not doubt. The road this afternoon was level. When we arrived at night Camp we had to dip up the muddy water from the ruts and puddles in the road to make our coffee, and to drink.

It did not drink unpleasantly, and was not as muddy as the waters of the Del Norte, when first taken from the river. Hardly any feed for our cattle, and still they push on and on! I have ceased to remonstrate because they think I only do so because my cattle are failing, but I know they will all suffer for this before they get far. Time will show.

9th Started before sun-up to get water for breakfast. Road good. Course about North North West, 3¼ hours—7 Miles, to a pretty grassy bottom, perfectly level, close by San Xavier; the Indian village marked in Cooke's map as 3 leagues from Tucson. After breakfast I went there and took a sketch of the Pueblo. It is, with the exception of the Church, a most miserable hole. Whilst looking at the Church the Train passed. I had been talking with a man who wanted to buy my waggon for a horse and some money, but as the Train would not stop, I, of course, lost my chance. I did not like this very well. Joined Train and sent Walter back on Pony to see the Church, etc., and drove myself. The inside of the Church was very elaborately carved and gilded, with a number of large oil paintings, but none of any worth that I could see. Wooden and waxen images of Saints at all points. Tinsel and ginger-bread work. The building was a fine one, the roof and dome plastered in shell work. The roof leaks and the water runs down the sides over paintings and all. They are too lazy to mend it and a few years will ruin them and their few gildings, too. My sketch will give a better idea of it—better than a description. It is built of large burnt brick and cemented over.

The road from San Xavier to Camp, 1 Mile short of Tucson, was very level, running through mesquite, etc. We encamped in a grassy bottom much covered with saline efflorescence. The river has divided to a mere brook, the grassy banks of which are not more than 2 yards apart. Isolated Mountains West of us, rugged and peaky; look something like the Gold regions West of Galisteo. The Cereus Giganteus grows on the hills and Mountains in such quantities that it gives them a very singular appearance. They look as if covered with the naked branches of trees, only they are of a bright green. We heard at San Xavier that a Mexican had recently returned from California with $60,000 worth of Gold. This has put our Train in the notion of urging on still faster. If they do not keep cool they will run down their cattle entirely and never get them or their waggons on at all. We also heard that a new road has been laid out on the other side of the Colorado, by which we shun the much dreaded "Jornada" of 90 Miles. If this is true we may get in.

10th Went to Tucson after breakfast with Walter and took Johnny Jumpup with me for interpreter, determined to get rid of my waggon at almost

1849 *October* any sacrifice. After some trouble I sold it to one Ygnacio Saez for a "Mulo and Caballo"—a mule and a pony. After all I have got out of my bad spot well. The mule is not fat, but it is a fine large one; with it I got saddle, bridle and "cabriesto." It is worth $75.00. The horse is small but young and a good rider. This mounts both Walter and myself. Poor Billy is quite run down; mere skin and bones. My two Yoke of cattle are sufficient to enable me to have my possessions, which do not weigh over 200#, drawn in Mr. Snelling's waggons. Tom and Jerry are in good order, and all that Dick and Bully need is rest from work for 10 days or a fortnight. I changed my load from the waggon to Mr. Snelling's and took the empty waggon to Town; mounted my mule and Walter his pony, returned and helped drive loose cattle. Walter went on to the Camp to get the chain that had been left behind. He found it and another in a wooden basket belonging to a Squaw, but had to take a stick of wood and threaten to beat her before he could get them, but he was firm and brought them off. I was so busy with my trade that I had no time to sketch Tucson; not sorry, it was not worth the trouble. I learned here that the Indians at San Xavier were Pimas and that their villages were scattered all about the valley, their number being about 2 to 3000 souls. If they have any houses, which I should doubt from their exceedingly brutish appearance, they are "Cristianos." Those who will not join the Church, stay off at the villages on the Gila. If they are like those I saw at San Xavier, Emory, Cooke and Johnson saw them through a mist. They are brave, however, and Saez told me they kept the valley clear of Apaches. They are ugly as sin and black as the devil. The Church at San Xavier, I learned, was over 100 years old. Our Train passed straight through Tucson, only staying long enough to take in a little flour for which they paid $7.50 the fanega. I went with Ygnacio to the Alcalde, who gave me a paper guaranteeing the validity of the sale of the mule and horse for the waggon, specifying the brand, etc., for which I paid him $2. I think he looked surprised at my asking him what was to pay, for he did not answer me at once and was very polite indeed after I had paid him. We encamped two Miles from Tucson, our road going through a dense mesquite thicket all the way. Double Peak 

; half way between the peaks is South South East from Tucson. As our Train passed through the town there was quite a crowd in the street to

look at us—they were the best looking and best dressed Mexicans I have seen. Many of the men were quite good looking, more intelligence was marked on their faces than I have seen in any other town I have passed through. On the West side of the river is an old Pima Pueblo. Ygnacio told me it was the second building erected in the valley, the Pueblo of San Xavier being the first. I regretted my inability to go to see it. Flour was the only thing that we wanted that we could get at Tucson. Sugar and coffee, they had none. Beans and peas and pumpkins were, however, as usual in plenty.

The Emigrants' needs have made arms cheap here. One man showed me two excellent revolvers that he had purchased for $2.00 a piece and a very good rifle for $4.00. At the Alcalde's I saw a new artillery sword such as in St. Louis they ask $20.00 for, which he said he had paid only $3.00 for. Many of the Emigrants had traded their waggons here for horses and mules. I saw some 7 or 8 and heard that many more had been left. On leaving town I could not help observing that the tall Cacti (C.G.) gave a change to the whole land. Call mule, Charley; and pony, Dandy.

11th The oxen had got scattered in the mesquite so much during the morning feeding that it was late before we could collect them to make a start and then we found that we were on the wrong road. We turned back a Mile and, taking a cross road, got at length on the right trace and kept on, sometime sandy and sometime good road, to just where we touch the Santa Cruz river for the last time, which at the passing place was a mere mud hole. Just below the road a little way the water stood in pools. Here we encamped and East of the "river" found a fine patch of grama grass. We determined to stay here for the rest of the day. This, many of the party think doing very well. I think they ought to stay 2 or 3 days. And although they now know my remonstrances are disinterested, their eagerness to get on, since they have heard of the Mexican retiring with $60,000, is so great that they cannot make up their mind to do it. Some of them are led on by Tilden, whose load is light and whose cattle are young and in as good order as any. He thinks he can get through if any one can, and, being a very selfish man, urges the rest on. He sways some whose feelings are excited and they combined will, I fear, urge on the

1849 *October* whole Train until we get into serious trouble. There are some of the elders of the party, however, who are beginning to look grave, and listen to me with some attention. I know that I am right in urging delay and caution, and therefore still stick to my text. From here it is a mean "Jornada" to the Pima villages and they ought to prepare. I am thankful that I have got out of my scrape about the waggon so well. My mule is worth $80, and the pony $20 or $25, so that I have really sold my waggon for more than it is worth and my cattle render me independent about my plunder, as any one would be willing at this stage of the journey to haul it for the use of the cattle. Walter and self sleep in one of Mr. Snelling's waggons. It is not so comfortable as my own, to be sure, but it is well enough. Surely a Protecting Providence guards us on this long journey. Whenever it has looked the darkest for me something has occurred that makes my prospects bright again. I am grateful for this and hope springs strong within me that all will end well, and that I shall yet see all the dear ones at home in health, happiness and prosperity.

12th They could not make up their mind to stay. The word is still forward. I hope they will not use it. We had a long search for the cows in the mesquite; found them at last. Poor Buck, one of Mr. Snelling's steers could not get up and we left him. Here we left the Santa Cruz river for good and all, and rolled on beyond the point of the Mountain beyond which on Cooke's map is marked a dry creek. At this we encamped near by Gully's Train. They put my squad here on cattle guard out of turn. Here we discovered that the Train in their eagerness to move on had not filled all their kegs, so we have taken this dangerous road with an insufficient supply of water. Surely they are not in their right minds. We left dry creek at 3 P.M. and continued driving until half past eleven, 8½ hours. The road is perfectly level. I helped drive the loose cattle part of the day and all night, although I was so miserably sick a part of the night that everything swam before me and I fairly reeled in my saddle. Almost the whole time we were enveloped in clouds of dust. The country is a desert. The place where we stopped was about 4 Miles short of what is marked on the map as "small water holes in the rock." We found during the day grama grass in small patches. This helped us some. Country is covered with larrea, mesquite, etc.

I stood cattle guard at noon and then went to hunt for water. I went first North East, near by to some Mountains. Mr. Snelling while hunting this morning ran between the Mountains mentioned by Saez as where the river trace passed, and which I found by compass was North West from Tucson, and there discovered the dry bed of the river as Saez had told me. On my return from there I saw from an elevated point a line of trees South of the road, which I suppose wends along the course of the "dry creek" marked on the map. I was very tired on my return to the road so that I got Chatham to take my mule and go in the direction I pointed out, to see if there was water. He went about 2 Miles, the distance I told him I thought it was, found the dry bed of a creek and returned. We encamped at 11½. Gully's Train ahead. Took a cup of coffee and returned to our waggon. I was so tired I could not sleep save by snatches. We saw two meteors tonight. The first, the most splendid I ever saw, shot from the East to the West and lighted up the whole horizon. It was accompanied with a rushing sound and left a phosphorescent streak where it course had been, which after awhile collected together and looked like a nebula. The second shot straight up and fell down again and looked just like a blue light. Both were North of us. "Cave omen," etc. Rattlesnakes, greenish here. *October* 1849

13*th* The Train went only about 4 or 5 Miles today; that is, to between the Mountains which spring out of the Plain where on Cooke's map it is marked "small water holes in the rocks." They are not mere rocks but, as I have said, Mountains; the North one a range springing right up out of the flat, level Plain. Here, in the valley between the Mountains, we found good coarse grass and plenty of water lying in trenches or long ditches. Gully's Train got there first and we encamped close by them. There are two large piles of basalt or lava, one on each side of the road; one near the Mountains to North, the other close to the Mountains on the left. They look very curious piled up on the level Plain. Near them grow some fine large Green-barked Acacias. The Train got in about noon and laid by for the day and that is all they will do I expect. Mr. Snelling and self left the Train to hunt for water before starting, the cattle having had none since yesterday morning. We took the North side of the road and hunted close up to the Mountain but found none.

1849 *October* We began to fear that we would have to go on to the Gila before we got it, and if so did not know what the consequences might be, when we stumbled on some of Gully's mules near the pass in a patch of grass. We soon found their Camp and water. Near them our own Train had already corralled. We have been much favoured in all our trials on this long journey, which I feel we hardly deserved. I had just time to take a good wash at one of the pools when I was again put on cattle guard. I nearly lost patience at this. They have made a mistake in the guard and so my squad has to stand in this gap and suffer. It puts me out more because I really need some time to myself to finish some sketches, etc., etc., and the other guard is composed of young men who will either lounge about and do nothing or sit down to play cards. It will all come right in the end I suppose. Cereus Giganteus, Fish-hook cactus, and a new kind of tree cactus of a very light green, in great plenty here. In the latter the birds build their nest safe from all intrusion. In our ride this morning we saw numbers of very large rabbits and also some very large Tarantulas. We measured the circumference where the feet of one spread and found it covered as much ground as was covered by the foot of a mule.

14th SUNDAY. We left our Camp between the Mountains after breakfast. It is just at the top of a divide; the water, when there is any, runs all ways from here. The ground is perfectly bare and the larrea, mesquite, or some scattering weeds spring up solitary. Once in a way at long intervals there is a bunch or two of grass. As you look over the Plain above the thorny bushes it looks green, but it is in fact a desert.

The day, fortunately for us, was cool for driving but it was very dusty. The last three days have been hazy, like our Indian summer. Saw some Escholzia and a little low plant with an orange coloured flower like our little night cap. They look strange at this time. We left Camp this morning about 8 o'clock and did not encamp until we reached Gully's Train, 2 Miles from the Gila river, at half past 1 next morning. 17½ hours! At noon we stopped the cattle in the road and let them rest for half an hour without taking them out of the waggons, taking a cold bite ourselves. At sundown we corralled and taking the cattle from the waggons without unyoking put them into corral. We cooked and ate a

The diarist's spelling of Eschscholtzia *and many other botanical names was not always correct.*

hasty supper, staying short of an hour. There was neither water nor grass for the cattle. From Mountain to Mountain it is a desert with only here and there a few straggly spears of grass, which with the bare earth, some mesquite, wild sage, and larrea composes the delightful prospect on this perfectly level Plain. The road was very dusty. As soon as supper was over, the word was passed and we hitched up and moved on. I helped drive the loose cattle and cows as I have done since I got my mule. We were enveloped all the while in something between a cloud and a bank of dust and sand. It was very cold, and I was completely tired out on arriving at Camp. When the Train arrived there I found that Billy, the poor little pony given by Henry to Walter at starting, had broken from the waggon I had tied him to and was missing. No help. It was too late and I was too tired to hunt him then. Went to bed supperless about 2½ after trying to warm myself. I would have liked a cup of coffee after my driving in the dust but the womenkind had been abed and asleep since dark and did not like to get up to get any for us. We unyoked the cattle and let them run loose anywhere, as some of Gully's men told us they had done, there being a pond of water close by. I tied up my hungry mule and Walter's pony to the waggon wheel for fear of losing them also. I think I never was so tired in my life. Our Camp is North of the hill between which and the Mountains is where Cooke's road went, as I suppose.

15th Off early with Walter after Billy. Went back about 5 Miles to the point of the Mountains but could not find him although we hunted faithfully both sides of the road. Other horses and mules were also missing. On our return to Camp we found a Pima Indian there who offered to hunt him for a remuneration. I promised it and he started, but he returned to our night Camp at sunset without him. This is the last, I fear, of poor Billy, unless some of Turner's Train see him. We moved our Camp from the turn of the road to within about 1½ league of the Villages, as the grass was poor and there was no water except the puddle for 2 mules. We have water at our evening Camp, to be sure, for we are close by the river but the grass is worse than at the other Camp. Our tired and hungry cattle, mules and horses, have a very slim chance. Our prospect is rather a hard one. We left Gully's Camp at the turn of the road.

1849 *October* There are 6 waggons just above them, and we hear that the Peoria Train is a short distance below. Berry's Train is a day ahead and Jackson's, 3 or 4. The last have lost, I hear, 3 mules from bites of Tarantulas. The Gila is very full and very muddy. I expected a clear mountain stream and am much disappointed. The Indians in Camp are much better looking and cleaner than the "Cristianos" at San Xavier.

Sick all day with bowel complaint. Our Camp close to the river is in an impalpable dust, over our shoes at every step, and surrounded with very high weeds. I am wearied to death with these "jornadas" or "Horns," as black Tom calls them. Home and its comforts are before my eyes constantly. I am much grieved at the loss of poor little Billy. I never saw him but what I thought of dear little Henry, and thoughts of him naturally brought thoughts of the rest at home. 10 Miles today.

16*th* Went before the Train with Walter and Johnny Jumpup to see the Villages. The first we struck was about 4 Miles from Camp; miserable assemblage of huts and naked Indians. These were Mari-co-pas. A short distance farther brought us to the first Pima (pronounced by them, Peemah) Village. We continued on for Miles threading our way by huts, sometimes scattered and sometimes sufficiently close and numerous to be called villages. At length we came to a very large field that had been recently overflowed by the acequia along the outer fence near which were occasional huts. We passed round a small rocky elevation to get to this point and in one of the huts, just beyond where the acequia crossed the road, we found Juan Antonio, the "Capitano." He was dressing up to meet our Captain. It took him a long while. When he came forth he had on a dark pair of trousers with a broad white brocade stripe down the side and a blue blanket coat with embroidered straps on the shoulders and a broad Palm leaf sombrero. His hair was tied in a club behind. He was a fine intelligent looking old man. I got tired of waiting, and, therefore, was not there when our Captain came up. Some of our party told him that Juan Antonio had dressed up to see him, but that did not better things, for he spoke to him, I understand, rather short, and observed that he was not going to stay and "fool with him." This cavalier treatment, I have reason to believe, rather offended the old chief. The Train watered their cattle at the acequia and moved on. Near sundown,

finding no chance for grass, they stopped near a field and made a bargain with one of the chiefs for green corn to feed them. The Indians were soon running into camp with large bundles of it on their heads. We had to pay them 2/ per bundle.

The diarist uses the sign / for real *or* bit; *12½ cts.*

Our Camp was soon flooded with men, women and children. Corn, beans, peas, melons, pumpkins, etc., they had in plenty. The men were very dark and well made and intelligent looking; very different from the "Cristianos" of San Xavier. Their costumes were various; some with shirt and breech cloth, some with the latter only, but some had good American blankets and some had all kinds of American clothes, which they had bought or stolen from the Emigrants. The women, old and young, were as dark and not as good looking as the men. For costume they had a piece of coarse home-made cotton cloth tied round their waist. From their waist up they were perfectly naked. The men all wear their hair very long, twisting locks of it so that it looks like hair ropes; the whole either tied in a club behind or wound round their heads. These latter, we heard, have lost relations. Some had plastered their long thick hair so that they looked as if they wore a helmet of clay. This was done, I understand, to kill off the vermin when they got too thick. I understand that a party of them had recently been into the Apache country on $^{o}/_{c}$ of some depredations on their stock and had killed some 15 or 20 Apaches and brought home a number of children prisoners.

They are very difficult to trade with. I tried to buy a horse for arms but could not. They did not like to part with their horses. They offered, however, to give a horse for a Yoke of cattle. I saw a number of good looking cattle as I rode through their Villages, and also parts of several American waggons. They are a shrewd race and "look to the end." From Emory's, Cooke's and Johnson's reports, we deemed them singularly honest. We were, therefore, off our guard. The consequences were that they stole a great quantity of things from us. We lost axes, hatchets, pistols, blankets, coats, aprons, etc., etc., etc. We were perfectly astounded when they left us at night to find how much we had lost. Pimas sunk below par with us at once. I am rather disposed to think that if Captain White had made the old Chief some presents and paid his compliments to him in a proper manner it would not have happened. Part of Gully's Train, which has split up, encamped near us. They also lost a

1849 *October* great deal by the Indians. Our road today, as usual since leaving Tucson, was a dead level. Soil, when a few feet or wheels has passed over it, was like ashes. Dust suffocating! The fields of the Pimas were fenced for many Miles with stakes and poles or stakes and brush woven in. Large acequias for irrigation run for Miles. Distance traveled by Train, 10 Miles; 6 Miles through the Villages.

17th Off before sun-up to get to grass and away from the Indians. We left Mr. Lightner behind for a day to recruit his cattle, which had all nearly given out with the great fatigue and little food of 3 days past. About 4 Miles brought us to the end of the Villages, which I judge extend at least 10 Miles. They are a free, bold-looking race but great thieves.

Since I have seen them I do not wonder at their ability to chastise the Apaches when they make excursions against them. I should think Old Juan Antonio would find no difficulty in collecting 500 warriors in 2 or 3 hours in an emergency. Our road is still a dead level and of the consistency of dry ashes. Still no grass; a mere desert. Passed a solitary hill which lay to the South of us and encamped close to Camp 97 of Emory's map, as near as I can make out; say, 12 Miles from morning Camp. Time 5½ hours. We found here some coarse swamp grass and brackish water in some old acequias. We are getting rather anxious about our prospects as our cattle are failing fast from their great exertions lately and scanty feed. I am astonished at their endurance. We must stay here a day or two to recruit, as from here we have another "Jornada" of 45 Miles. Five Mexicans, returned from the Colorado, came into Camp today. They had been with the Mexican Commissioner who is sent to run the land from the Colorado to the point South of the Bay of San Diego. They have given us some very useful information. They tell us that tomorrow or next day 7 more Mexicans will be here from the mines in California, who can tell us about the route after crossing the Colorado.

18th Staid in Camp all day and wrote as much as I could. Few Indians. Six waggons came up and encamped within 1½ Mile of us; Gully's also near by. I hear by one of their men who visited our Camp that little Billy is back at the Villages. Did not hear of it until late in the day. Will go after him tomorrow. Seven Mexicans came in from California; got a

great deal of useful information from them. They are taking home a great deal of gold, how much I do not know, but our Captain and some of the others of our Train saw a double handful of it. On! On! is the word; and the poor cattle will have to take the "Jornada" without sufficient rest. It is of no use to reason with them. Reason versus gold has a poor chance.

Five Mexicans caught a Maricopa Indian stealing one of their horses. They tied him and took him to a chief that happened to be close to our Camp. The chief had him whipped I understand. I did not see it but heard yells. Pimas about, stained and painted.

19th Out at half past 2 on guard. At daylight I picketed horses to get a little grass before starting for the Villages. A little before sunrise Walter, Johnny and V. Rickets and self went back to Juan Antonio's house which is composed of 4 crotched sticks, the top laid over with poles on which some straw and dirt is piled; the sides loose thatched with wheat straw; a small hole in one corner being left to crawl in and out of. In front of this is a rough shed. This is the palace of the great Governor of the Pima and Maricopa Indians. We found him squatted on the ground with an old red flannel shirt on and one of their cotton blankets wrapped around his loins and legs. His squaw and 2 or 3 more were present. As I had observed before, no sooner were our horses tied at the chief's "house" than a few old men were seen coming from various quarters. They dropped in one by one and squatted down. I opened my business about the pony and made him some little presents of tobacco, beads, rings, etc. I made him understand my loss and my wish to regain the pony. He listened very gravely, said a few words; at which a young man rose and went outside the fence, but staid there. He then began talking to his old men or council, as I took them to be. The young man outside staid to listen. He talked long in a low tone of voice, using a great deal of very graceful gesticulation. At length he spoke to me and by means of gestures and a few words of Spanish, that he knows, gave me to understand that Pony was found by one of his people on the road back toward Tucson some 25 Miles from his house; that I should have it but I must pay the man $2.00 for his trouble. As he was yet talking a little boy rode poor Billy to where we were sitting. I could only raise $1.50 so

1849 *October* the chief determined to ride with me to Camp for the other 50c. He and the old man that had found the pony accompanied me to Camp which had been moved 2 Miles farther, near some old Acequias. It was 15 Miles to the Chief's house and 17 back. He, on the way, said he wanted a shirt and that I must give him one and asked me if that was "bueno." I said "Si, bueno." When at Camp I gave him the 4/ and a shirt, but he liked the dirty one I had on better than the new one I gave him, and wished me to exchange, so I literally stript off my shirt and gave it to him. When we arrived at Camp, they were driving up the cattle to move on to pass the "Jornada." This came rather hard to me and my horses that had already gone 32 Miles. However, there was no remedy. In half an hour they started. I watered my horses and mules and took my place behind the loose cattle. Mule and horse with insufficient breakfast, no supper, and a "Jornada" to pass without a blade of grass or drop of water! Mr. Snelling here left his big waggon and took his son Charles', who with Wm. Draper, Washburn, Foster, Robb, Roberts, Kane and Johnny Jumpup determined to pack from here. This I think bad for our Train as it takes away so many mules and horses from it, and if we can not get on with our waggons what shall we do with the women and children? But of this neither Mr. Snelling nor any one else seems to have thought on. We started at 5½ and travelled until 11½; say, 12 Miles. We passed Pitahaya and Cactus, etc. So tired that I fell asleep in my saddle 3 times. Encamped in a desert. Pima Villages South, South West and West South West as told by old Juan Antonio.

20*th* Hasty cup of coffee and off early. Drove cattle. Had a miserable sick headache all the morning. Semicircle of hills running from North of West round us bending southerly and toward the East. Level road until near circle of Mountains West of us. Started at ½ past 7 and got to the pass or "Puerta de la Sierra," as the Mexicans called it, at 1. The entrance to the pass is very rugged and uneven. About 2 Miles after striking it we encamped at 2 o'clock, cattle all giving out; Mr. Lightner left one. The range of Mountains looks like mere piles of broken stones; very singular. Hard on poor Billy and Pony. Divided my canteen of water between them and gave them each a pint of corn. Dead cattle, yokes and chains, etc., scattered along. We only staid here an hour, and

continued on in the sun. Mr. Snelling put Dick and Bully into one of his teams, although Bully was sick. Started at 3¼ and travelled until 10. When we arrived at the river poor Bully gave out and laid down. A number of other cattle had dropped on the road and were left behind. Still no grass and the cattle are literally starving. Here we found Kane and Johnny who would not go any farther with the pack Company. Robb started in his flurry without water and got to the river with great difficulty, lay down 3 or 4 times and declared he could not go a foot farther, etc. I tied the mule to the waggon wheel. He tried to eat up the waggon sheet for want of something better; tore it and mangled it badly. In the pass we saw a singular plant, Fouquiera Spinosa; the bark winds round it and the leaves follow the direction of the bark spirally. Dust was intolerable, of course, as usual.

21st SUNDAY. Started to go to grass. Cattle almost starved. Started at ¼ of 10 and drove until 12½; about 4½ Miles. Dust suffocating. Waggons, boxes, chains, stretchers, etc., etc., strewed along the road, which is very heavy. Miserable country; the jumping off spot. Stopped at a little open place covered with a thick growth of low milky purslaw (paspalum grass?). There is also around a quantity of canelike weed, of which the cattle and horses seem very fond; perhaps, poor wretches, it is only because they are almost starved. Here Felder and others, who have urged on the party so madly, are thoroughly scared and are throwing out loading and cutting down their beds, etc., etc. I am glad of it. Time to take in a reef; they have carried sail too long. I am astonished at the endurance of the cattle. Many have fallen in the road, but I only wonder that any could stagger along at all. Whole country one vast Plain; hills and Mountains springing abruptly up out of it. Washington's bower in great quantities around.

22nd Drove cattle back 2 Miles to good grass. Whole Camp is busy in overhauling and lightening loads. So scared that they are going to extremes. For myself I feel no alarm; prudence and patience will take all in; Teams and waggons. I am not sorry they are scared, particularly Felder, as he has been the leader of the "go ahead" plan.

Writing all day.

A roadside sign

1849 *October* 23rd In Camp; writing, etc. There is grass here and at the last Camp. Throwing out loading still. Cattle brought up at night.

24th Started from Camp and went about 3½ Miles; turned cattle and horses on to an island to eat willows and some little Cottonwoods. Staid here all day, most of which I employed in writing. At sunset we moved on and travelled until 11½, to North of a range of hills. Encamped between them and the river; off of Emory's route 11 Miles. Grass is of first importance to us now, and all know it; yet we who drove the loose cattle came across it 3 several times, but the Company was so disorganized that we could not get them to stop. The Captain has resigned. There is no head or tail to the Train. Isaac, Mr. Rickets and self driving cows and cattle. Mr. Snelling was snugly tucked away in his waggon and the ci-devant Captain was asleep. Rickets got out of patience and would not drive cattle any more and Isaac and self had to get along with it the best way we could.

The soil since we first struck the Gila is of such a nature that when travelled over it becomes like a bed of dried ashes. The draft is very heavy and the dust intolerable. Two graves here. One man stabbed another; was tried and shot. The Company that tried him put up a circumstantial ⁰/꜀ of the whole affair, but it is too long to copy.

Caught some Gila trout today; more like herrings, full of bones and look white and silvery. Cricket's Train caught up with us at night. Part of Gully's and 6 mule waggons from Jacksonville County, Illinois, are back at the noon Camp. They say there are 100 waggons not far behind. Hot days; warm nights. Detrich throwing out powder, lead, etc., giving up one waggon, selling coffee for 10c, etc., etc.

Rattlesnakes singing at me all night as I pass the bushes driving cattle.

25th Writing some, and fishing; poor sport. Beaver and coon signs in plenty. Cattle taken over the river about 1¼ Mile from Camp to good grass. Here we ought to stay at least 2 days, but I do not believe they will. A little back on the road was found a board hung to a tree on which was written the following:

"To all whom it may concern. Grass in bunches will be found 1½ Mile South East of here, which will sustain your stock and prepare them

for the 25 Miles ahead without grass or water. Two Cottonwood trees on the bank of river, above which you will find good place to water your stock. Keep cool and come ahead. J. R. Crandall. Turn over." And then on the other side,

"Take care of your stock. The Indians stole from Tisdale's Train 2 Miles below here 14 head of cattle, two of which came into camp with the arrows in them. They were pursued and 6 head of the cattle retaken. The guard around the stock being without guns was chased into Camp by the Indians."

Fine prospect this for us. Must be a mistake about the 25 Miles. Emory only makes it 11 from dry creek, back from here some distance. The Indian story is true, no doubt. Our Camp is just North of the East end of the hills situated South of the Gila and mentioned by Emory as coming in from South East. All our Camps are "dust holes." We eat dust, drink dust, breathe dust, and sleep in dust! I never was so worn out with dust in my life. It is a serious misery. What this God-forsaken country was made for, I am at a loss to discover. The eagerness of the party to push on determined them to start again this evening. Mr. Snelling has said over and over again he would not be led on any more but, notwithstanding that I heard him say it was his opinion we ought to stay here a day longer, still he, too, is for moving on. They make fine resolutions to no purpose. I have lost all confidence in the judgment and discretion of the whole party and fear they will just drive on until they get their cattle into such a situation that they can go no farther. I have talked and talked. They acknowledge the justness of my reasoning, but —still—"On! On!" is the word. Well, we shall see.

We started at 5½ and travelled until 11; say 11 or 12 Miles. We left the river, striking South, and in about a Mile, after passing a dry creek, came on to what I suppose to have been Emory's route. Went up a pretty severe hill, stony and steep, to get on to table land and then passed between two ranges of hills, following what seemed to be a dry water course. After passing this we came on to the Plain again, and soon passed the pile of boulders mentioned by Emory as having hieroglyphics on them. We continued by gradual descent to the bottom. Here the cows and loose cattle found grass, but the Train with usual recklessness went on, and kept on following under the bluff until they

1849 *October* came to where the road led by a precipitous descent right down into the bed of the river. Here we encamped without a blade of grass or anything else for our stock to eat. I think it must be some 3 Miles West of Emory's Camp. The latter part of our night march was strewn with the carcasses of dead cattle and mules—a real "Jornada de muerte"—tainted with the offensive effluvia proceeding from them so it was perfectly sickening. Day very hot and last night until near midnight, warm. Mr. Snelling rode a mule.

26th Started very early and went 3½ miles to dry creek; road mostly down the bed of the river, sometimes in the river but did not pass the main branch to the other side. Encamped by the dry branch, just before the road rises to the table land.

Morning cool. The way strewn with parts of waggons, spare axles, tongues, wheels, stretcher chains, boxes, even buttons; ink, seal wax, fish hooks, etc.; ox shoes, mule and horse shoes; powder, lead in quantities, water kegs. I cannot enumerate everything. The Emigrants have thrown away anything and everything to lighten their loadings and thus enable them to get to their journey's end. This, with the starving and tired condition of our cattle, begins to check the eagerness of the "go ahead" folk. They begin to look grave. The country is no country; it is a mere desert. The cattle this evening got but little food here and that only Cottonwood and willows. Many of our cattle got mired near the river and this did not help matters. On the masses of basalt that form the end of the table land there were a number of hieroglyphics. What they meant, "quien sabe"? I could make nothing of them. I climbed up to them and examined them. Found it very cool and comfortable there. I would have taken a comfortable snooze, but just before making preparations I saw a fine rattlesnake about five feet long winding its tortuous way among the broken pieces of basalt. Not thinking him a desirable bed fellow I returned to Camp only to find the heat there at the roasting point. Started this evening just before sundown and went about 7 Miles. A very steep hill took us on to the table land, which is a flat but broken desert, covered for about 3 Miles with broken basalt. At this point an Indian trail from North to South crossed our road. 2 more Miles brought us to a steep hill and down to the bottom of a wide gorge which

looked like an old river bed. Here we found some more broken up waggons and 80# of bacon which Mr. Coy took. We climbed another hill and soon after dropped down into the river bottom. At the bottom of the hill we passed the Cricket Train encamped; went on a short distance and encamped ourselves. Mr. Snelling had gone forward on my mule to choose a camping place and this was the one he chose: It was about 2 Miles from the river; grass, coarse, dry and wiry. Below us, Mr. Snelling says, is a part of the Peoria Train. A German belonging to it was seen near here by Mr. Snelling who told him the "Beoria drain vas broke all to bieces."

27th Started after breakfast. Many cattle wandered off and are missing. We left someone to hunt them up and went on through sand knee deep for 3 Miles and stopped, turning the cattle loose. No one knew why or wherefore. No head; all disorganized; and at 6's and 7's. Cattle in a bad way, dropping down in the road continually. We are finding it impossible to stay here. Some went on to the Peoria folk, who were found near the river, and reported plenty of grass on the other side. We yoked up again and waded through the sand for 2 Miles but had to leave some of our cattle in the road and drive round them. When they fell we could not get them up again, so we left them. We encamped in an old bed of the river. On the other side of it is a small range of Mountains, the East end of which is just North of our Camp. Number of encampments here.

Our cattle are entirely broken down, and here they must stop to recruit. This is the end of the push-on, go-ahead system. The whole bottom is covered with running gear and goods and chattels cast away by Emigrants.

Here I understand many have made boats and taken to the river; and many in our party talk of doing the same. My mule is strained in his hind legs, or loins, I do not know which, and both ponies are miserably thin. We sent the cattle over the river to grass.

28th SUNDAY. Quiet in Camp. Nearby, on the bank, is a grave, half scraped out by the wolves. This, I learn from one of the Peoria Train, is the grave of "poor little Reimer" who got lost on the Arkansas and who was heading on to catch Steingrandt and regain his property. Poor fel-

1849 *October* low; it was destined that he should not get through. Part of Gully's Train below; 1 of his men was chased by 17 Indians. 3 of our men have gone back to collect waggon beds for timber to make boats. Some gloom in Camp. Indians round us in all directions. Drove cattle up at night but 2 ponies and Bully missing. Fine prospects for me.

The Peoria Company is above us; then 6 waggons, then our Train; Lightner's and Gully's below us.

29th Still in the Camp of Desolation. 2 mule waggons drove in, in middle of the day, and 4 more belonging to the Jacksonville Company drove up in evening just before the other six drove out. The latter have cut down their beds and cast away everything they can do without. They have flung away with a free hand. The amount of property abandoned is astonishing. Some of our men have been up the river a few Miles to get a stick for a gunwale to a flat boat. It was floated down this evening. Dandy is sick and like to die; fear I will lose him yet. Poor Bully is a bunch of bones and the mule is strained. First rate prospect for me! Considerable gloom in Camp but I think they are now as much too deeply depressed as they were heretofore too self confident. There is no cause for fear if we act with prudence. The stream runs so rapid, some 6 Miles an hour, that I fear the persons who go down in the waggon-bed boats will meet with great difficulties.

30th Went over the River. First time I have set my foot in California. Grass extends here some 7 or 8 Miles down the river. About 2 Miles from the East end of the Mountain and right at its feet gushes out a very warm spring and close by it a cold spring so near that you may sit between and put your right hand in one and your left hand in the other. Detrich's Train has moved out. Apaches seen by 2 mule waggons back at Las Playas. 3 men returned without lumber; could not get it down the river. Many are building boats and converting waggon beds into boats. Mr. Snelling, the Whites and others are making regular flat boats. This I have some confidence in; the waggon-bed fixings I have not. McGahey, Felder and Dr. Compton's waggons moved on this evening.

All the country ceded by Mexico north of Gila river and west of New Mexico was known in 1849 as California.

31st Building flat boat all day. Finished her so far as to get her into the stream.

The scene is rather animated here in the Camp of Desolation on ⁴/₅ of the variety of employments of different Trains. Our mules and horses are failing. I lay it to the salt grass and pond water; the latter, I am satisfied, is deleterious. Some packers arrived today who say that Burchard is only 2 days behind. They also report that a Train back at the Pima Villages from Wisconsin, composed principally of Germans, and having women and children, is in a deplorable condition, their cattle and horses having given out. The packers thought these Germans would be obliged to stop there all winter. Poor creatures! I pity them, for I have formed but a poor opinion of the Pimas. Gully's Train started today, but have lost 4 oxen here. Some of their men say they have seen a mule and also a waggon trail on the other side of the river. I have been in miserable low spirits for 2 or 3 days and unfit for anything. *October 1849*

November 1st Finished the boat and loaded up with bacon, tools, etc., etc. More of Gully's party came in. They are scattered now all along the river. There are a good many changes; some leave heavy waggons and take light ones, etc. I, myself, have flung out lead, boxes, pick-axe, adze, and also the greater part of my pebbles, chalcedony, petrifications, agate, etc. This was the greatest trial of all. Boats and waggons started in afternoon. Our course was along the bottom between the river and the bluff, distance, say 7 or 8 Miles. I have no watch and cannot estimate so correctly as with one. In the evening it rained hard enough to wet us through, but still the dust was suffocating. The eagerness of Mr. Wall, who drove first, carried him past the pass 1½ Miles, so that with our usual ill-management we encamped without either grass or water. We are entirely disorganized. No Captain! Drove cattle and my two poor skeletons of ponies. 3 packers came up and camped close by.

2nd Off before day to get to grass and water. So dark that some of the loose cattle were left behind. I staid behind to hunt them up. One of the packers, a Mr. Cady from Chicago, bought poor little Billy of me, for which he paid a very good Lepine watch. He gave me a Utah bow and 17 arrows for the saddle. It was selling the saddle too cheap but it was all he could do, and I did not want to see him go off without a saddle. Found loose cattle and caught up the Train just as they were about to

1849 *November* corral. The dust on the road was a little laid at places. Distance, say, 7 Miles. Passed 5 head of cattle belonging to our and Gully's Trains that had given out. They were lying near the road. Dr. Snelling works little Dick!

Miserable cold in my head; can hardly breathe. Bad Camp ground; Mile and half from river. Nothing for cattle to eat but willows and Cottonwood, which grow in old beds of river. Waters all brackish. River water is even a little salty. Dandy gave out; could not drive him to water. He lay down. I shall have to leave him behind. I am satisfied from his symptoms that it is the water that has broken him down. Neither cattle nor horses ought to be permitted to drink from the pools, only at the river. Started at ¼ past 4 and encamped at ¼ of nine. About 1¼ Miles brought us from what had become a kind of ridge, by a gradual descent, into the immediate river bottom, which is here very wide. The road is about 2½ Miles from the river. ¾ Mile farther brought us to a hill that led on to the table land along which we went about 3 Miles and encamped. 2 loose steers gave out and were left. Had to leave little Dandy at last Camp. Might have driven him on, but preferred to leave him where he could get food and water, instead of perhaps being obliged to leave him in the desert. Very heavy travelling indeed to the bluff; a little better on the table land, which is a desolate Plain. Put cattle into corral. Nothing for them to eat. Believe we have not followed Emory's trace today. Boiled our coffee for supper at a fire made of the larrea, which burnt with a fierce flame. Days very warm, nights cool.

3rd Started early. Our last night's Camp was on a perfectly level Plain and it seemed to be encircled by ranges of Mountains at a great distance, except at the East where it was open. Dr. Snelling worked little Dick again. Time 7½ to 10½, and went some 6 Miles to the river. On the way men, women, and children were scattered out over the Plain picking little tufts of grass, when they could find them, and bringing them to feed the cattle as they travelled along. The first part of the Plain was level; then broken, and finally we went down a steep pitch into the dry bed of an arroyo or cañon, as they call it, like the one described by Emory (but his, I think, is farther back). Smooth rounded pebbles held together by a cement like mortar. Went down this ravine until we reached the bot-

tom along which we went some distance and encamped close to the river, near by Gully's Train. Steers got mired in a pond. Camp is opposite a conical hill that juts up on the other side of the river; the same that is mentioned by Captain Johnson in his report, I believe. One Mile and half North of us we found some salt grass, and a quantity of dead or dry grass with large heads to it; the latter the cattle feed on apparently with relish, probably it was only because they were well nigh starving, poor things. I am more and more astonished every day at the amazing powers of endurance possessed by oxen. The boats came up about 3 o'clock; hard wading for first 2 days, but better today. They started again in about 2 hours. We stay here until tomorrow. Two waggons, Mr. Walter's and Huff's, left us this morning. They went off in a "huff." They still see the glitter of the Gold afar and are for pressing on. Success attend them. I met here two persons of the name of Vanderkeye from Rensselaer County, N. Y. They knew most of the Trojans I knew. It was pleasant to talk with them. My mule is improving since I have been careful not to let him drink except at the river. North of us is the long range or ranges of Mountains mentioned by Emory and Johnson as forming an arc to the North; the western half shooting up into pinnacles, looking like a distant city. One spot on the Eastern half toward the center looks exactly like a large castle.

4th SUNDAY. My Birthday. Do they think of it at home? Day, cloudy; tried to rain. Cool, but not cold. Cattle out last night without guard. Took us a long time to get them up as some had wandered 2 or 3 Miles. No guard either at the corral. We do not act as if we were in an Indian country at all. No guard is set; every one does as he likes. This is all wrong, but we think very little about it. We started late, put some cows into the yoke for the first time but had so much trouble with two of them that we had to take them out. Started at last, going back a short distance and turning up a ravine to get on to the table land along which we went 3 or 4 Miles and corralled, turning out our cattle to feed on some little dry bunches or tufts of grass, growing under and about the larrea, fremontia, and other plants. Conical peak  on the other side of the river looks from here as if it had sprung right from the plain. It bears from our Camp at noon, 10° North of East. Started again at

1849 *November* 3¼ and encamped at ¼ of 7; say, 6 Miles to the river and not far from the point of Goat spur, or Bighorn Mountain. The first part of the road was level, then broken into ravines, then a gradual descent to the bottom, where on ª/c of recent rains the going was good. The soil is a chalky loam. Fortunately for us it packs and makes a good trace when wet. Conical peak  from this point is North East. They wanted at noon to make me Captain but I peremptorily declined the honor. Too smart a man to be caught in any such a plan! 11 waggons now. Turned cattle loose on sand bar—no guard.

5th The cattle got off the bar and we had some trouble in collecting them. Started at ¼ of 10 and continued on until ½ past 3 when, after going about 10 Miles, we encamped ¾ Mile from the river, turning off from the road some distance to get so close. Our course lay past the point of Goat spur over the sharp edged rock mentioned by Emory, then through some sand drifts; very heavy. The rest of the way was along the river bottom with sand ridges on our left. The road was pretty good, owing to recent rains. Met the boatsmen at Camp. They tell me we have passed by some 5 Miles the Island with Gila grass, flag grass, etc., where Emory camped. One Mile West of Goat spur on the right of the road, found McGahey's waggon; the "Big Arkansas," as they called it, with a little notice about grass. Near us, but behind, is Gully's Train and farther up Cricket's Train who also have some grass for their cattle. We have none for ours. They have to content themselves with willow and Cottonwood. Mrs. Snelling baked coarse cake for our horses and mules and the boatmen cut some cane coming down the river, which helped some. Our women and children have to walk now. All are anxious to lighten all they can. I do not fear, but I feel anxious on their ª/c. I thank heaven every day now that I have not my wife and family here. The loose cattle and horses feed very eagerly on a little dry flower that we occasionally pass. It grows sometimes singly and sometimes in patches.

6th The boats went on, and some men went forward to hunt grass. About 1 o'clock they returned and reported that the grass and cane were good below. We were in the act of getting the cattle across the river to the willows and had some trouble in turning them back. This delayed us

until 3 o'clock. Mr. Ricket's and Mr. Lightner's waggons staid behind. We moved back to main road, down which we went about 2 Miles where the bluff of table land came close down to the river and here, across or beyond a slough, we found cane and grass, the best we have had for our cattle for some time. The grass is composed of a long stalk with a large head partly green, the same the cattle have eaten with avidity when found before. I think it is what Emory calls the Gila grass. We turned our cattle loose, and left them, as we usually have done lately, without a guard. From the Pima Villages to this place, all through the bottom proper, there are large drifts lodged against the trees, indeed at some places on North side they are high up above the banks which shows that there must be mighty freshets in the Gila at times, but whether this occurs every year I do not know. The valley here is some 8 or 10 Miles wide, and at such times, of course, must look like a large lake. The soil gets firmer. The road was pretty good. Burchard joined his old party; Detrich and Fuller here; that is at the morning Camp where we left 2 oxen.

7th After much trouble we collected our cattle. Starting about 10½ o'clock; the road continued near the bluff for 2 Miles. We then turned in toward the river and encamped, putting our cattle on to an Island, where there was some grass and cane. Little Bully got mired. The tedium of the journey, combined with dust and sand, is almost beyond endurance. Lakes and ponds are scattered all along; very brackish and unfit for cattle, horses or mules. They are all very miry from the peculiarity of the soil. Two boats went on; Mr. Snelling's and Mr. Lightner's staid. The young Cottonwoods, willows and cane are springing up all around as if it was the spring of the year.

Saw some beautiful specimens of portulaca also, but the sunflowers and most of the other flowers and grass are withered. A Polander came into Camp this evening who left Cracow in Galicia on the 1st of April, only two days before we left Illinois, and he will be in California long before us, as he belongs to a party who pack with mules. Talking of mules, poor Charley is getting very thin.

8th Still in Camp. Boats left in the afternoon. Gully's Train also. Mule Train from New York came in this evening. Cattle very much scattered

1849 *November* on other side where there is grass, cane, and willows, but the cane has but little nourishment. Finished my sketches of Tumacacori and San Xavier. I am satisfied that the climate affects all very much; it even has an influence on the cattle, making them sluggish and weak. We had a little rain early this morning.

9th Took us all the morning to collect the cattle. They had strayed far and the weeds are very thick. Started at 11½ o'clock and encamped at 5 near the river about 3 Miles below a hill marked on Emory's map. From morning Camp our road lay in the immediate river bottom until within about one Mile of the hill. We then rose on to the table land, which was here about 100 feet above the level of the river. At the point of the hill we descended to the river bottom again. From Camp to point of hill the road was deep sand, both on the bottom and on the table land. 3 or 4 Miles from Camp to table land. From hill to night Camp, the road was better. Camped at point of hill was the New York pack Train. They call themselves the "Havila Company." Earl E. Miles is President. They appeared a gentlemanly party. They have sent a quantity of machinery, etc., around the Horn, they tell us. G. H. Langley, publisher of the Democratic Review, was one of them; a very pleasant man. He had accidentally shot himself in the foot.

We turned our cattle on the other side of the river where there was cane, willow and grass. Gully's men made a great noise after dusk getting their cattle out of the mire and the river. They tried to get us over by telling us ours were mired, but we did not believe them and did not go. We found afterward they only wanted to get us across.

10th Off late. Could not start until 12 o'clock. One of Mr. Snelling's oxen was mired and lost. To get many others out of the mire and get them across the river took us until half past 10. Mr. G. H. Langley and E. E. Miles came to Camp and enquired for me, to get information of route. G. H. L. wants two bags of clothing, etc., carried to the Colorado. Effected an arrangement for him. Like him much, shall try and cultivate his acquaintance as we occasionally pass on the road. We travelled until ¼ of 6, on river bottom all the way, some part heavy, some passable; about 7 or 8 Miles. The line of hills, that for 2 days we thought we

should have to turn the North end of, we now find is on the other side of the river and we seem to be going straight through the range. We find Emory's map so very incorrect as regards the trending of the hills and Sierras that we have lost confidence in it. It is certainly wrong in many particulars. Turned cattle loose on a bar on this side of the river for once.

11th SUNDAY. Our first job this morning was to haul out a number of cattle from the mire with ropes, etc.; Bully among the rest. He is so much strained that I expect to have to leave him here. The river all along, as far as we have come, abounds in miring places, dangerous for cattle. Most of the grass grows on the North side of the river. Laid by for the day, and turned the cattle on the other side of the river where there was plenty of cane and some grass. For ourselves we have no comfort, on account of the dust which covers everything. This evening some one returned from the Colorado and reports it about 30 Miles distant. Some U. S. Dragoons are there and but little grass. Mr. Snelling is still ahead with his boat. He takes no trouble about his Teams or family but leaves everything to his black man Tom. Never saw a more indifferent man in my life. Clear skies and warm. Little black children run round all the time with nothing on but a shirt made of common domestic. The river tastes fresher here than it has since we passed Salt River. We cut cane and fed it to the mules and horses, but I am satisfied there is but little nourishment in it.

Berry's Train is not far ahead. Some one in Gully's Train killed a wild sheep in the hills opposite us today. Did not see it. West of us is a bold range of Mountains that divides us from the Colorado. North is the range of hills and rocky peaks that we thought 2 or 3 days ago we would have to turn. Gully's Train lays by also today. I am fairly tired of my life, with the tedium of the journey, and living in dust and ashes. Nothing on earth can be conceived more disgusting, tiresome, and annoying.

12th Still lying by to recruit cattle. This recruiting has lost us in two days 10 head of cattle lost by being mired and thus rendered unfit for use, and left. The Gila is in truth, a trying place. Sand, mire, dust and desert! Dr. Snelling killed four sheep in the range of hills across the river, just North of us. Brought one in, a young one; tan colour, black streak along

1849 *November* his back and black tail. He says they are all of the same colour; the rams with very large, heavy horns reaching behind their shoulders. He thought the head, neck and horns of one he killed weighed as much as the rest of the carcass. He suffered so severely from thirst whilst among the hills that he drank 3 or 4 double handfulls of the blood of one of the sheep he killed. No accounting for taste! About ½ past 11 a large Train of packers on mules came in from Boone, Platte and Colea Counties, Missouri.

They left Independence 1st of August; the time we were at Manzanas. They tell fearful stories of the ravages of the Cholera. But the Captain (whose name I forget) gave me some comfort in the assurance that its effect was confined to the line of the river and had not extended back into the country.

We got the cattle up at evening in order to make an early start tomorrow morning. Fires and Camps all up and down the river. In fact the whole river from the Pima Villages to the Colorado is one vast Camp as far as we can learn. The day was cloudy.

13th Got off by half past 8 after a hearty breakfast on wild lamb, but had to leave poor Bully who could not rise from the place where we left him when he was dragged out of the mire. Lost my whip. We went to the bend of the river, say, 6 Miles, where we camped at ¼ past 2. We were on the bluff and experienced the effects of almost a hurricane; everything was enveloped in perfect clouds of dust and the waggons rocked so that many almost went over. I expected every moment to see some of them topple. It wound up with a severe cold rain storm in the midst of which we started, dropped into a hollow in which part of Gully's Train were, and then rose up a very heavy sandy hill onto a ledge of land beneath the Sierra that lies between us and the Colorado. Our waggon wheels cut through the "plasky" road and about 3 inches beneath found dry sand which stuck to them. It takes a flood a long time to wet deep here on ⁹/₁₀ of the peculiar nature of the soil, and when wet it is miry and you sink right down, down. We went about 1½ Mile and then encamped for the night near the river. Four of our party brought in 2 sheep lambs, and these were those that Dr. Snelling hung up yesterday. Our trail or road today was very heavy indeed. The Mountains opposite are not in strata

but seem to be merely vast masses of fragments of all forms piled up. In many places the laminae or plates are horizontal and vertical; some of the cañons looking like mason work. Dr. Snelling tells me the sheep before they lie down scratch away the loose stones to make it smooth. He says he saw a number of places thus cleaned off for their own comfort. He also says that when a rock falls from above they are much more alarmed than at the crack of the rifle; at the sight or sound of the former they bound madly away as if aware of the danger, but at the sound of the latter, they stop to look to see what it means. I have an idea that they will soon learn from the Emigrants that a rifle is as much to be dreaded as a rock. Cereus Giganteus, and Fouquiera Spinosa here near the Mountain, the first I have seen for a long time.

14th Left Camp at ½ past 10 and stopped at ½ past one, say 5 Miles. Road along the foot of the Mountains between us and the Colorado. This range is honeycombed with little semi-circular openings, arched over, as mentioned in Johnson's report. It has a very singular appearance. Mr. Snelling returned from the mouth of the river and reports that it is a continuous "Jornada" from thence to San Diego. Fine prospect this, after all our trials! The Umah Indians also feel hostile on $^{a}/_{c}$ of 8 of their number having been killed early in the season by some Texans passing to California. They have killed two whites in return and say they will have 6 more scalps before they give up hostilities. The command of Dragoons, however, at the junction of Gila and Colorado, keeps them in check at present. All this news is bad. He says they tell him below that it is still 900 Miles to the mines. There are dreadful tidings also concerning Emigrants by the South Pass. Governor Smith, it is said, has sent an expedition out for their relief at the expense of $300,000.00.

15th Started at ¼ of 1 and encamped at 5, about 7 Miles; the first 2 or 3 Miles were along the foot of the East side of the Mountains. Then we turned the North end and went through a series of hills that run to the river. When these were passed we came out on to the Plain again and turned to the right, encamping near the stream. Hills also on the North side, which pen in the stream, making the river valley almost a cañon. We passed through the hills on South side, not following the stream.

"I have seen the 'Elephant'"

1849 *November* Hills bare, only here and there at great intervals were solitary larrea, mesquite, green-barked Acacia, or Fouquiera. Road better on $^{a}/_{c}$ of the rain. Many persons passed us today with packs on their backs, footing it, and some with one lean mule or burro.

Our oxen are all very weak, although some look pretty well. We put them over the river as usual and as usual there were plenty of miry places there. The Gila grass only grows in these miry places, and in trying to get at it the cattle sink in and are held fast so that more or less we have always to drag them out with ropes. Our whole party is convinced that the cane is of little $^{a}/_{c}$ either for cattle or horses or mules. Poor Charley, my only mule, is mere skin and bone. Don't know hardly what to do. Still anxious and miserably homesick. Had a bad headache all day, but still I kept to my task of driving loose cattle.

16th Being plenty of coarse bunch grass and cane on the other side of the river, we stay here today. Detrich's little Train that we found here has moved out. Gully's is going to move on with the packers' light mule waggon tomorrow. Governor Edwards' Train passed in the evening. Mr. Jones, McSwain, and others came in in the evening. Jones is doing well—glad of it; clever fellow. Mr. Snelling is throwing out hints about leaving more loading here. Shall see what he leaves himself and act accordingly. Jones tells me that some of his party killed wild sheep (or goats) as far back as the Mountains between Tucson and the Pima Villages. Pilgarlie came up with Governor Edwards' Train; 5 waggons and 30 men. The men are bound to work for him for 2 years. He is paying all expenses and boarding them there and they to give him one third (I think) of all they dig, or, if they wish to leave, they are to pay him $1000.00 each. 2 Umahs came into Camp today. They had blue tattoo marks on the face about the mouth and chin like the Pimas. Have had such continuous and serious thoughts of home for sometime past, both night and day, that I have made up my mind to return next fall or winter, whether I get much or little, and be governed by circumstances about returning. But go both ways overland? If I return it will be by steam Packet! No more overland journeys for me! I have seen the "Elephant" and I am satisfied!

Mr. Jones tells me he passed the dead body of poor little Billy, the pony that dear little Henry gave his brother Walter at starting.

Alas—another link broken between me and home! When I had him I never went into the waggon at night without patting him and thinking of the dear Child and all at home.

17th Intended to start, but could not get up the cattle. Did not get them in until near sundown. This is the natural consequence of letting them run without a guard. A story is afloat of a skeleton of a Mexican having been found above with a box full of gold near it. Captain White returned from the mouth of the river in high dudgeon at our delay. He tells doleful stories of our prospects ahead and has somewhat dismayed the whole Camp. But he is a professed croaker. I feel pretty cool about it myself. I am satisfied he has exaggerated materially the information he has received.

18th SUNDAY. Left at 8 and got to Camp Starvation, 3 Miles from the mouth of the river and ferry, at 6, the distance really about 12 or 13 Miles, but we made it at least 17 by turning from the road to the river unavailingly twice. At noon, all hands picked mesquite beans. Brown of the Havila Company came back and offered 15c per pound for flour. The country is still perfectly flat, with Mountain ranges springing up from the Plain. Nothing at all like the picture in Emory's work. I do not know which is the worse of the two, his map or his picture. If ever there is a good survey of the Gila, Emory's map will cut but a poor figure. His reputation is built on this map and report. The map is large and impressive; the report voluminous and illustrated; it all looks very fine, but it only goes to show that show will make a reputation sometimes instead of worth. Our whole Train with myself, who have had his work in hand every day, are surprised at the difference between the reality and the report and map. Our road had never crossed the river once, and the river, from last Camp to this, bends considerably to the North, and to go on that side as indicated in the map would take you Miles out of the way. He must have made a serious error here, as he has done in many places, and gone about the Mountains. I was very tired when I got into Camp, as I walked through the sand all day to save my mule. I began to feel very anxious about what I shall do all winter when I get in as the mines are still so far off and cannot be worked until April, I understand. I forgot

1849 *November* to state that one of our men and one of Gully's, who went down in the boats to the mouth of the river nearly lost their lives by the Indians. It is a long story, but here it is in a few words: They went out to hunt grass; lost their way; came on an Indian village, saw nothing but men looking fierce and hostile; moved on; 1 fellow drew his knife and was going to strike when his companion drew pistol and presented it. The Indians drew back and the two hastened to escape. After a variety of adventures, they found they were pursued by twelve Indians with naked knives and struck for a deep cañon. As a providential heavy rain came on and washed out their trail, they escaped. I may as well here state what Mr. Snelling reports of the river, as far as he boated down it. It is very winding and they had much trouble in getting their heavily loaded boat over some of the bars, yet notwithstanding this and stopping for us occasionally, they got to the mouth some days before us. The river had many deserted rafts. Rafts will not do. They saw quantities of heavy goods thrown out at various places; bar iron, blacksmith tools, bellows, etc., etc., etc. He says we ought to have boated all our loading from the Pima Villages. Saw great quantities of beaver signs; slides, dams, houses, and believes the river to have vast quantities of them, and plenty of water fowl. The navigation is laborious, but perfectly practicable for flat boats properly built, Colonel Cooke to the contrary, notwithstanding. It requires, however, a man used to navigating rivers as steersman. He, being an experienced hand, got along with but little difficulty. Some of the other boats had more trouble from want of skill in the steersman who took the wrong course occasionally and had to pole back to get into the main stream. Emigrants coming this route should send all their heavy loading by boats from the Pima Villages, near which is plenty of timber to build them, thus taking the line of Gila as light as possible. They also ought to do the same from Santa Fé to San Diego on the Rio Grande del Norte, but more of this at another time. The trip might be shortened materially by pursuing a very different course to what we have done. I will note down the way sometime.

19th Went to the crossing—3 Miles—ahead of the Train. Passed over in a ferry boat and saw Lieutenant Couts, who takes a trunk of books for me and lends me a mule to go to San Diego. The mule I am to get at Rio

Nuevo, or Camp Salvation. This new river has sprung up in the desert since Cooke passed. The Spaniards and Indians say that God has sent it there for the express use of the Americanos. Our Train came down. The waggons were taken across in the boat and the cattle swam the river; did not lose one, but on reaching the other side one got into a mud hole and after we got him out he was so weak that we left him. There is a Command of U. S. Dragoons here under Lieutenant Couts and the Topographicals have a tent here and are making observations, etc. (vide sketch which I took during the day). The Cuchans and Umahs are around in great numbers. The men are chiefly naked except for a breech cloth. Some have a blanket. The women wear a short kind of petticoat, tied round their waist, which reaches nearly to their knees. This is made of strips of the inner bark of some tree, mostly of the natural colour, but with some few shreds at intervals dyed black. It is very thick, and behind so full that it projects 4 or 5 inches at the waist and looks as if they wore a bustle. This is all their clothing. They are not ill looking Indians. The station here is called "Camp Calhoun." We moved below it about 3 Miles and encamped. I have had the blues all day miserably.

20th After breakfast went out to hunt for my mule that had strayed away. Somehow I got lost and wandered about until I struck a trail. This I followed, but found in the sequel that I took the wrong way. I walked on and on for some Miles. At length I heard some yells and I saw the heads of three Indians some distance apart from each other in a mesquite wood before me. Instantly I knew I was wrong and turned back. My first impulse was to run but this I checked in a moment as I knew it was futile. Instead of this I walked slower and gathered my faculties together for what I knew would try me close. I had no arms with me, although Lieutenant Couts had warned me yesterday not to leave Camp without them. I heard them yell a few times more and then all was quiet. I did not know how many there were but I had seen three, more than enough for me. I thought of our two men chased by the twelve Indians a few days before and braced my nerves for the encounter, as I knew that nothing but cool collectedness would carry me through, being well aware of the influence of manner upon Indians. Therefore, as I heard them bounding through the brush and verging toward me, I walked

1849 *November* even a little slower and, as they came near, put my hand slowly into the breast of my hunting shirt as if to feel for a pistol and then withdrew it as if prepared. I would not condescend to turn and look until they were close to me on each side. I then turned very slowly and looked at them steady. One was on each side of me; young stout fellows, and the third in front of me on the trail was an old man. The two young men had blankets wrapped thickly round their loins so as to conceal their knives. The old man had his wrapped round him and kept one hand hidden. I noticed all this at a glance. I had prepared myself and can safely say I was cool as a cucumber although my heart fluttered some. They looked very sharp at me and I at them. I then smiled, held out my hand, shook hands with them and turned and walked on. I did not tell them I was lost; if I had I knew they would drag me off, but I said that I was hunting a mule and that more of our party were round doing the same. This staggered them a little. I still walked on, swiftly now, but one of them put himself before me and the other two dropped behind. I did not like this arrangement at all, so I stepped off the trail and stopped. When the Indians behind came up even with me they stopped too. I tapped one on the back, laughed, and waved my hand for him to go on, and, after a moment's hesitation, he did so. Then the old devil came up, he also stopped. I did the same with him. He was longer making up his mind, but at length he passed on too. This I knew was a critical moment, for they all three fastened their eyes on me very keenly. However, they travelled on and I felt comparatively safe if I could only keep them in a good humour. So I laughed and rattled on as well as my poor Spanish would let me, and they examined the trail for my mule. After a while, still, however, walking on rapidly, they began to talk earnestly to each other. Then the head one stepped off the trail and waited. When I came up with him, I stopped. He then patted me on the shoulder, as I had done him, and waved his hand for me to go on. I laughed, shook my head, took him by the arm and pushed him ahead of me. He went on. Shortly after the other young Indian went through the same maneuvres, looking very stern at me. I continued, however, to get him on too. They then all stopped and faced me, and asked me for tobacco. I said I had none but would give them some when we got into Camp. They asked me which Camp; this or that?—pointing. I looked up at the sun and indicated the

South one. By this means I found out my "locale." They did not know they were telling me of my whereabouts. After this I felt easier. In fine, I, by the influence of manners, got them into Camp after a walk of about 4 Miles, before me. I gave them the tobacco. Walter in the meantime had found my mule and saddled it for me to go to Camp Calhoun to get the order for the mule from Lieutenant Couts and a letter. As I mounted, I saw one of the Indians who came in with me borrow a horse, blanket and arms from another Indian who was in the Camp. As I left Camp he rode up to me and asked for more tobacco. I told him I would give him no more. As we got farther from Camp his manner became insolent and he rode close to me and shook me somewhat roughly by the arm, demanding tobacco. I stopped my mule, looked him steadily in the eye, and then lifting with my left hand the lappet that covered one of my holster pistols, tapped it significantly with my finger, nodded to him and half smiled. He looked at the big horse pistol earnestly. Grunted out "Ugh! Ugh!" twice and then, sticking his heels into his horse, was off like an arrow. I kept a bright lookout as I passed along the road lined on each side with thick mesquite wood, but I saw him no more. I thanked God for my escape, for I knew I had been in great danger. Nothing but my manner carried me through. I shall think better of my courage and nerve for the future. I would not, however, be in precisely the same situation again under all the circumstances of their hostile feeling for $10,000. I proceeded to Camp Calhoun and got the order from Lieutenant Couts for the mule at Rio Nuevo, and the letter to Major——Somebody, I forget now and it is not worth getting the letter out to see, and returned to Camp. In the evening Mr. Snelling, others and self went and opened one of the holes in which some of the soldiers had deposited a quantity of beans and long pods from the mesquite tree. I do not think it was right, but Mr. Snelling would go and I had to go and do my share in helping fetch them or he would have taken it ill. Still it was not right. We also in the afternoon overhauled our loading to see what we could leave behind and here, for the first time, I discovered that I had lost a large bag of clothes, in which were my winter Sack Coat, stockings, drawers, shirts, under shirts, trousers, etc. I could only account for this by supposing that the "honest Pimas" had stolen them. I bore my loss with what philosophy I could muster.

1849 *November* But the winter Sack is a shrewd loss for me. I must now be content with my tried friend I have on; viz., my hunting shirt.

21st Left Camp at ½ past 10. Our course was down the Rio Colorado and near it. About 6 Miles brought us to a point of Mountains that gradually declines until it runs right down to the river. Stopped here a few moments and I took a hurried sketch whilst they were watering the cattle.

Over the point we passed and continued on, say 4 or 5 Miles, and encamped for the night not far from a Cuchan Village, after passing a single Cuchan house or hut in and around which I was surprised to see so many barrels, etc., piled away. They had just killed a mule and cut it up for food. It made me sick to look at it. Our women traded off old clothes, aprons, gowns and odds and ends for Calaveras beans. The road from the point of the Mountains to evening Camp was through thickets of very high weeds and willow patches. We got into Camp about 5 o'clock. Tied up our working cattle, and fed them with mesquite beans which they eat very eagerly. When loose, the cattle go down on their knees and force themselves under the trees to them. Our loose cattle we let run.

22nd Some of the loose cattle were missing this morning. We left a party to hunt them up and started the Train at 9 o'clock. We continued close to the river for ½ a Mile, then turned square off to the right or West, passed a large Indian Village—Cuchans—and continued on until 1 o'clock when we turned off the road to the left to let the cattle graze on the mesquite beans that here covered the ground under many of the trees. Bentley's Train was near by. They had lost 7 oxen; supposed the Indians had taken them. Our cattle scattered very much. Did not like the neighborhood as some Indians were seen outside our lines, so we yoked up and proceeded on to the first well where we arrived about 8 o'clock. Road from the Colorado river to Cuchan Village was sandy and heavy and from there to the wells it followed the bare sand ridges which ran on the North side of the road. A while before arriving at the wells, we turned to left and found the well in a deep dry arroyo. Another Train was there and it took us a considerable time to water all our cattle and mules with buckets. The road all day was very bad indeed; deep sand but near the wells it was a little better.

On leaving noon Camp it blew very hard, and the sand from the ridges cut into our skin like a shower of needles. It was positively painful. The afternoon march was indeed a very trying one both for man and beast.

23rd Left the wells at 9 o'clock; struck the bluff at half past 12, and with occasional stops to breathe cattle, kept on until half past 3. Then starting again at 5 we continued on until 9. How far we came I know not. The first part of the road was exceedingly heavy sand and afterward very heavy, but not quite as bad. The high wind and the sand were suffocating. Another very, very trying day! Walked all day, as I did yesterday to save my mule. We cooked our meals at a fire made of the larrea Mexcana which burns with a fierce red flame. I saw both cattle and mules eat it also. Both these facts are stated differently in Emory's report. But the above is the truth of the matter.

A singular circumstance happened this evening. Walter came up to me and said he had found my winter Sack Coat, and took me to a young man belonging to Gully's Train who had it on. It appears that their Train lost a quantity of things at the Pima Villages, stolen by the "honest Indians," and that Gully went to El Capitano, who gave him leave to search. On his search he found this Coat and the striped bag. He knew it belonged to some one in one of the Trains and gave it to this young man to find the owner. He says he came to our Train and asked Charles Snelling if it belonged to anyone in our Train but he answered that it did not, without making any enquiries.

He said as he could not find an owner he had kept it but that he never had put it on until yesterday. It is singular I should have discovered my loss, and regained it so near in point of time and that at so great a distance from the place it was stolen. The rest of my things, such as shirts, stockings, etc., they did not find.

24th Started with the loose cattle ahead of the Train at 6½ and drove them to the 2nd well by half past twelve, about 4 leagues. Very little water, only enough for ourselves to drink and none for the cattle. But about 2 Miles farther on, after passing down a bluff, we came to a lagoon on the right of the road. In this partial bottom the road was much better. 10½ Miles

1849 *November* of good road brought us to the Soldiers' Camp at Rio Nuevo. It appears we took the wrong road. We should have turned to the left, so, although it was dark, we had to go up 3 Miles to the Emigrants' Camp to get grazing for our cattle. We passed Colonel Carrasco's Command and Baggage Train about 2 leagues before we arrived at Rio Nuevo. The mules were very heavy laden—their fetlocks touched the ground at every step—and many of the poor animals groaned aloud. We found Compton, Felder, the McGaheys and others at Camp Salvation.

We hear the Teams came up to within about 3 or 4 Miles of Camp about ½ past 9 o'clock. The distance was about 28 Miles. We left 5 head of our loose cattle on the road. We who drove them were hospitably received by our fellow Emigrants there who bustled around with much kindness and got us quickly a good supper.

25th SUNDAY. Took the order for the mule to Sergeant Berry. Keane and Walter went out with him some Miles to their grazing ground to get the animal and did not return until very late. I began to get anxious. Walter found a pie-bald horse. Lucky! I took our things out of the trunk and packed all that I thought I could carry into bags. Our Train came in about 9 o'clock. Mr. Snelling lost 3 Yoke of cattle yesterday that gave out on the "jornada."

26th Keane and I went out and picked a quantity of grass (withered) to carry us over the Mountains, as we are going the new route from Carrisa Creek. They say it is much nearer. Colonel Collier's party, I believe, was the first who went this trail. Walter went and got in the mules and horses that were out grazing. Packed the mules and horse and started from Camp a little past noon. I left a great many things; mattress, cooking utensils, spade, shovel, pans, pickaxe, etc., a number of things more than I can now mention; also 3 oxen. Tom and Jerry, the wheel Yoke, are in good order but little Dick is rather the worse for his journey.

Went to the Dragoon Camp; got pack saddle, and repacked. Both Sergeants Hinton and Berry were very polite. Here we met the owner of the pie-bald horse Walter had found; a Soldier of the name of McRory, and bought it of him for a sword and the trunk I had left at Camp. Left Dragoon Camp and Rio Nuevo at 3 o'clock. Five Miles of good

road brought us to a lagoon on the left of the road, and 10 Miles farther to a large lagoon on the right of the road. The road was mostly good. Some Miles before coming to the last lagoon we passed large patches of "careless" weed on which both cattle and horses feed heartily. We got to the last lagoon sometime after dark and found by the edge of it some men from Gully's Train who, on foot, were going through the same route as ourselves. As Keane, Walter and self walk also, although our mules and horse carry our loading, we agreed to travel together. We cooked by their fire, picketed our mules and very lazy miserable horse close by, and fed them with some of the grass that the horse had packed. Spreading our blankets in the open air we laid ourselves down for the night. The day was very warm, but the night was cold.

27th Started from the lagoon at ¼ of 8. Pretty good road for 16 Miles. 12 Miles from Carrisa Creek we came across Felder, Compton, McGahey and others. They had found grass and water nearby; within about ½ or ¾ of a Mile. Soon after passing them we met a Government Train of mules with 3,000 rations under charge of a Mr. Boone going out for the relief of Emigrants. Wrote note to Mr. Snelling by him. The 12 Miles to Carrisa Creek was very broken. 28 Miles in all. Met an Express, very drunk, about 5 Miles from the Creek. Did not get to the Creek till 9 o'clock; miserably tired. Walter had to walk barefoot as his boots galled him. The day was very warm. All around the Creek are mere clay hills and gullies; perfectly bare; a most desolate sight. The stream itself is a mere thread; about 3 inches to 9 wide. Cane and grass in plenty.

28th It was very boisterous at dawn just to show us how the wind can rush down from the Sierra Nevada. To add to our uneasiness, a very heavy bank of clouds came over the Sierra that we were to pass due West of us and hid the little pinnacle at the top of one of the Mountains which looked like a man and which was our land mark to serve as guide. We left our horse which had given out and travelled so slow that we dared not wait on his gait for fear of being caught in the Mountains. Packed all on two mules and started on with the Gully boys. Had some difficulty to find the trail. We went up the Creek about 4 Miles—nothing but clay hills and banks perfectly bare. Here we turned round a perpen-

1849 *November* dicular clay bluff to the West and struck the trail. Walter, Keane, and self hurried on and left the Gully Boys. I feared snow and knew the danger and warned them, but they would not hurry. 7 Miles from the Creek brought us to a deep cañon. We turned square to the left and went down this cañon 2 Miles. In it we saw a great many quails; perfectly black. The wind changed to the North and I looked constantly at the peaks of the Mountains expecting to see snow. After two Miles down the cañon the trail turned square off again and faced the Mountains. We went up an inclined Plain for 2 Miles more to some deserted Indian huts. Here we struck the foot of the ragged peaks of the Mountains and our real difficulties began. It had rained hard and we were wet through. I did not care for this if it did not snow, which would have obliterated the trail which was faint and difficult to keep. We literally climbed, both ourselves and the mules, the gorges and ravines of the Mountains 4 Miles to the top. It took us 3 hours severe labour. I was perfectly astonished to see the mules climb up steep places and over rocks that we ourselves had great difficulty to pass, but they seem to make nothing of it. They looked at it, then gave a few plunges, and were safe over the bad spot and slowly toiled up the steep again. This 4 Miles beat anything that ever I saw. At this point the trail seemed much more travelled. Four Miles from the top of the Mountain brought us to a pretty valley with plenty of grass and a spring, beautiful oak trees, etc.; quite refreshing to see after our long residence in a desert, although we could not see much, it being long, long after sundown. In fact, it was past sundown when we reached the top of the Mountain. The prospect there was wild in the extreme. I never saw such a threatening sky as there was to the West. 1 Mile up from the Indian huts was a spring. 1 Mile farther, another and a third about a Mile from the top. At them grew some Palmettos which with the rocks and the wild scenery around I would like to have sketched, but we were so apprehensive of snow that we did not falter for a moment but kept on, on, all the time.

The character of the country entirely changed as soon as we struck the culminating point of the Mountain. From Camp to the end of the cañon, ¼ of 9 to ½ of 2—at foot of Mountain at 3—top at 6—Camp at spring ¼ of 8. We found a mule, saddle, buffalo robes, etc., near the trail coming up the Mountain and these we brought in with us.

29th Last night we staid up until eleven to dry our clothes and then went to bed. We had not been in bed long before it began to rain again, very hard. It wet us completely through above and below. We were perfectly soaked all over and it was miserably cold. A while before day, unable to endure it any longer, we got up and with some difficulty built a large fire. It took us all day to dry our blankets. There were some men encamped about ¼ of Mile from us who claimed the mule, buffalo robes, etc. They said they had lost 3 mules. An Indian brought in one. Another Indian came to see us who said he was Capitano Andrés; a beggerly looking Capitano he was. 3 of Gully's Boys got in about 11 in the morning; the rest about 5 in the evening. They got lost; went too far down the cañon. Another Train that came in today, now camped opposite us, is entirely out of bread stuffs. They are cooking acorns as a substitute. Found a bush close by with a berry just like coffee.

30th Started at 8, nooned at 1, at 2 we started again and went to a spring 5 Miles near where 2 Texans were camped; Dr. Collier and Yanker. We then proceeded about 8 Miles farther and encamped for the night near a branch; 27 Miles. The ground was frozen hard in the morning. First part of road or trail was over rolling hills, the top of the Sierra, then by a swampy spring at the head of a valley in which Charley, my mule, got stuck. We had to unload him to get him out. After this we went down, down. The trail became fainter and fainter and we got lost but kept on until we came to a bottom valley, and, instead of going down it as we afterward found we should have done, we crossed it and kept on over hills for some Miles. Then we stopped to consult and turned square to the left and in about 1¼ Mile found the trail, broad and plain, in a beautiful bottom valley. Nooned under the shade of some trees. Two Texans passed us here and said there was water ½ Mile back. They called it 12 Miles from morning Camp to this place.

After this we passed through a series of beautiful bottom valleys for 5 Miles and found the Texans by a spring at the foot of a gap in Mountains that formed the Northern barrier to the valley; passed down the valley, then up hill a little, being the end of the last valley, and into another series of valleys of entirely different character. About dark we came to some pretty steep descending gorges and ravines and found a

1849 *November* stream in a deep rocky gorge about 8 o'clock. All of us were very tired and foot sore. The timber is chiefly oak with some Cottonwood, willows, etc., in the valleys. The shrubs are different from any I have seen; some seem to be a species of laurel. The soil on the hills is mostly a Granitic detritus. It makes good trail. We met on the road an old Squaw with a singular rabbit skin cloak. She was very much alarmed and we could not get her to stop and tell us where water could be found. Two of Gully's men, Woodward and his brother, were without provisions, and three of their party left Camp this morning before us for fear of having to share with them. I told them I would share mine with them as long as they lasted, although I had not more than a sufficiency for Walter, Keane and self. Saw great quantities of black quails; a large shrub; beans; quantities of wild cherries, with a very large pit; a shrub oak also that bears great quantities of large acorns. The night was frosty. We kept no guard and I was a little afraid of bears as I knew they were in the vicinity. However, I soon fell asleep and forgot bears and everything else. Our course all day was too much South to be in the direction of San Diego.

December 1st Started at 10¼ over hills. After a while we dropped down into a lovely valley covered with good grass, plenty of oaks, Cottonwood, etc., and arrived about 11½ o'clock at the West point of this valley, where the side hills join and dip to the level of the valley. Between two points of the Mountains is a fine spring. This is the junction of two valleys. A few rods from the spring under some rocks in the next valley we found an Indian encampment, huts, etc. We asked them the distance to San Diego. Some said 2 leagues; some 5 leagues; and others 2 days and 3 days. They had collected in baskets great quantities of cherries, and acorns for their winter supply. We saw some more Squaws here with rabbit skin cloaks. The rabbit skins are rolled up and then fastened together making a very thick and warm garment. We kept on down the valley, passing 7 Squaws; most miserable specimens of Humanity. At ½ past 1 we saw a deserted rancho on the North side of the valley, our trail being on the South, and at 2½ o'clock we encamped near a dry run in the valley. A hole dug in this afforded us some very indifferent water. Started at 4 and kept along the South side of the valley, passing over occasional spurs and hillocks that put out from main hills, and kept on over a

country like moors until about 7 o'clock we came to the site of an old Indian encampment in solid rock, etc., but we found this at intervals all along the road. Distance, say 10 Miles to noon, and 7 to night; 17 in all. We now seem to be out of the region of oaks, for I see none. There was another Indian Camp in the middle of the valley just below noon Camp. No more large trees. The bush oaks and cherry bushes seem to have gone out also. Vegetation is changed materially. Poor Walter still has to go barefoot, but he does not seem to value it. In fact, he bears it as well as the best of us. We are all miserably tired, but keep up a good heart. Another man's bread (Collier's) has given out and we have to share with him also. And what is strange, these men that we feed perfectly gorge themselves as if there was the greatest abundance. If we do not get in tomorrow we shall not have a particle of food left. It was a beautiful spring day. The young grass is springing up all over the valleys and young sprouts are putting out from the bushes.

2nd SUNDAY. Up early—Off at 9 o'clock, down valleys and ravines. At 10½ we found a party of the Havila Company encamped; Mr. Langley, Brown, Dr. Chilton and others. Kept on and in a short time we passed another road that came in and joined ours from the South. 2 Californians came down this road driving mules. They told us it was still 30 Miles to San Diego. The trail is now broad with faint signs of wheel tracks. The country still looks like moors. The young grass is springing up all around and the larks are singing merrily. The early morn was foggy.

My mule is getting very tired. I have to pull him along all the time when Walter does not walk behind him. About 7 we came down from what we now found were table lands into an open bottom or flat valley and encamped near a slough, not far from a large rancho. Here we found the two Spaniards had lied, as usual, about the way. From morning to noon Camp about 13 Miles. We here found a beautiful shrub that I took to be a species of laurel that bore berries. We had fancied all the morning that we heard the roar of the Sea. All hands are much wearied, and a little anxious. Cooking rinds for dinner; this and a few pieces of broken crackers being all I have left. We passed the slough and moved on at ¼ of 4 along the level bottom. Around us are a number of fine horses grazing, belonging to the ranchers, I suppose. Would like to have one to

1849 *December* rest my weary limbs and one for Walter, poor fellow. At ¼ of 5 we came to the rancho. Staid a short time and then Walter, Keane and self moved on alone, leaving the Gully Boys there. They had determined to stay and beg a meal. This, though hungry, our pride forbids. Kept on and went down a few feet into the immediate bottom where is the slough along which occasionally grow some Cottonwoods. About 5¼ we passed a deserted rancho at our left. A Mile beyond we came to a recently erected post; a line marker between California and Mexico. Walter, Keane, and self shook hands across it, alternately standing in each country; I in Mexico and they in California, then they in Mexico and I in California. Soon after this we encamped in a thicket as it was getting dark, about 5 Miles from the rancho where we left Collier and the others. We had no water and could find none. What little we had in our canteens we made some coffee from and ate some crumbs of biscuits soaked in it. And this was all our supper. We built up a large fire and were preparing to lie down when about 9 o'clock the Gully Boys came up bringing beef, bread, flour, rice, sugar, etc., they had got at the ranch. We agreed to retire at once, get up very early, go on to the first water and then cook a good meal and have a real feast. Just around us the trees were literally covered with quails. The Havilas encamped behind us about 3 Miles, near a very green grassy knoll.

3*rd* Our mules had broken away during the night, and we did not get off until ½ past 8. At ½ past 10 we came near Emory's quarters at "El Punto" where we found water; 4 Miles from morning Camp. Here we stopped and made a great meal. We averaged 2½# to each man, and after this we all acknowledged we had not had enough. Started again at ½ past one. Our road lay close to the edge of the Bay of San Diego and we arrived at San Diego very tired at ½ past 7. Did not know where to go or what to do. It was dark. A serious time. At length, Walter, Keane and self were taken in at the Dragoon Quarters and the rest got a tent. Our supper was coffee and crumbs of biscuit. Here then exactly eight months from the time our waggons left home, have we arrived on the shores of the Pacific; wearied and worn out, both in body and mind, not knowing what to do next and with only $2.50 in my pocket. Well, I trust in Providence, Who has sustained us this far and will not desert us now.



San Diego

December 4th, 1849

Keane got work at the beach at $3.00 per day. Self got a mule from Captain Hayden (who said a great many hard and I thought unwise things about the Emigrants) and went to the beach and saw Major Heintzelman, who behaved very kindly to me and lent me $10.00. Returned at night to Dragoon Quarters. It rained all day.

5th Rain again all day. Major came up but did not see him. He left a note for me to see Don Miguel Pedrorena about getting up a school. Steam boat "Unicorn" came in. Wrote a hasty letter and sent it. Sent mule out to the Mission with the Government mules.

6th Still raining. Saw Don Miguel and wrote prospectus.

7th Weather changed—balmy and spring like. Trace of travel on me still; very tired. Quarters bad. Place, Detrich, Joseph and others came in.

8th Lounging round. Got acquainted with a Mr. Clayton who is after men to commission, a fine fellow. The Public Square is boarded in for a bull fight; miserable affair. Saw Don Miguel. Do not believe he has done anything. Fear the school will fall through. Got the blues horribly.

9th SUNDAY. Bull fight again. Saw Don Miguel who says he can do nothing for me. Must push up the coast. But how?

10th Frosty, a little. Captain Hayden, Slaughter and subalterns have all got the big head. Couts' command came in from the Colorado. Put Walter and self out of Quarters. All abroad again. Bad business.

11th Went by invitation to breakfast with Clayton; not at home. The family of Mr. Rush, where he boards, did not ask me to sit down. I walked off in a huff. Miserable bull fights continue. Thin ice this morning. Snow

1849 *December* in Mountains all around, back of first hills. Moved into a tent. Blues! Sold my watch for $10.00. No breakfast and slight dinner. Tight spot.

12*th* Very cold in morning. No breakfast until very late. Very unpleasant life. Fine day. Bull fights still. Pigs here very good.

13*th* Fixing for change of weather. Can't get anything to do. Almost in despair!

14*th* Rain all day. At night quite hard. Got waggon of Hayden to live in. More comfortable to sleep in than tent in rainy weather. Sold Coat for $8; Dirk for $5.00; Canteens for $2.00.

15*th* Rainy night, but fine day. Still doing nothing. Saw Scoggins and some of his friends. Monte banks; drinking, etc. Their manners here are detestable.

16*th* SUNDAY. Sold knife for $2.00. Dreadful lumbago last night.

17*th* Stormy—dreadful night. Lent $20.00 to one Lovell. Unwise.

18*th* Raining again. Trunk with books, etc., came in. Could not get back my $20.00. Very anxious about it. Bed of river dry when we came in; today the water came rolling down a foot deep. Strange sight. Very sick for 2 or 3 days with Diarrhoea.

19*th* Fine, but wind still South West. Got two certificates of Lovell for $5.00 each. Tried to sell some books. Could not. Very bad all night with Diarrhoea and very severe cramps.

20*th* Selling books all day. Fine weather. Diarrhoea still very bad. Can hardly hold up. Many other Emigrants in the same condition. Saw Chatham. Got some soda. Did me some good. Wind South West still. No more money or anything else from Lovell; bad business. Troubles me much. River falling. Walter unable to borrow mule to fetch in mine which I want here to sell.

21st Beautiful weather. Drew; read; idled. Mr. Bradley went to beach to see Captain of Brig about Emigrants. No go. Passage $35.00 in steerage, passengers to find themselves. Situation critical! Will get in mule as soon as I possibly can and sell it and move to the beach.

22nd Beautiful weather still, spring-like. Selling clothes all day; trousers, handkerchiefs, scarf, etc., etc. Did pretty well. Clouds break away a little. Have more hope. Saved debt of Lovell's in cash; all but $5.00, good.

23rd SUNDAY. Changing silver for gold. Hard work to get it. Singular in this gold country. Could only get $25.00. Still fine weather. Sold dress coat $8.00. Election for municipal officers.

24th Went to Mr. Fitch to sell schoolbooks. He said no; better hold on. Thought he could get up a school for me. Wanted me to wait 2 or 3 days. Agreed to it. Fine weather still. This is Xmas even, and at home the dear children are full of fun and frolic hanging up their stockings. Alas! Alas! How different here! But they think of us, doubtless. Would to God we were there with them!

25th Xmas Day—California sports on Plaza; men in masks. Could not make it out. One man had horns that he tried to gore the others with, but whether he represented a bull or the devil I could not learn.

January 1st 1850 Drizzly day at first, but cleared up afterwards. Idle all day. Still very sick with Diarrhoea and terribly homesick also.

2nd Went to the Mission on foot with Walter. Got wet in fording river. About 7 Miles. Could not find mule. Took sketch of Mission. Some days ago took sketch of San Diego from Fort Stockton. We got back very tired. Young grass springing up all over the valley, which is full of stock. Valley a kind of cañon about a Mile wide. Bluffs each side look like field works, or escarpments, with side runs, some times running back into small valleys. Cacti in great quantities on side hills. Below the Mission there are olive plantations, with a few palm trees. Saw Fuller there, the dirty fellow.

"Everybody gets drunk here"

1850 January A Mr. Israel promised to bring my mule in, in the morning. Weather very beautiful. Stream clear and handsome; great pity it does not continue all the year. This evening bought an India rubber Cloak for $2.00. So hungry on return that I ate a very hearty supper. Shall suffer for it I know. Still I feel better for my walk, although tired.

3rd Fine morning. Very cold last night. Hearty supper brought on Diarrhoea again worse than ever. Do not know what to do about it. I must eat to live. Will try strong exercise and see what that will do.

4th Awakened by gun; steamer from San Francisco. Capt. Hayden, Colonel Weller returned. Wet day; misty to raining but not cold. Did nothing fore part of day; afterward sat in waggon and finished some sketches. Evening bought a shot gun; $2.00. Wind South West. Sick all night.

5th Wet and cold last night. Took some pills. Still quite unwell. Wet all day; very muddy. Cleaned gun. Brig in from San Francisco. Will take us off perhaps. Weary, sick, and miserable.

6th SUNDAY. Fine clear morning. Sick all night. Diarrhoea still continues, in spite of repeated doses of Graefenberg pills. Too sick and miserable all the time to enjoy anything. Homesick—home—home! Tried to sell rifle. Could not. Almost worn down with Diarrhoea and low spirits. Brig Colonel Fremont here; paper opened for passengers. $30.00 for passage, find yourself. Gamblers and gambling rife here, Sunday or no Sunday. Thought of going by land today. Will get burros. Will think more of it.

7th Morning opened fine, but a little cool. Passed a rather better night than lately. Diarrhoea not so severe, but still bad. Clayton promised me work but did not get it for me. Sold India rubber Cloak and cap for $6.00. Left books at the Alcalde's, Mr. Bean's. Did not see him, heard he was drunk and asleep at Lieutenant Couts' room.

Everybody gets drunk here. Spent almost the whole day in waggon, drawing and reading. Night cold and Diarrhoea very bad with cramps.

8th Up very early. Fine, but cold. No mule has come in yet, so cannot go by the Brig, which sails this morning. Saw Clayton who says that, as soon as he sees Colonel Weller, he will get me employment as draftsman; good. Mr. Rush gave me an order to copy sketch of town on thin paper to send to New Orleans Delta to be published; is to pay me $5.00—too cheap—but glad to get anything to do. Went to work, but found it more of a job than I thought; thin paper and nose and knees together in waggon! Very sick all day and night with cold and Diarrhoea.

9th Fine morning. Quite sick still, in great pain, but kept at work all day on sketch for Mr. Rush. This P.M. worked about 8½ hours. The paper was so thin that I went over the trace 5 times. Almost out of heart with it. Monte—$19—fool!

10th Very misty, foggy morning; same all day. Sale of goods belonging to U. S. Commission, great prices. Worked some at sketch. Poor heart for it. Sold shot gun in the morning for $2.00. Walter went to Mission for the mule. Did not return at night. Diarrhoea assumes a very bad character indeed. Begin to be alarmed about it. Feel very miserable indeed. —$11.

11th Walter did not return today either. Sick—sick—

12th Terrible night last night. Under Dr. Conger's charge today. Medicine every hour, very sick indeed. Walter brought in mule about noon. Sold it to Colonel Weller for $45.00. A trifle better in the evening. Cold misty day. Some Emigrants near moved off by land today.

13th SUNDAY. Quite sick all night, little better this morning. Misty, almost raining. Cleaned up round waggon. Got milk; did not know before that it was to be had.

Will try the total abstinence system. The gambling and drinking of the officers here and their exceedingly supercilious manners to the Emigrants is very reprehensible—Hayden, Slaughter in particular. Gardening is begun here, planting, etc.

Gamble at Monte, and lose

1850 January 14th Last night about the same as night before for Diarrhoea. Abstinence, medicine, patience, time; all do not cure it. Captain Hayden told me today he was going to move my waggon, which will deprive me of shelter. Could not, or would not, let me have a tent! Was in great trouble for awhile. At length got Mr. Reimer to give me up his. Am to move in tomorrow. Diet: milk toast and weak coffee. Still medicine every hour, night and day. Finished sketch of San Diego for Mr. Rush and took it to him. Was prevented from finishing it before on $^{a}/_{c}$ of the weather, having no place to draw but in the waggon. He did not pay me. The reason given by Brevet Captain Hayden for moving waggon was that he wanted to plough up the ground for a garden. And another was that they were soon going away and he wanted to be prepared. The two reasons did not hang well together. I think the true reason was, that he was piqued at me, because I saw him gambling last night—Sunday!

15th Sergeant Berry took my tent from me, for some of the women; wives of soldiers. Almost in despair. Went all over the town. Could not find a shelter. At last, went down by Major Emory's quarters, near the Old California Alcalde's house, Don Juan Marie Marron's, and hired a waggon from him. Walter and self set to work and moved all our little plunder down there. Better fixed than before. Sketching the rest of the day. A party came in from City of Mexico today: Wilburn, Winton, Saxon, Hugh and others. They set up a Monte Bank in the evening; piles of Doubloons; large lump of Gold, 58 oz., etc. Diarrhoea getting much better. In better spirits now.

16th Mr. Foster, one of the draftsmen belonging to the Commission, gave me an order for a sketch of San Diego. So I sat in waggon drawing all day. Finished it about sundown; took it home and he paid me $5.00. Don Miguel met me in Square, looked at the sketch and engaged a copy. Go at it tomorrow. Think I will get a good many more. Owens (Dragoon) died $^{a}/_{c}$ for cutting and maiming another Dragoon.

17th Drawing all day the sketch of San Diego for Don Miguel Pedrorena. Got 6 more subscribers. Am getting on; will do well yet. Monte, $6. Fool! Cold and showery all day.

18th Cold and wet. Printing hand bills for mules for Mr. Wilburn for which he paid me $5.00. Then finished sketch for Mr. Winter, but could not find him. Two steam boats arrived at Port.

19th Rained hard last night, but fine and warm today. Drawing. Gave sketch to Mr. Winter; paid me $5.00. He crumpled it up and thrust it into his pocket; bought it only to help me; but I did not like to see him do it and told him so. Sketching Mission in afternoon. Bought Sack Coat and razors of Chilian; Don Manuel. Coat $8.00. Razors and strop $1.50.

20th SUNDAY. Shaved some of my beard off my chin, but left a small moustache. Dressed up in new clothes. Quite fine and being Sabbath, would not work. Clayton says he can employ me and Walter in surveying in a few weeks: "nous verrons." Ad interim shall continue making copies of the sketch.

21st Very cold night. Thin ice in the morning. Finished copy of San Diego and Mission for Lieutenant Couts. Took it home about sundown, and he paid me $8.00. Warm all day, very.

22nd Rained hard last night. Copied a ground plan of the Beach or Port of San Diego for Mr. Sloane. It took me all day, and I got only $2.00 for it. But it got me more subscribers at $4.00 each, so it turned out well, as it opens once their doors for work.

23rd At work all day on Plan, and sketch of Mission. Delivered a Mission to Alcalde Bean and took sash for Walter in pay for it. Got some paper.

24th Rained for three nights past, but fine during the day. Finished plot of Beach for Mr. Jordan. Took it home this P. M. Bought from Don Manuel 1 Coat for $9.00; 1 vest for $1.50 and from Don Adolph some drawing paper for $3.00. Great drain on my little purse!

This evening Mr. Robinson engaged Walter to go to Don Miguel's rancho to help herd mules. He will get board and $1.00 per diem and is to come in once a week to see me. Starts tomorrow. Got a table today, and moved my paper, plans, etc., into one of Major Emory's tents,

1850 January which was occupied by Frank Holley who gave me leave. At work by sunup and kept at work until sundown.

25th Up by sunrise and at work an hour and half before breakfast. Finished plan of Beach for Don Adolph. Walter hired to Mr. Robinson, $1.00 per day and found. Walter started with Mr. Robinson for Don Miguel's rancho. Finished large map of town of San Diego for Mr. Fitch; great deal of work, but got through about sundown. Took home plan to Don Adolph. He did not like the colour of the paper so I took it back. Will give him another tomorrow. Cold and rainy all day. Work much more at ease on table in the tent than I could in the waggon where it was nose and knees together with nothing but a board in my lap; for such is the way I have been doing.

26th Up early again and at work before sunrise, and finished plan of Beach for Don Adolph before I could take breakfast. After breakfast I worked nearly all day on large plan of Beach for Mr. Fitch. Finished it about 4 o'clock. Took home plan to Don Adolph. He paid me $6. Took home the town maps to Alcalde Bean and showed him a small map of the Beach, which he said he would take. I waited but he did not pay me. After awhile he said, "I believe I owe you for a sketch of San Diego." I said, "Yes." "How much is it," said he. "My price," I replied, "is $5.00." "Well," he remarked, "do you want anything out of the store?" "No, Sir, I do not." His countenance changed, and he began to talk to me very strangely. Said the drawing was a mere outline, etc., although when I delivered it he expressed himself very well satisfied and showed it to some friends, which got me two subscribers. I said it was true, but that he knew what he was going to buy before he took it. He answered it was a great price. I told him it took me from immediately after breakfast until near sundown to finish it and that no one had, as yet, objected to the price. "Five dollars!" said he. "Why! I don't make five dollars every day myself, and I don't see why you should; besides," he said, "you dunned me the other day for the money, and I don't like it. Do you want anything out of the store?" "No, Sir; I only want the money." He went into the other room, came back again and flung down $5.00 and vanished back again. I was not the least excited, but exceedingly

Middleton Place Bridge

surprised. I could not make out the reason for this sudden ebulition of temper. I reflected for a few moments and then said, "Captain Bean, will you please come back, as I should like to say a word to you." He, in an angry tone, said, "I do not wish to have anything more to say to you or do with you." I must confess I was greatly surprised at his conduct. When I went in he was polite and gentlemanly as usual, and all at once he seemed to be struck with a streak of angry madness, and treated me in the contumelious manner I have mentioned. My feelings were hurt, and after waiting a few seconds, I said to him as he was pacing up and down the other room. "Sir, when I asked you the other day to pay me for my drawing I needed the money, and I meant no offense, I am sorry you have taken it." I then left. I can account for his queer actions and talk, but, as he has abused me, I will not note down what I am well satisfied is the reason, as it might look like spite. Let him go. Bought a hat and Coat for $2.50. Washing $2.00. Cloudy cold day. Very tired at night.

27th SUNDAY. Beautiful morning. Dressed up and passed a quiet day.

28th Fine mild morning. Springlike. Finished sketch of San Diego and Mission for Mr. Fitch. Took it home and traded out part. He did not pay me the cash part; $11.00. He told me his mother, a Spanish woman, seemed dissatisfied and does not know the value of these things. He said, "Come in tomorrow when Mother is not here and you and I will make it all straight." "Good," said I, and I vamoosed. At night I was restless and unquiet. Lent money to Jack Decher who returned it, also $10.00 to Mr. Geheegan, who did not return it.

29th Beautiful morning again. At work all day. Geheegan did not pay me. Took dress Coat to Mr. Rush. Left it with him. Finished some drawings but did not take them to any one.

30th Raining night and morning. Took sketch of San Diego Mission and plan of Port to Mr. Bandini. Would not take either. Gave one to Judge Sutherland who did not pay me, and gave one of the Mission, as a gift, to Mr. Rush. Saw Mr. Robinson. He was just in from Don Miguel's rancho and said Walter was well and will be in on Sunday.

Ordered off by Major Emory

1850 *January* 31*st* Beautiful day. Finished plan of Beach and sketch of Mission for no one in particular, but merely to keep busy. Sold Coat to young Ingram. Sick all day with very sour stomach; bilious. Shall exercise tomorrow and not work.

February 1*st* Awakened by cannon; Wedding, etc. Went out with Bob up the Mission valley duck shooting. Crippled four, but could not get them without wading. Returned about 2, tired. Quiet rest of day.

2*nd* Bought a horse for a man who paid me for my trouble. An idle day. Monte 5-6-2—$12.00.

3*rd* SUNDAY. Walter came in from ranch. Idle day.

4*th* Walter went with Mr. Robinson to a new place. They will camp North of here about 10 Miles and herd the mules where there is fine clover, wild oats, etc. Worked some but not much. Am getting idle. Will reform, but I do not feel well.

5*th* Passed a restless night and am quite unwell today. Spent the day in walking and reading. Saw Mr. Robinson. He wants Walter to go up the country with him, and will give me a chance too. So I told him we would go. This has eased my mind a good deal. Tomorrow morning I will go to work and finish as many plans and sketches as I think I can sell both here and at the Beach and then I shall be ready at an hour's warning.

6*th* In the morning I felt better, in fact well, but after breakfast a Diarrhoea came on of rather an alarming character, passing much blood, etc. It continued until night when I got a little better. I worked, however, all day from breakfast to sundown on a map of the town. Fine day. Evening drizzly and cold.

7*th* Arose with a bad headache. Cloudy damp morning. Set to work immediately after breakfast. Major Emory came round to John's cook fire and saw me at work in Frank Holly's tent. In a few minutes he called Frank. On Frank's return, he looked troubled and began whispering

with John and Brannagan. He came into the tent, and, after awhile, told me what he learned the Major had said. It amounts to this: He did not wish to have anyone near his tents, except persons belonging to his own command or party; that Frank could stay and have his rations cooked there but must not have any one else around. This, of course, was aimed at me. I instantly gathered up my drawings, papers, etc., and took them all to my waggon. Frank and John seemed to feel very bad about it, and begged me not to think them to blame.

This looks to me like persecution. First, Brevet Captain Hayden, Quartermaster, etc., and now Major Emory, of the lying and incorrect map. I cannot conceive what objection there could be. Frank had the tent entirely to himself, and was perfectly willing for me to stay there and draw; indeed, he seemed pleased to have me there. I was in no one's way and only took up about 2½ feet square of room. Was quiet at my drawing all day and interfered with nothing in any way. I impute it to this. Last night, when all had retired to rest, I was sitting by the embers of the fire, when about 11 o'clock the Major returned to his room in the Alcalde's home, and as he had neither fire or matches came out to the cook's fire, where I sat, for a light. He saw me there warming myself and spoke to me very politely, and in a short time returned to his room, but his eyes were very fishy, and his gait unsteady. In a word, he was tight, which, I understand, he is every night. And the reason he does not want any one round his mess tent, is, I suppose, that persons may not see him when he is drunk, except those over whom he has some command. The officers go to his room and he goes to theirs and they all get drunk together, except a very few, and talk and act, as I hear from eye and ear witness, in the most outrageous and obscene manner. They are all (with a very few exceptions) drunkards, profane swearers, and gamblers and I have a most profound contempt for the whole batch of them. I went up in town and got the privilege of Mr. Geheegan (who, by the bye, has paid me the $10.00) to move my table to his rooms. I did so and continued my work until near sundown. Had dinner 2 hours after dark. Could not get any before. I intend for the future to live on milk and bread alone, as I abhor cooking. Day cold.

8th Fine day but cool. Drawing most of the day at Geheegan's. Getting quite

1850 *February* well. Mr. Robinson came in last night from Camp and said Walter would be in on Sunday.

9*th* After breakfast took sketch to Mr. Gray. He was not at home and on returning across the Plaza met Lieutenant Couts who told me he wanted another copy of each of my sketches to be drawn in an album. Went with him to his room and got the album. Returned to the waggon and went to work there on them at once. I was not able to work at Geheegan's on ⅞ of his sickness. From the smallness of the book, and from its different shape to that in which the original sketch was, I found some difficulty in suiting myself in reducing the size. I succeeded, however, after awhile and kept at work at it all day. Fine day.

10*th* SUNDAY. Quiet all day; strolling round, or reading. Walter came in from Camp in the morning and went out again at 3 o'clock P.M. Fine weather. Health better than at any time since I have been here. Milk diet works well.

11*th* Clear, but windy. Difficult to work in the waggon. Finished sketch of Mission in Lieutenant Couts' book, or rather Miss Bandini's, and also a plan of Beach. Got an order from Dr. Freeman to make a map of San Diego.

12*th* Fine day. Last night was quite cold. Saw the wedding of Alcalde Marron's daughter at the Catholic church; miserable mummery. Then went to work on the map for Dr. Freeman at Scotty's room who gave me use of his table. Finished it before sundown and took it home in the evening. Did not pay me. Also took home Lieutenant Couts' drawings in album. He was well satisfied with them and paid me $8.00. Great times at the Alcalde's all day on ⅞ of the wedding. The house is about 10 yards from my waggon.

13*th* Could not sleep all night for noise of music, etc., at the Alcalde's. Arose unrefreshed, but well. My health is not quite reestablished. The milk fixings work well. Drawing copy of San Diego all day to take to the Beach. Will make a number of drawings and maps and take down there

to sell. In the evening saw Mr. Brown who said I might have a small room of his at the rate of $6.00 per month and I closed with the offer. Will move in tomorrow. A Mexican soldier of Carrasco's Command murdered another right here in town last night. So little notice was taken of it that I did not hear of it until this evening. Beautiful day.

14th Fine morning. Moved into the new room. It was formerly a little groggery and has a narrow counter, with some shelves behind; a mere mud hovel, but better much than the waggon. Paid the Alcalde $2.50 for use of the waggon. Don Miguel Pedrorena paid me $5.00. This I hardly expected to get, as he is a bad paymaster. Dr. Freeman also paid me $6.00 for maps. Drew one sketch of town and one map of Beach.

15th Fine day. Headache. Drew one sketch of town and one plot of Beach. Windy. Horses; price in country about 40 to 100 dollars; in town from $40 to $300; cows $20 to $30; cattle $15 to $30. The beef here is not really good; by no means what I expected to find it.

16th Beautiful weather. Could not improve it. Had to stick to my counter in my little mud hole, and draw plans of Beach from breakfast time until it was so dark I could see no longer to work; all this on $^{a}/_{c}$ of sales of lots that takes place on Monday and I want as many copies as I can make, being in hopes to sell them to speculators.

17th SUNDAY. Drawing maps of the Beach all day. Did not like to work on Sunday, but as sale comes off tomorrow I was obliged to work to get as many copies as I can, as it will probably be my only chance for sales. I have spoken to many about this sale and hardly any one knew that a sale was to take place; and some of them, persons that I thought, of course, would know; Clayton, for instance, and others. They express surprise that no notice has been put up and at the shortness of the time. Saturday evening the Council decided on the sale and the sale is to take place on Monday morning.

They do not hesitate to say there is some sinister and underhand motive. I have heard more than a dozen, since I have told them of it, speak about it with indignation. Beautiful day. Pic-nic of big bugs.

Rain and a leaky roof

1850 *February* Made a great parade in coming through the Plaza in evening and riding up to Mr. Bandini's daughter. Bought Walter some shoes for $4.00 and myself a scarf $2.50, worth $4.50. Walter came in this morning from Camp and returned in afternoon. Found Coat, 2 handkerchiefs, and knife. Wore black frock Coat, cost $8.50. Cuts quite a swell. Went to bed at tattoo with fit of blues, thinking of home.

18th Before breakfast heard that the sale of land had commenced over at Alcalde Bean's. Went in a hurry, but found they were selling the remains of his stock of goods, previous to his leaving by steamer for San Francisco. Learnt then that sale of lots at Beach was indefinitely postponed. So I worked yesterday unavailingly. Mr. Bean's plan of hurrying the sale of lots, it appears, brought such a strong remonstrance from some source that he had to give it up. I think, myself, they meant some shuffling game about it. Sold plan of Beach to Saxon and engaged two more to men at Beach. Hooper promised to come and get his drawing, but did not. Do not know what to make of him. Drawing some and finishing sketches. Sketch in book all day. Cold and cloudy. Last of tobacco I brought from home.

19th Cold, cloudy, windy day. Dust very unpleasant. At work all day on map of town for Mr. Geheegan. I spent the evening at Israel's, who lost $25.00 from coat pocket. Had to sit up all night as it began to rain as evening set in. The roof of my mud cabin leaks badly; wet my bed clothes, papers, etc. My room was just one puddle. It stopped raining a little before day and I crawled in between my wet blankets and was so miserably tired and sleepy that I soon lost myself in the land of nod and did not awaken until about 10 o'clock.

20th A fine day after the rain. Threatened rain in afternoon but did not. Amused myself most of the day by retouching, or rather going all over, sketches in sketch book, which had become faint by attrition. Sold Mr. Geheegan large and small map for $9.00. Too cheap. He paid me. Bought blankets for $2.00. Evening sold to Taylor a sketch of San Diego and Mission for a Panama Hammock. It took all day to dry the bed clothes. Got some soup of John F. Brown in evening.

21st Reading and writing up Journal most of the day. Delivered the sketches to Taylor and got the Hammock; a fine one. Fine day.

22nd Rained last night. Had to get up and light candle as the water came pouring down on my pillow, but it did not last long. Very cold this morning, but fine. Went to Beach on one of Robinson's mules. Paid Major Heintzelman the $10.00 he lent me when I came in. Could not sell either maps or sketches to any of the Officers. Sold two to the barkeeper at A. J. Smith's for $5.00 and 2 to a young fellow of the name of Johnson for $8.00, who gave order for 2 maps as also did Mr. Lynch for 2 more. Mr. A. J. Smith, 1 map $5.00. Curtis did not pay for his (?). Don't like his ways. Rush and Robinson caught me up coming home and we returned together. Went to work on maps of town immediately on my return, to fulfill orders, and worked until sundown. Washington's birthday. Two men (Dragoons) got badly hurt in firing the cannon in Plaza. Two Bailes in the evening. Close in my mud hole all the evening reading Scott's works.

23rd Fine day. Drawing maps all day for Messrs. Johnson and Lynch. Had some on hand so delivered the order in the evening; 4 maps, at Mr. Bandini's. Mr. Johnson paid me $22.00. Walter came in at evening and told me Mr. Robinson said that I could not go up the country with him, as he had been disappointed about some mules. Saw Mr. Kauffman going out to Camp and spoke to him about it. He said he would try and arrange it for me with Robinson. If I cannot go with them, I know not what I shall do. I hope to goodness he will arrange it.

24th SUNDAY. Fine day. Wrote some letters in Journal but most of the day lounged around with Walter who returned to Camp about 3 o'clock. Lent Mrs. Brown, my landlady, $6.00. Went to bed at 9 o'clock.

25th Writing and washing filled up my day. Saw Robinson who said the same as Walter had told me, but I put him on the track of 30 or 35 mules at Rosario, some 35 Miles to the South or leeward as they call it here. If he gets them Walter and self go up with him as understood in the first plan.

Copying deeds for Alcalde

1850 *February* 26*th* Writing all day. Quiet, cool, cloudy, and showery. Rained all night hard. Had to sit up all night again; wet bed clothes and every thing as before. Passed a most miserable night; wet, cold as charity; the night seemed about 3 weeks long.

27*th* Writing in Journal all day. Don Miguel de Pedrorena came and wanted a map of San Diego in a great hurry. I promised to have it done by 10 to-morrow. Went at it at once and worked as long as I could see. Rainy, boisterous day. Hail storm in middle of the day.

28*th* Up and at work ½ hour before sunrise. Very cold. Went out to the oven to warm myself. The fire puffed out and singed my eyebrows, eyelashes and hair. "Mala suerte!" Finished map for Don Miguel between 10 and 11 and took it up to Alcalde Sutherland where I made some additions to it from his map. Had it certified and also had both of my maps for copies certified. Delivered the map to Don Miguel who paid me $6.00. Then Mr. Sutherland gave me 13 deeds to copy in record book. Went to mud shanty, washed and took breakfast about 12, then to work like a tiger at the deeds and finished them all about ½ past eleven at night. Went to bed tired enough. Showery and cold all day. Mr. Rush in P.M. moved in some goods. Robinson returned; could not reach Rosario. Very doubtful indeed if I can go with him.

March 1*st* Don Miguel gave me order for a map of the Plaza and town, both to be done on the same sheet. He gave me a fine large sheet of drawing paper, and told me he would give me an ounce, but that I must finish it in style. Worked all day on 6 maps of Beach to prepare for the sale there. Took some deeds to Mr. Sutherland who paid me $6.50. He told me to come tomorrow and he would give me more; a new and profitable business because I can work at this at night. Bought some coloured paper. Got my dictionary back. Bought a horse for $30.00 of Mr. Lemey; paid him. Cloudy, cold with occasional showers.

2*nd* Went to work immediately after breakfast on large map of town and Beach for Don Miguel. Worked at it until 1½ o'clock; pricked it off and blocked it out in pencil. Then wrote home. After that I went to

work on 18 more deeds that Mr. Sutherland had given me. I kept at work until about 4 o'clock next morning and finished the whole 18. Cold, raw, cloudy day. It rained all night, some times hard, and my hovel leaked as usual and I sat in a big puddle. I continued at work by occasionally shifting my position.

3rd SUNDAY. Wet, cold, unpleasant day. Took home deeds to Mr. Sutherland who paid me $9.00. The creeks are so high that Walter did not get in today. Worked a little and finished 6 small maps of Plaza.

4th At work all day on large map for Don Miguel. Walter came in and staid a short time, and then went out again and took the horse with him. Steamer in. Very doubtful if I can go with Robinson, as I cannot get horses or mules at a fair price.

5th At work all day on large double map. In treaty for horse and burro to be brought in tomorrow for me to see. Sale of lots at Plaza postponed on % of advices received by steamer that Government intends to reserve some. Captain Hardcastle went to Beach to survey and put them off today. This evening Powers came and pawned his pistols. I could not refuse. Fine day.

6th Fine day. Finished large double map for Don Miguel's father-in-law, Don Estudillo. Took it home. They were much pleased. In truth, I had made a very respectable job of it. Paid me gold; 1 ounce. Bought a pony this morning for $30.00. Saw Robinson this evening and found that I could not go with him after all. He is going to make forced marches. This would kill my horses so that I will have to sell them and go by sea after all.

7th Rather a dull day but pleasant. Pricked off and made outline of Plaza, full size, to take with me and took a sketch of mud hovel in Mother's album, for them to see at home (if ever I am happy enough to get there) in what kind of a place I lived in at San Diego. I had sent for Walter, who came in in evening but did not bring blankets. Send him for them in morning. Sold pony for $30.00.

Farewell, San Diego, forever

1850 March 8th Fine weather still. Lounging round all day; trying to sell horses in afternoon. Trying to buy cattle and a waggon for a Mr. Patrick as, if I could do so for him, he would take up Walter and myself. Could not effect it. Am to have an answer at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning.

9th Could not buy the waggon and cattle for Mr. Patrick but about 10 o'clock made a bargain with him to go up. If he gets a waggon on the road Walter and self go up with him for nothing, otherwise I am to pay him $30.00. We had therefore to leave in a great hurry; not more than 1½ hours notice. Got all together and put it into the waggon he had, which started about 11½. I staid behind to see Mr. Robinson. He came in soon and paid me $40.00 for Walter's service and a blanket I had sold him. Made my adieux to the few I knew and left San Diego, I hope for ever. Caught up the waggon about 3 or 4 Miles from town. The river up to saddle skirts of the horse. The road does not lead by the Mission, but to the left toward San Luis Rey. Soon after passing the river as we proceeded up a cañon we soon found the side hills and high land covered with wild oats, and clover with a yellow blossom. The oats at some places were already headed out. This continued all the way, not in patches, but covering the country as far as we could see. Stopped in the little valley of the Soledad, near the Dragoon Camp, about 12 Miles from San Diego. Beautiful clear stream with a few sycamores and willows; valley carpeted with clover about 8 or 10 inches high. Centipede—fright—etc.

10th SUNDAY. My baggage, books and papers having got wet in passing the San Diego river, I busied myself in drying them; after this Mr. Patrick and self fixed the waggon with bows, sheet, etc., for our journey. Mr. Ring and Richard Thornton have gone to get some cattle they have bought. Tony Sander of Philadelphia was at the Dragoon Camp. I dined there; very hospitable. Yellow-headed and wing-tipped black birds; warm day; very cold at night with heavy dew. Waggon and 3 Yoke cattle, $225, and 1 Yoke $50, and 1 Yoke more $55. Lieutenant Wilson came in at night with Dragoons.

11th Started down the valley of the Soledad a Mile or two, then turned

North. Country: hills, sandy and shrubby; up hill and down dale; course very winding. We soon came to oats and clover that lay in large patches of thousands of acres, but here chiefly in the valleys.

We had some trouble in passing the San Diegito river, which was swollen. It half filled the waggon bed and wet most of our things and all but swam the oxen. Walter who had staid behind to hunt horses that had strayed, here came up with the Dragoons who took a different road from us to the right near by some huts. Country now became rolling. Up valleys and over low hills, passed one rancho and met here Gentry, Logan and Johnson. We kept on to the rancho of Don Juan Maria Marron which is situated about 30 Miles from San Diego in a beautiful valley. Here we camped for the night. Got milk. Horse sick. Splendid valley. Lizard.

12th Began to rain early. Roads very bad; had to wade through the mud and tramp along in the rain in great discomfort, my poor miserable horse being "hors de combat." Miserable morning. The country still rolling with vast quantities of oats headed out, and fine clover. Arrived at the Mission of San Luis Rey about 11 o'clock, about 40 Miles from San Diego. Fine valley, and fine Mission. Took sketch. 5 or 6 houses below Mission about a Mile, and fine field of wheat about 10 inches high. Passed the San Luis Rey river about two Miles below Mission.

The Mission is a very extensive quadrangle, enclosing about 2 acres, with colonnade all round the interior. Garden between Church and main building for Chief Priest, I took it. Beautiful flowery trees in blossom, as also peach trees. A Hungarian Colonel has taken up his residence here. Means to settle here, I believe.

Very extensive olive and pear gardens in front, surrounded by adobe walls. The Mission is built of brick and adobe. Can tell best of its appearance by my sketch. The weather had now cleared up some and though the roads were muddy we got along more pleasantly. We kept on a few Miles to near 2 or 3 Indian ranchos. We left there tonight and passed a very swampy stream with much difficulty, then turned up a valley bordered by some pretty high and rugged hills and at length came out onto a rolling kind of Plain that sloped off to the Pacific Ocean on the left. Here for the first time I got a fair view of it. No ships in sight.

San Juan Capistrano

1850 *March* At a short distance we saw a Mission that we supposed to be the Mission of San Juan Capistrano. We stopped for the night by a small stream a little West of a small rancho where the grass and clover were really astonishing. Here we met the Mail Rider who said we were 22 Miles from San Juan Capistrano and that what we took for San Juan nearby was Flores. Just before we arrived at Camp we saw a great variety of beautiful flowers. Wild mustard. Sand hill cranes.

13th About 1 league brought us to the little Mission of "Flores." Took a hasty sketch. Bought beef: 20# for 50c; eggs, 4 for 11. Our road still along the gently inclined Plain. Saw whales spouting. Mr. Patrick left us to go on to his son and daughter near Los Angeles. Grass like parsnip tops. Cattle and horses like it better than the clover. 4 or 5 Miles brought us to a point of Mountains coming in from South East which forced us down close to the Ocean; about 2 Miles more and we descended onto the sands. Perpendicular banks of clay. Kept on sand for about 8 Miles, then turned short to the right up the valley of San Juan de Capistrano about two Miles, passed the river, and stopped a while at the Mission which is close by the river. The Church is built of gray stone, but is in ruins from an earthquake some years since. Many old adobe houses around, tiled with semi-cylindrical tiles common in this country. Owned by a Mr. Forster of Liverpool.

With difficulty took a slight sketch, rain hindered me from taking a good one. Went on about a Mile and encamped. Rainy, muddy and miserable. All four of us had to sleep in the waggon, but got miserably wet notwithstanding. Fine valley but as usual, in this section, not much wood. Duck; geese; larks.

14th Rained all night. Boots full of water in morning. Cattle missing. Twice to river for water for breakfast. Wet and wretched. Here changed my useless horse for another, giving $20.00 to boot; good bargain. Went back to town with the man and got a paper from the Alcalde. Got back just in time for breakfast. Started up valley—cold and rainy—but having horse, no need to trudge through the mud as I did the other day. After awhile the rain ceased. Great Coat soaking. Kept on, say 6 Miles, to rancho up this valley. 3 ranches near each other. Came to top of hill

on to a fine rolling Plain of vast extent, bounded East by Mountains and West by some low hills close by the Ocean. More like the California I had anticipated than anything I have yet seen. Our course for many Miles was like going through a vast rich meadow. Cattle and horses in great numbers around. Stopped at evening in a grove of sycamores and alders by a little puddle of water. Told Mr. Ring I had seen a river course a little way ahead but he would not go on; obstinate and mulish. Grass very thick; yellow blossom clover, parsnip top grass, and geranium-leafed grass. Fine land, beautiful Plain. What I supposed to be an island to the left, I now think is a range of Mountains on mainland. Lack of timber is the most striking characteristic of the country I have passed through thus far.

15th Off early. Half a Mile brought us to the stream, as I supposed it would last night. 1 Mile farther to a rancho. Hired the ranchero to pilot us across the Santa Ana river nearby.

He drove a herd of mares over to show us the best ford. Treacherous stream and somewhat savage. Quicksands. Character of land now changed on the North side; sandy and barren. About a league from the river is a strip of better land, then sandy and bare again until after some Miles you come to where the perfectly flat Plain terminates. After passing 3 or 4 miry creeks, the Plain rises suddenly by a low bluff, stretching out in continuance but higher than that we have passed. As you get near this rise the grass and soil gets good again; before this it is weedy, sandy and with many cacti. On the ridge to the right hand is a large rancho. Our course now was over rolling ground with fine grass, but soon settled into flat Plain again. Vast flocks of "Grugos" or sand hill cranes. Today the Mountains to the right hand sank to hills; West of us the Plain ran to the Sea. At a distance, islands or Mountains. Camped at a puddle again, although close by the San Gabriel river. Ring's folly. Between us and the Ocean is a short range of hills but whether North or South of the San Gabriel river, I do not know, but think North. North of us is a range of Mountains; East a line of hills, and back of them a vast Sierra hidden partly by clouds. First Cottonwoods. Cloudy day.

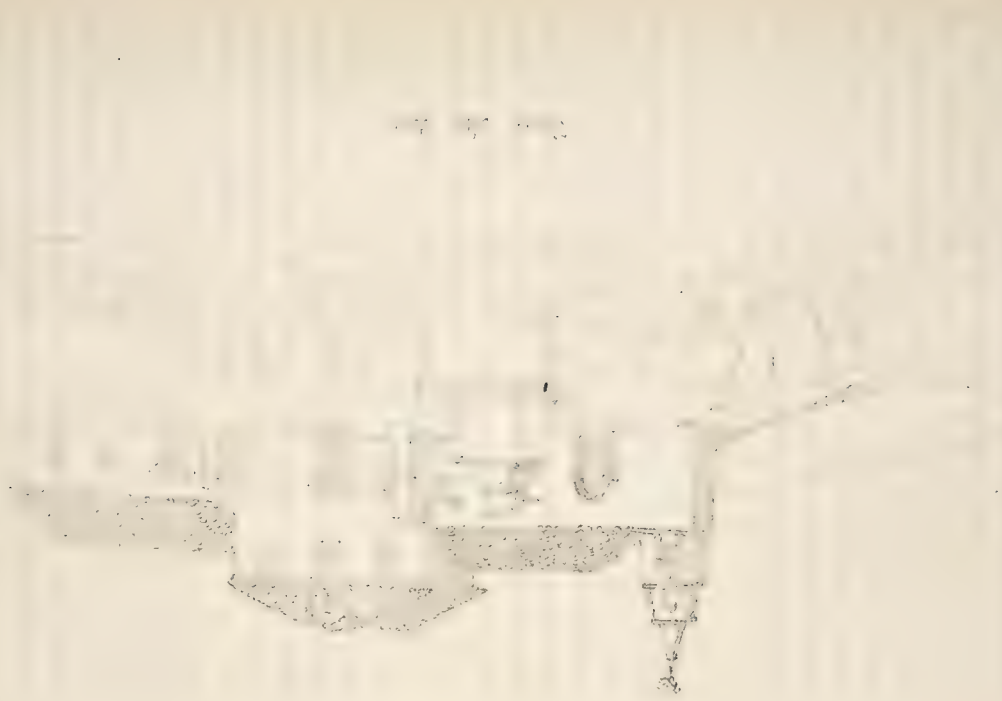
208 Pueblo de Los Angeles, 1850

1850 *March* 16*th* Half a Mile brought us to the river of San Gabriel. We drove the loose cattle in and Ring rushed in with the waggon after them without waiting to try the fording or making enquiries. I had gone to the ranch to learn something of the ford, but on my return I found the waggon stuck in the quicksands and Ring, almost frantic with rage, beating the cattle most unmercifully; but Thornton and Walter were cool and between them they got the waggon back onto the bank again.

We, at length, found a better ford and passed safely over. We all got wet, however, up to the waist. I pulled off boots, stockings and trousers and hung them up on the waggon to dry, and rode my horse in wet shirt and drawers until close to Los Angeles, say 2 leagues, when I resumed my clothes partly dry. The Pueblo de Los Angeles is situated in a valley between some rolling hills, at the North end of the extensive Plain we have passed. The Plain goes farther up North West, and, I judge, is about 70 Miles long and 20 Miles wide. Quite a busy little town; 2 to 3000 inhabitants: vineyards—improvements—stores—bakeries—eating houses—billiard tables—theatre, etc., etc. The Indian mode of riding, with knee thrust through a loose surcingle, is rather singular. We passed the river de Los Angeles just at entering the Pueblo, and also two or three acequias for irrigating the vineyards. Some of the vineyards were ploughed and pruned close, looked like large cabbage stalks, and in good clean order. I saw one man pruning with saw and knife close to the stump which stood some two feet to 3 from the ground.

17*th* SUNDAY. Staid in town. Mr. Patrick, Son, Daughter, and Son-in-Law came in with two more waggons. Busy place the Pueblo! The houses are roofed with pitch got from a spring some 6 Miles West. Went over the river and took a sketch of the town. Great many Indians in town. Wine from 12 to 15 dollars the barrel of 18 gallons; flour 16c. Man came in from Gold mine on old Spanish Trail, 210 Miles, with some good specimens of Gold mixed with quartz.

18*th* Started about 9 o'clock up through the valley by the road shown in the sketch; over some hills. About 3 Miles brought us to a Plain, the continuance of the valley of the Pueblo, I believe. Followed up a stream, the same, I think, that passes near the Pueblo. The Plain gradually



widened out to 10 or 12 Miles. Stopped about 1½ hours before sundown, our road having run along the West side of the valley. North of the valley are Mountains and hills; East, very high range of Mountains. A little stream runs near Camp, close by the West side of the valley. Walnut trees, rose bushes and flowers on side hill; soil, very rich. Fine day. Came about 16 Miles.

Mr. Patrick says there is a Mission on the other side of the Plain, nearly opposite to us, but we cannot see it. The country begins to have more timber; oaks, Cottonwood, walnuts, willows, alders. Passed a number of ranchos. There are two roads to this Camp; our road was rather blind but when the two meet the trace is plain. The Plain or valley runs in a West North West course.

19th Cattle lost; they had wandered away on the Plain. Rather a late start. 5 Miles to warm springs, near Indian rancho; then about 3 or 4 to where a spur of round hills juts out into the valley. Passed through these and then into the valley again. 4 or 5 Miles up the prong of the valley that here forks, then up over hills, sidling and bad, to a spring at the side of the road. About 1 Mile beyond the spring we turned off the main road to the left, leaving a rather remarkable bare-topped hill still to the left and near a ranch. Water very scarce. Tried to buy horses and cows; did not succeed. First part of the day the timber got better; walnuts and live evergreen oaks were larger and there was a good growth of white and black oaks. The timber, as we proceeded today, was covered with long streams of moss. The road was mostly good. Course westerly; just at the turn of road it was South of West. The day's travel say, 20 Miles. The rancho near which we are encamped is 12 leagues from the Pueblo. Timber better and better as we proceed.

Mountains to left of our Camp run East and West to the coast, which seems the general course of Mountains and hills here; they are spurs from Coast-range. We saw in the morning the Mission of San Fernando on the other side of the valley in a belt of timber. Behind this, Mr. Patrick tells me, is a pass through the Mountains leading to the Tulares valley and practicable for waggons. Flowers in great plenty. Bears and deer also plenty in the hills we have passed.

1850 March 20th Off early. Very cold last night; it froze. This woke me several times. Hard and cold bed. Our course lay Westerly among the hills; a Sierra to the left. Passed near some ranchos: 8 Miles (say) to forks of road where we took the left hand road 8 Miles more to a deep gully near by an adobe house. Here we turned again to the left to avoid the gully. Kept on an elevated Plain toward a pass or gap in high hills in front of us. Up this hill, very sidling and dangerous, and when at top we found before us a hill to go down, longer and as steep as any in the Guadalupe pass. It was a most terrible hill! ½ Mile from the bottom brought us to a sulphury spring, near a mound to the right of the road. Had to stop here as there is no more water for some distance, but water was abundant most of the way today. After we left morning Camp, about 1½ Mile, the timber got better still and the flowers were small but very pretty. Quite unwell all day; bad cold from being wet so continually at the beginning of the journey.

21st Cattle lost; hunting them all morning. Mr. Patrick bought 4 cows and calves. Robinson's party passed us, as also many "Sonoreños." Started about 12 o'clock. Our way all through was on the Plain that runs right to the Sea, an island bounding the view. Plain level, here and there gentle rises; fine soil, occasional sand. Clover up to horses knees; grass very abundant. Went about 12 Miles, and encamped near the river Santa Clara in a grove of Cottonwoods, alders and willows. 4 or 5 ranchos near by; North of our Camp are Robinson and others, also Sonoreños.

22nd Started at a pretty good time and passed the Santa Clara which runs a little South of West with the Ocean about 4 or 5 Miles from our crossing. From thence our way to the Mission of San Buenaventura was across a Plain through vast fields and tracts of mustard. Part of our way was over gentle hillocks or rises. The land was as yesterday, good. About 8 Miles to the Mission Church; 45 paces long, 9 broad, height in proportion; numbers of paintings in gilded frames. The altar place is Corinthian, painted and gilded elaborately. They tell me they have sent to the United States for a priest to take charge of it. A pretty good store here. Tried to buy horses here; one colt 2 oz., horse with sore back $50.

Would not take either. Number of adobe houses; fine large gardens as usual with adobe walls; olive, pear and peach trees. Took sketch. The Train passed and I followed after I found I could not purchase a horse. The Mission is at the point of the hills that have been North of us this morning and yesterday, running nearly to the Sea. Left the Mission and passed the point of hills and the mouth of a valley, down which came a fine brawling clear stream cut up into 3 or 4 rivulets. *March* 1850

Two Miles through light bushy woods brought us to the edge of the Beach, or bluff, close by the shore. Then about 4 Miles on the Playa or sands. Turned to the right and in about a Mile on a little rise of land between the Ocean and Mountains we camped for the night. Along this 4 or 5 Miles the Mountains close down on to the Ocean leaving only a little ledge of land between them and the Sea. Seals; whales; grampus, etc. Had a talk with the Sonorians encamped near. They said Sonora would be almost depopulated of men this year. Old and young are coming to California to the mines. Our Camp is just opposite the Island of Santa Cruz. Cattle, sheep, goats, etc., in plenty. Find Fremont's map pretty correct. Ocean very "Pacific." Ice plants; various and plenty.

23rd Steers lost. Walter and Ring went back. Walter rode about 40 Miles and joined us after we had camped. Ring did not come in at all, having gone back to the Santa Clara. The cattle had been brought in by a Sonorian after they started. From our Camp on the Sands we passed over two points of land jutting into the Ocean. Very bad getting from the sands onto them. In getting from sands onto a 3rd point Mr. Ring broke the tongue of his waggon. Near this point is a fine creek and on the shore plenty of large mussels. We tinkered up the tongue and continued on up a hill on to a shelf of land that puts back to a range of Mountains North of Santa Barbara and is about 4 or 5 Miles wide. We kept on 3 or 4 Miles to a brook at the foot of a steep little hill that crushed Ring's waggon tongue and we were obliged to stop about ½ past 3 or 4. We encamped in a beautiful grove of evergreen oaks. 2 Indians mussel hunting to sell in Santa Barbara. Distance from morning Camp to creek at 3rd point, say 8 Miles, and from there to evening Camp, say 4 more.

Singular rocks on the Beach. Ice Plants. Moss on trees. Timber chiefly evergreen oaks, sycamore, and willow.

1850 March 24th SUNDAY. Left Evergreen Oak creek and went on about 7 o'clock, following round a bay toward Santa Barbara; 12 Miles I should think. The Mountains are not Mountains but large hills. We passed over a spur of hills from the top of which the prospect was truly beautiful; fine rolling, wooded country, streams, etc. I went back toward the Mountains with Mr. Patrick to buy cattle, the waggons going on to Santa Barbara. We passed some fine timber and saw large quantities of a beautiful shrub about 12 or 14 feet high, with pendent flowers like lilac blossoms but white or delicately tinged with blue. A range of hills runs between Santa Barbara and the high Sierra; beyond and between these is a fine and fertile valley in which I understand there are many ranchos. I saw some with vineyards but the vineyards were small, however. We encamped about ¼ Mile beyond the town (near an acequia) which is a very thriving place, having a number of stores chiefly kept by Americans, who, I understand, are all rich. Good houses in it covered with shingles and looking comfortable and home-like. There was one little schooner brig lying in the Bay. Fine groves of evergreen oaks are scattered around the town. Soil very good. I should think it a fine point to emigrate to. This evening I bought ½ of a large fish and two large lobsters for 9/.

25th Went to the Mission about a Mile and half from the town. Took a sketch of it from a rock on the side hill and then turning round took a sketch of the town and Bay. It was so hazy that I could not do the latter well. Went into town. Good horses cost 2—3 and 400 dollars. I, at last, got a little slim filly for Walter to ride for $35.00, bridle and riata $3.75. The town is a busy little place; billiard tables, bowling alley, etc. Left town as soon as I had purchased the filly and bridle to follow the waggons that had proceeded on. The first few Miles was over wavy hills, then across a swampy flat near the Sea. At the North West corner of this flat was an American house owned by a Mr. Hill. I then turned North again over wavy hills bending toward the Sierra, that runs to the North of us in an East and West direction. Passed some very deep runs and in about 11 Miles reached a pretty stream where a mule party were encamped. 1½ Mile beyond there I found our party encamped in a small valley by a pretty stream timbered with evergreen oaks and sycamores.

26th Our course lay near the sea shore, on an inclined Plain running down from the green round hills South of the range of Mountains. From these hills run deep ravines to the Ocean. These we are continually passing. They rendered our travelling slow and unpleasant. Mr. Patrick calls them cuts and gulches. We went on about 11 or 12 Miles and stopped in a valley near a house that Mr. Patrick said had been put up since he was there in November last, on the precise spot of his encampment. Here we staid for the night as Mr. Patrick had a prospect of buying some cows and calves of the man who lived there. Walter and self went back 5 Miles to where Mr. Robinson was encamped to get a saddle as Mr. Patrick had bought a horse and wanted his. Fine pasture country; good soil; but bad travelling on $\frac{4}{5}$ of the deep ravines.

More islands, Sea placid still. Farms or ranchos, between Coast hills and large ranges of Mountains beyond, all along today's journey. Played Monte. Had Whale's vertebrae for seats.

27th We still go about a West course, near to the Ocean with ravines still running from hills to the Sea. Up and down all the time. Lock and unlock waggons continually. The Coast hills at length merge into the Sierra but, even at the point of junction, distinctly show their different character in a very singular manner; the spurs of the Mountains joining to spurs of the hills and just at the height of the hills change from rocks and brownish scrub foliage to a line of bright green grass. About 10 Miles brought us to the pass in the Mountains. Many of the ravines we passed had a little brook running down them, some of which, I presume, run all the year, others going dry.

At 10 Miles from Camp we descended to a valley running to the Ocean and turned short to the right or North and entered the pass, which is very rugged indeed. To the left of the pass the Mountains run on to the Ocean to form a bold promontory called Point Conception, known to the marines as the Cape Horn of California. Flowers today are very plentiful and pretty. At the entrance of pass there was a peculiar and very pleasant perfume. The clover is beginning to head out and some to wilt already. Last 3 days were very warm and nights warm too—unusual. About a quarter of a Mile from the shore all the way, as far as I went, there was a broad belt of sea weed. The pass I think is about 11 Miles

1850 March in length, very singular, wild, and rugged; some parts of it we had much difficulty in getting waggons through. After passing it we stopped near a ranch in a fertile valley with fine range about 2 leagues from Santa Ynez. Celery, wild but good, grows in water running from springs; singular. Memo; try the experiment.

28th Cattle lost again. Walter rode down filly in hunting them and then took my horse. At length they were all found and we started about noon. Very warm indeed. Course nearly East; 2½ Miles up the valley, by the stream, then over a hill and dropped into a beautiful valley. Walter and self went ahead here to Santa Ynez. About 6 Miles from morning Camp we came to another long hill from the top of which we saw the Mission of Santa Ynez. We went along the narrow ridge at the top of this high hill some way and then descended (the road still running on a ridge) and turning Northerly about 3 Miles we came to a fine stream, after crossing which and going on about ¼ Mile found ourselves at the Mission. Service was performing in the church which was filled with Indians chiefly. There were also a great many Indians lounging about; most of them very well dressed. I did not go into the Church but took a sketch and returning recrossed the river to where our party had camped about a Mile back under a fine white oak with a spread of at least 100 feet. From morning's Camp to the Mission I judge to be about 9 Miles and not 6 as the ranchers told me last night. There a great many large water tanks around the Mission. It has been a place of some importance I should think.

Horses here are $100, mares $50. Hills and valleys today as usual and covered with the finest feed; oaks, clover, grass, and parsnip grass, etc. The appearance of the valley of Santa Ynez from the top of the hill was like that of San Bernardino away back by the pass of Guadalupe, broken and hilly, and gradually rising to another range of Mountains to the North, which run as usual from East to West to the Ocean.

The ground sinks suddenly in front of the Mission to almost the level of the stream and here there is an orchard of pear trees and olives as is usual at all the Missions. The white oaks are not out in leaf yet and look singular with long streamers of moss hanging from them. They and evergreen oaks are the chief growth and they are fine. There are also, however, some Cottonwood, alder, and willow.

29th Started betimes. 1 Mile to the Mission. The Indians in their best dresses were streaming in from all points, it being Good Friday. Our course now is nearly West. Beautiful valleys among the hills. The road leads up hill gradually all the time. When about 9 Miles from the Mission a very steep one indeed took us to the top. We then descended a very long and very precipitous hill, at bottom of which wound a long valley gorge for awhile, and then we came into another fine bottom valley. No water for Miles. As we passed along we saw the sides of hills covered in large spots with yellow, orange, blue and purple flowers. We heard that there was water to the right on entering the valley, ¼ Mile on the other side, but we did not see it. We passed a rancho called Los Alamos some 6 leagues from Santa Ynez where we found Mr. Robinson encamped. We continued on about ¼ Mile, passing a very swampy stream and encamped ourselves on the other side. Very muddy water for supper and the supper itself a very miserable affair, but the good sauce of hunger made it pass off pretty well. We had to cook with the green willows. The ground was swampy. Everything was bad and unpleasant because they would not stay near the ranch where we might have been comfortable in all respects, but both Ring and Patrick are very obstinate and very singular men and I being only a passenger, of course, have nothing to say.

The chief trees we still pass are evergreen, oaks, and white oaks. Land very rich. Valley full of cattle.

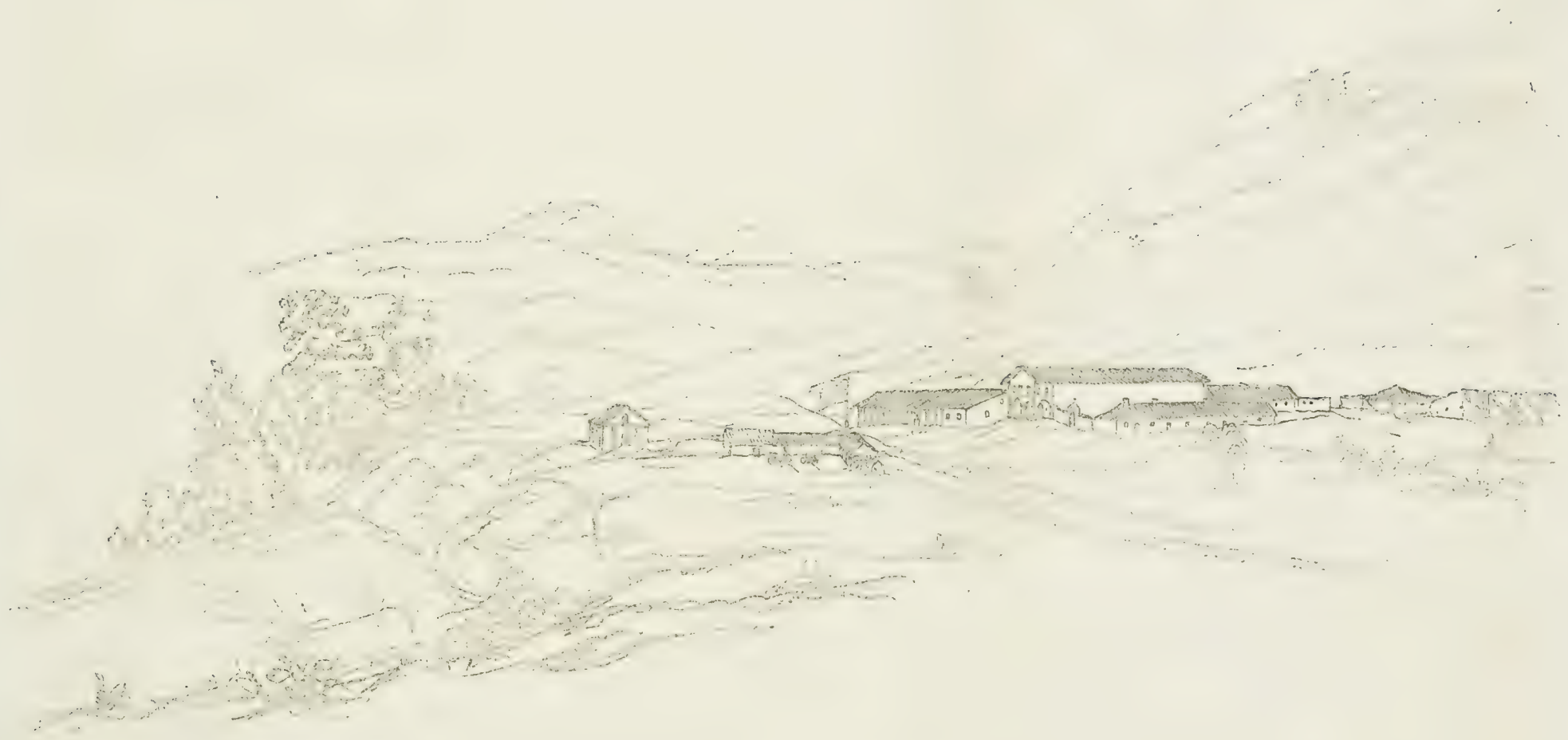
30th Cold foggy morning. Off early, hurrying so much that I had not time to wash my face, or write a line, a common practice of Ring's when the cattle are easily found. Confound the man!

Course: West along the valley, then over some rolling hills and down into little valleys. About 2 leagues brought us to some rolling sand hills, then 4 Miles over them. Fog in the valleys. Cold and uncomfortable. Cleared off at the sand hills. Road heavy. Hills covered and fairly matted with flowers, many very pretty; blue, purple, straw colour, yellow, orange, pink, red, a great variety, but almost all small. After sandy, rolling hills, we dropped down a steep bank on to a perfectly level Plain bordered North by high grassy hills, or low Mountains, running, as usual, a westerly direction. About 7 Miles (say 17 in all) brought us to a river with a sandy bottom, but what is uncommon here it was free

1850 *March* from quicksand. This fine valley runs to the Sea, I think, but could not see for the fog bank. Could hear the breakers, however. No stock in the valley that I could see. The South West part of the valley is perfectly bare of vegetation; a sand Plain with hillocks. Looked singular. Sonoreños and Robinson party passed us again. Looking back from the river at the South are what are like large rolling hills, running, as usual, East and West. No timber at this river but at long intervals a Cottonwood or evergreen oak. Grass, chiefly, on the Plain. Little clover or parsnip grass. There was a bluff close to the stream. We turned to the left up on to it at a point where the valley runs down where we entered and kept on high ground 2½ Miles and encamped near "Nepomo," Mr. Dana's ranch. Here Mr. Patrick bought a fine shoat for $3.00, which we killed for food.

31*st* SUNDAY. Ring was in such a hurry to get off that he would not wait for the bread to bake, so he and Thornton ate dough. I would not, so I ate ship bread. Course is up the side of the valley; soil very rich. Road over rolling grassy swells, till we came to the end of a range of hills that bordered the North side of the valley. They terminated with a singular conical peak. Here we arrived at a stream, "Arroyo Honda" or "Arroyo Grande" (say 3 leagues from morning Camp), running over very black unctuous soil, consequently making the bottom very soft and muddy. It was too deep to pass here so we turned to the right and went up a long hill into the bottom again. Here the river was split into many streams and we were able to get over but it was with infinite difficulty. To cross these branches was very bad indeed. We all felt glad when we found ourselves safe on the other side. This crossing was about 2 Miles from above the other that we dared not attempt. Say 11 Miles from Camp. When at the point of the hills we saw the Ocean and from there on most of the day. The timber in the bottom was very heavy sycamore, willow, and Cottonwood. Here we saw some beautiful yellow violets, like our little "Johnny Jump-ups," only yellow; also some crimson flowered clover, very small and delicate.

This the horses were so fond of we could hardly spur them away from it. We went on from this bottom some 7 Miles more through a rather wild and broken country; still the road was fair and the soil good. We



San Luis Obispo

encamped near a little stream of water, as we supposed, some 6 or 7 Miles from "San Luis Obispo." March 1850

Saw a singular animal in the muddy creek bottom. Cold all day. Foggy night. 18 Miles.

April 1st On leaving Camp we went down and turning a point of hills to the left entered the valley of "San Luis Obispo." For 1½ Miles it was so swampy our horses were up to their knees at every step. After this it was some better but still the valley is traversed by miry sloughs and runs; very unpleasant to pass. We afterward learnt at the Mission that we would have found a better road by striking right across to the North side where we entered the valley. Distance to San Luis Obispo, I think, 7 Miles. Election going on there. Indians; many of them drunk. Poor looking place. I took a sketch and we passed on as soon as the Teams came up. Lost an axe and went back for it.

From San Luis Obispo we struck right for a gap in the Mountains North of the valley. Up this Mountain pass, by a stream, we wound our way for some 6 or 7 Miles. These Mountains, as seen from the Mission, are grassy to their very tops among the pines, the first we have seen, by the bye. They look beautiful. In all about 13 or 15 Miles to night Camp, which is nearly at the top of the pass. We are encamped by the little stream we have followed all the way. Feed here is fine. Still oaks, clover, grass and beautiful flowers. The timber is sycamore, evergreen oaks, willows, etc. Fremont's map does not convey the idea of the country in this section.

2nd Oxen missing. Mr. Patrick bought a mare for $125.00. Cattle found back by the Mission. One Mile to top of the pass. Little stream nearby to top. Yellow violets there. Just after turning the top of the Mountain, another stream flows out running down the opposite side. 5 Miles from top to the rancho of Mission; "Santa Margarita." Country changes; rolling and woody with the road going through pines and occasionally a variety of oaks, with pendent moss as usual. Oaks bare yet, but other trees beginning to leaf out. Saw a beautiful shrub, bearing flower like that rare one at home planted near the smallest peach tree in the corner of Mother's flower garden. 3 leagues from Mission rancho we came to

1850 *April* a deserted ranch—"Atascadero"—near a stream and fine bottom. Game and bears plentiful in the hills to the left; this on the authority of Mr. Patrick. 1½ Miles to night Camp, near swampy water. Passed many swampy places today. Rest of the road good. Much good land. Fine farming country. Succession of hills to right and left. No ranges that I could see. Occasional wheat fields, looking well. Ordinary crop, I understand, 50 bushels to the acre.

3rd One year today our waggons left home, and not yet have we arrived at "El Dorado." Oh my God, how wearisome it is! What can repay me for thus being separated from all that is dear to me? My heart sinks within me to look forward to the length of time it necessarily must be before I shall see them again. Nothing but the conviction that I am doing my duty keeps me up. It is useless to repine. The word is still, "Onward."

We started about 8½. ¾ Mile to a large deserted rancho. Fine spring gushing out to the left of the road, and in the stream running off grew large quantities of celery. One league from Camp to rancho "Paso Robles." Here I changed Walter's filly for a horse and paid $15.00 to boot.

One league from Paso Robles a road turns off to the right leading, I understand, to the Mariposa mines. Mr. Patrick tells me 17 waggons took this route. Fate uncertain. We met a Scotchman from said mines, but not by this route. He says they are doing but little there, and that they are overrun with people.

Three leagues from Paso Robles is a fine warm sulphur spring and ½ league farther on is another; both to the right of the road. 6 Miles from the hot spring we camped for the night at a stream about 2 Miles short of "San Miguel"; 16 Miles in all. Same kind of country as yesterday.

4th About 2 Miles of bottom brought us to the Mission of "San Miguel." Took a sketch. I could not see the Church, as for some reason or other my horse became so frightened and unruly when near it that he was almost ungovernable. It was with difficulty that I could force him to pass through the large square.

I saw one man sitting at a door. I thought he looked like a German and from a hasty glance as I passed concluded he kept a grocery as I saw



some bottles on a shelf behind, but my hands were full with my horse, which I am obliged to ride with a hackamore, having no bridle. Close by the Mission the road turns sharp to the left over a hill and the character of the country changes, becoming more hilly and with less timber. Seven Miles from the Mission we passed a large clear stream, "the Nacimiento," the road leading toward singularly furrowed hills. Six Miles more brought us to another stream, the San Antonio, at the foot of these hills, the stream running from West to East. We followed up this stream for 6 Miles and camped. Here the San Antonio flows in a narrow valley with high and bare hills. White stone cropping out in strata is the cause of the appearance of the furrows. Valley fertile. Saw many parties of Sonorians, with some women. The two streams we passed were dry last September (authority Mr. Ring). Currants and gooseberries. Blossoms like flowers. Stinging nettles, savage; authority myself, proved it to my cost. Timber the same but oaks more leafed out and other trees also. Old trees singularly perforated by birds; the perforations filled with acorns for winter supply, I suppose. They look as if they were full of bullet holes.

5th Off betimes and about 1½ Mile took us to a rancho. Our course still up the valley near the stream. Valley broadens a little. About 3 leagues from Camp we crossed the stream, San Antonio. 14 Miles from Camp brought us to another rancho, "Los Ojitos," 9 Miles from the Mission of San Antonio, (both tiled with semi-cylindrical tiles), situated on a small Plain; well timbered but poor land, except just close by the stream. Turned a little to the right and began to ascend gradually. Came to the North branch of stream and followed it up among low hills about 5 or 6 Miles, say 20 Miles in all. Sonorians all round. Counted 12 Camp fires. Good white and black oak today, this side of rancho. First I have seen fit for rail timber. Encamped in little flat valley. No water. Ring as usual so eager to push on went beyond head water of stream. Had to go back over a Mile for water. As we proceed the underbrush is mixed with the timber. Walter's horse lame from swimming. Rainy in the evening.

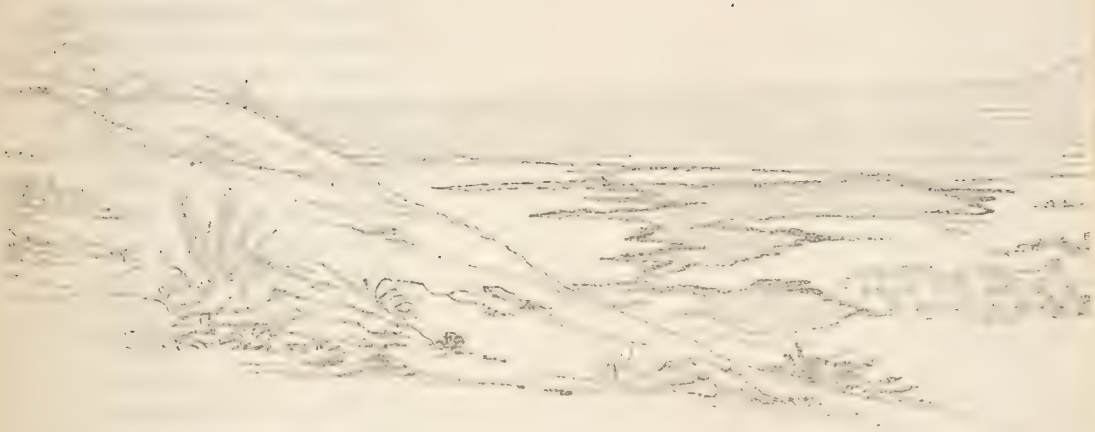
6th Showery all night. Our road led up hill gradually, through some beauti-

1850 *April* ful little valleys. About 4 Miles from Camp was a short hill. This, "La Cuesta de San Antonio," is rather steep. It was the top of the pass through the Mountains. We now descended a very steep and long hill. 11 Miles from Camp brought us to a deserted ranch, San Bernardo; no water; about a league from the Buenaventura or Salinas river. We now entered the Buenaventura valley and in about 6 Miles arrived at another rancho, "La Posa," near the river. Here we encamped on % of water, 17 Miles in all. The valley is an inclined Plain from the Mountains South down to the immediate river bottom, terminating in a bluff 40 or 50 feet high. A grassy Plain. The bottom, some 2 or 3 Miles wide, is a dense forest of trees; sycamore, Cottonwood, oaks, willows, etc. On our way down the valley we passed some very deep runs. In one of them was a cross placed where a hog had been killed by the Indians.

I hear that the timbered bottom of river here was a hiding place for the Indians some year or two since. They made excursions over the Mountains where there are many wild cattle, committing depredations on the coast, and then hastened back and hid here. It was very rainy all day and, of course, we got very wet.

7th SUNDAY. Steers missing. Late start. Road turned from the river to the left toward the Mountains to cut off the bend of the river. 8 Miles of Plain brought us to what looked like the bed of a mighty river, ½ Mile wide at least, with banks on each side some 20 feet deep. 3 streams ran down the middle of this. Ring says they were dry when he passed last September.

An acequia starts from here for the Mission, so that I think there must be a living stream above, (it is called "Arroyo Seco"), but that it is lost in the sand down below here late in the summer and fall. Turned down this vast river bed into the immediate bottom of Buenaventura river, following it near the acequia 5 Miles to Mission of the "Soledad." The Mission is a mere ruin. No attempt at architectural ornament. Looks like a large rancho. Some adobe houses around. 13 Miles in all. The bottom here and for some Miles past has but few trees. Grass is better in the bottom than on the Plain. Soil sandy. There are also but few trees on the Mountains on either side of the valley. We passed the Mission and took the road to Monterey by mistake. Found out our




Santa Barbara

error from the Mail Rider and returned as far as we could, say Mile from Mission. It got dark and rained hard. We stopped right in the road. Hard work to get water; wretched time getting supper. Miserable rainy night; as was the day; all wet through and wretched and cold. Flowers plenty; beautiful thistles.

8th Returned to the Mission, 1½ Miles. Took a hasty sketch in my scratch book. Passed the river, which is close by. Our course now lay still down the valley, but on the right bank of the stream. The Plain, which yesterday was South of stream, and the river close by the North hills, is now on the Northern side, and the stream bending, runs along near the foot of the Southern range. Valley 10 or 12 Miles wide. 16 Miles from the Mission to a little line of timber; 3 more to some running water, but this does not last; 1 Mile more to a small body of timber. We passed on a Mile to a rancho on the other side of the timber and camped near it and a stream.

This is the first water to be depended on, from the river near the Mission, on this road. The valley here widens but the Southern range runs off and, gradually sinking, at length is lost in the valley. The Northern range ends near here in rolling hills. It was very cold indeed all day, and windy, yet, though very windy on the Plain, the clouds hung perfectly still over both Sierras North and South, like a pall the whole day.The soil is better on this side of the stream than we found it on the other. 3 or 4 ranchos were seen on river; 2 here near by Camp and 1 a short distance off to the left. Pasture here very rich; a yellow coarse flower is very abundant, both cattle and horses eat it with avidity. Trees all lean up stream, showing the prevailing wind. Mountains on both sides are not rocky but apparently good soil to the top, for they are green and grassy to the very peaks and topmost ridges, and pretty well studded with timber at this part; the South side having the most. It is a beautiful valley open in front toward the Ocean. It is covered with flowers which grow in large patches as is common here; each patch of one colour, either yellow or red or blue, as the case may be. Plenty of cattle. This valley I consider a fine one for actual settlers.

9th Our road lay round the point of the Mountain which we turned in

1850 *April* about 2 leagues. Here we saw more ranches, and passed 3 or 4 more during the day. The first ones I have seen shingled. Some of them looked quite comfortable. When the point of the Mountain was turned our road led up the pass among hills, a gradual ascent all the way until near San Juan. Here we saw some hogs. A very steep pitch took us to the top. Had a very severe hill to go down; long, steep, and sidling. Very bad indeed, something like that near Santa Ynez. ½ league from the bottom of this hill brought us to the Mission of San Juan Bautista, 6 leagues from morning Camp. The view from the top of the Mountain pass was most magnificent, both ways; South toward Monterey was the valley of Salinas and the Ocean; North was the valley of San Juan and San Jose and the towering Sierra beyond—grand in extreme. Stood a long while looking at it with delight. I took a very unsatisfactory sketch of the Mission of San Juan. There was no place for point of view; all around being lower than the actual spot where the Mission and its buildings stood. I could only take a view of the Church and colonnade and front of the Mission buildings, which form one side of a square. All the buildings appear to be inhabited and it seems rather a stirring place for California. We went on from the Mission to the Pajaro river and encamped near it, say a league from Mission—21 Miles in all.

The valley of San Juan is decidedly the richest and best I have seen for agricultural purposes, with plenty of timber close by on the Mountains that bound it. We saw many new flowers today.

10th Great dew. Passed the Pajaro; muddy, quick, sandy, treacherous stream. Very bad going in and coming out. As soon as we passed we went over some hills, rolling and grassy, and dropped into the valley of San Jose; rich, level, wooded and watered by numerous streams—in fact, all the necessaries for a first class farming country. A most delightful valley, infinitely the best I have seen. We went down it 6 leagues, which brought us to low rolling hills and almost blocking the valley up. Just on the other side, to the right, a pretty clear stream running, the "Coyote." Went on about 2 Miles and encamped. Say 20 Miles in all. Good road. Some sloughs and some wet miry ground.

This valley, the Salinas, and the San Juan, are the valleys for settlers; but this the best of all. Fine redwood timber in the mountains on both



sides of valley, but chiefly on the South side. Redwood is a species of red cedar but has no smell, splits clean and easy. It is fine building timber; working very easy and being durable and strong. This is the first we have seen.

11th Started betimes. 1 Mile Murphy's rancho on the left of the road. Down the valley. Passed the stream twice and arrived at the Pueblo of San Jose, the Capital of California, about ¼ past 4. 19 or 20 Miles. Valley the same.

12th Doing nothing. Idling round town.

13th Rode down to see Mr. Lightner at Alviso on the Embarcadero, as they call it. Paid Mr. Patrick and Ring $20.00 for coming up with them. They would not allow me or Walter anything for all the trouble we had driving and hunting their cattle. I do not think they used me well.

14th SUNDAY. Idle all day.

15th Moved down to Alviso in evening to Mr. Lightner's.

16th Idling.

17th Went to town to try for employment. Saw Mr. Hopple who offered me $125.00 per month on condition that I would stay 4 months. Will answer tomorrow.

18th Had a conversation with a Mr. W. Higgins who offered to form a co-partnership with me in the commission business on equal terms and start business in about month or 6 weeks. Talked it over with him and agreed to it. Went to the Pueblo and offered to stay with Mr. Hopple 1 month. He would not engage me for less than 4. Returned. Walter's horse very sick.

19th Walter's horse worse. Doctoring him all day. Employed by Alcalde Tilley to appraise some goods damaged on board a launch. Made $5.00 for new firm.

1850 April 20th Election of County Judge. Was appointed one of the clerks. Paid Mr. Higgins his share of the $5.00. Mr. Carr shot Walter's horse to put him out of his misery. The loss to me is at least $125.00. Bad business.

21st SUNDAY. Doing nothing. Last week cloudy. Cold and in afternoon, windy.

22nd Setting up blocks for home part of the day. Rest; idle or reading.

23rd do—— do——

24th Went to town with Mr. Higgins and Mr. Thos. S. Burnett to see Governor Burnett. Meeting perfectly satisfactory. Great friend of Mr. Higgins. He promises all his own business and his best exertions to push us on in business. Nothing worth noting from now until

May 4th Election. Self run in for Alcalde or Justice of the Peace—good.

7th Sworn in before Judge J. W. Redman.

10th Mr. Snelling and family and J. O. McGahey arrived.

11th Election for Constable. A. T. Gallagher run in.

15th Went to San Francisco with Governor Burnett. Got some consignments promised. Steam boat "Bute to Run" ran. Green Peas. Strawberries. 400 sail of vessels. Rents $300 to $6,000 per month. Burnt district already almost built up.

19th SUNDAY. Returned from San Francisco alone.

20th Tired. Reading, etc. Mr. Coy and family came.

21st Writing Journal and some Justice business. Higgins and White Burnett went to the other side of the valley to enter claims for all 3 of us.



22nd Writing Journal and some Justice business.

23rd do—— do——

24th Went to town with White Burnett.

25th Writing to Mr. Lansing most of the day. Man brought in a lump of Gold he had found recently at Moquelumne, weighing 24 oz. and 5½ dollars—$389.50. Had also to make out many writs against vessels, etc. Very busy. Wrote to Simmons, Hutchinson & Co. Staid up writing until ½ past 12. Steamer "Bute" arrived.

26th SUNDAY. Went to town very early. Got there at 6½ to see steam boat's agent. Also saw Mr. Dimmin and lawyers about Justice business. Went to Santa Clara and walked home. Writing rest of day and evening to Mr. Lansing making an abstract of my Journal.

27th Wrote to Mrs. Powell. Had trial of 5 suits. 2 lawyers from town. Wrote some business letters to San Francisco.

28th Making out some appeal papers, etc. Sent letters by Baptiste Christian to San Francisco. Had conversation with Captain Gifford concerning consignments of lumber, pork, etc.

29th Commenced raising store in the morning.—No steam boat.

30th Trial of Manuela Cantrua vs Ygnacio Alviso. Afternoon we raised the bents of the store. Walter and Chas. V. Snelling went to Stockton and perhaps Mariposa.

31st White Burnett, Higgins and V. Rickets went hunting. Compromised case ⅌ launch "Spray."

June 1st Went to the Pueblo. Election of Associate Justices. Great race; but did not go to see it. Did some Justice business. Saw Mr. Hoppe who promised to get us consignments of dry goods, etc. Also saw Governor Bur-

1850 *June* nett who returned last night. Paid him the $25.00 I borrowed of him at San Francisco. He will see Forbes again, the Quicksilver Agent or Partner, and try to get us his launches to run as well as his other business to attend to at Alviso.

2nd SUNDAY. Reading, etc. Meeting at Mr. Hoppe's store. "Hope" returned. No goods.

3rd Reading and writing. Afternoon put up rafters of store, etc.

4th Went to the Pueblo to attend trial; A.Duprat vs Peter H. Burnett and others. Returned about sundown by Santa Clara. Mr. Snelling and Mr. Lightner returned from San Francisco.

5th Went again to Pueblo; from there with the Governor to call on Mr. Forbes, concerning Agency for Quicksilver mines. He gave me a letter of introduction to another of the partners who is one of the contractors of the name of Ysidore de la Torre, living near the mines at Nueva Almaden. Transacted some other business with Mr. Hoppe, Neligh, and others. Returned.

6th Went to Nueva Almaden (the Quicksilver mines) to see Señor Don Ysidore de la Torre concerning agency; about 12 Miles from the Pueblo up the valley among South range of hills; all the hills of a whity-brown, that recently were green; oats ripening, the reason. Saw the Don and Dr. Tobin, very polite but requested me to write to Mr. Halleck, the President, at San Francisco and state terms to him or the Agents, Messrs. Bolton, Barron and Co. Promised to do so and leave my answer with Governor Burnett. Don Ysidore is to call for it when he goes down to San Francisco, which will be in 5 or 6 days. Got home about sundown. Brought home some specimens of the Ore or cinnabar.

7th Last evening between 8 and 9 when all of us were in bed the steam boat "Bute" arrived. It has brought us some doors (20), and 3000 feet of lumber on commission from Simmons Hutchinson & Co. Our first consignment! Got it out. She now intends to run regularly. Higgins and

Lightner went down in her at 2 o'clock. Higgins is to try to charter a schooner to bring up consignments for us, etc. Very busy all day. Got subscribers to petition for Post Office.

8th Mr. Neligh and Mr. James F. Kennedy, the latter part owner of Stockton tract near Santa Clara, and Agent of Aspinal & Co., etc., came here. Expects a steamer in from the States soon, to run from San Francisco to this place. Says he will appoint us Agents. Mr. Neligh also has promised to make me Agent here to sell his lots. They are now going to the Joaquin valley but will be back in about 10 days.

9th SUNDAY. Most of the folks went to meeting at Santa Clara. Self at home. Read and wrote to Bolton, Barron and Company, San Francisco Quicksilver Agents.

10th Went to the Pueblo in 2 buggys—White Burnett, Diana Lightner, B. Rickets, and self. Post Office and Justice business, etc. Came home by Santa Clara.

11th Very high tide; overflowed part of the town. Bad. Mr. Higgins and Lightner returned in evening. Came up in stage. Nearly wrecked in steam boat on Bay. "Bute" laid up. Higgins chartered the "Adelia." Simmons, Hutchinson & Co. send up in her 20,000 feet of lumber. On % other business down at San Francisco he failed.

12th Mr. Higgins and self went to town to see Mr. Hoppe. He was out of town. Gold mine near Pueblo, 5 or 6 Miles. Walter and Chas. Snelling returned from the San Joaquin.

13th Sold lots and went to town myself. Saw Hoppe. Could not effect the arrangement I wanted but he appointed Higgins collector at Alviso instead of Alexander Anderson at $150.00 per month.

14th Some Justice business. Measured lumber, etc.

15th The "Adelia," the schooner Higgins chartered, not yet arrived but the

1850 June "Hope," Brierly and Naylor's vessel, has. This is the effect of Higgins not attending to his business. He ought to have staid and seen his loaded, and then she would have been here before now. It is of a piece with his purchase of lumber for store, the contract for the bridge, etc. I shall have to attend to everything myself, I see plainly. Loaded up lumber to Mr. York, etc.

16th SUNDAY. All went to meeting at Pueblo. "Adelia" in sight about ½ past 4 or 5 P.M., but stopped near mouth of creek.

17th Fixing goods in store for Hopkins. "Adelia" came to the wharf in the evening.

18th Unloading "Adelia."

19th Went to San Francisco in "Adelia." Started late at night and got to mouth of river.

20th Beating up Bay, but had to anchor on ⁹/₁₀ of high wind.

21st Got into San Francisco 5 o'clock and went on shore.

22nd About town attending to business. Missed the vessel in the evening and drove up the Bay. Did not get on board until about 1 o'clock. Bad time.

23rd SUNDAY. Shipping lumber from North Beach.

24th Shipped Peck's house, etc., and shingles.

25th Started about 1 o'clock from San Francisco and arrived about 6 at mouth of Guadalupe river.

26th Got up nearly to Alviso. Went up and saw Higgins. He told me he had seen Governor Burnett who proposed a new partner; a Mr. Barrows, a man with some Capital and a business man. Returned at night to Brig.

27th Arrived with Brigantine at Alviso about noon and partly unloaded. Saw the Governor who also told me about new partner, Mr. Barrows.

28th Unloading lumber all day.

29th Mr. Barrows arrived. Made business arrangements with him and he put in to begin with $1915.00. Got on board late with bag of Gold; $2240 to trade on our own ⅍. All will go well now I think.

30th SUNDAY. Started about 4 o'clock A. M. and got aground about half way down. Got outside of river a little after dark.

July 1st Off at 3½ o'clock A.M., beating down as tide ran out. Got to point at 9. Quite unwell with Diarrhoea. About 10 the tide turned. Memo: tide usually runs down 7 hours and 5 up. It varies some. However, at turn of tide between the two points of the upper bay we had to anchor. Head wind against us.

Flock of Pelicans on sand bars. Up anchor about 8 P.M. and beat the balance of tide. At 10 o'clock we grounded, only a little.

2nd Off at 4 A.M. Dead calm. Boat towing us. About 8 had made, say, 3 Miles. Then it began to blow, then dead ahead. Soon it blew very hard. Hay like to have gone over board; had been loaded every which way. At 10 o'clock it blew so hard, and tide turning, that we anchored in 8 fathom of water. Wind very heavy. Swell like heavy sea. Vessel pitching bows under. 70 fathoms of chain out, but dragged anchor. Dropped large anchor also, and let out 40 fathom of heavy chain, which held here at last. Pelicans flying against the gale and fishing all the time. About half past 7, tide having changed, we up-anchored and were off again, but at ¼ past 9 struck on a sand bank on the South side of Bay at nearly low tide.

3rd On turn of tide, as it rose, we swung to anchor in deep water. Off at 4½ A.M. Beat until 9, when heavy wind obliged us again to anchor in sight of "Yerba Buena" and some of the shipping. Blew all day, and late at night until tide turned up, when, of course, we could not go. Guns firing at San Francisco all evening.

1850 July 4th "Fête d'Independence." Up anchored and off at 8 o'clock. Kept good course for awhile; wind better, and then it blew very hard indeed. Shortened sail to close reefed Mainsail, jib and foretopmast staysail. About 1 o'clock P.M., when nearly up with Yerba Buena Island, a squall struck the Brigantine and she capsized. We all scrambled on to her larboard side and then got into the launch. The cry of the crew being, "a la chaloupe, a la chaloupe!"

The cook got entangled in the hay and was nearly lost. We forced the launch round to the weather side. The Captain stripped, took a knife and jumped on the vessel and tried to cut away the larboard anchor. We then cut all the weather rigging in hopes the masts would go and then right the hull up again. We hung on to the wreck for about 2 or 3 hours unavailingly, and then rowed to the opposite or North shore. We fortunately landed near a little tent where two men were repairing a scow. The Captain had presence of mind to cut a quarter of mutton from the rigging of the wreck and fling into the launch. We picked up some cabbage and sweet potatoes on the shore, and with these made a pretty good dinner. It blew so hard, however, that it was very gritty from the sand being blown into it. We are in hopes the "Adelia" will drift ashore near here and that we may then recover our money and clothes. We are all thankful for our narrow escape. A fine 4th of July it has been for us. The two men repairing the boat here are named William Nutting and Andrew J. Wilson. We went along shore some distance to see if anything had drifted ashore and on our return found one side of our launch stove in by the sea; a fresh misfortune. We encamped at night near by Nutting and Wilson's little tent under a bush. They lent us some scanty clothing. The night, of course, was a miserable one.

5th At earliest dawn we went off to the wreck but we could do no more than take down the top mast and after this Captain, Cook and self went up the Bay 5 or 6 Miles to hunt for anything that had drifted ashore. Called at the house of a Frenchman about 5 Miles from Camp which they tell me is about ¾ of a Mile from the road from San Jose to Benicia. We found the timber from the vessel scattered all along shore, but no clothes, bedding, or money. Returned to Camp to pass another miserable night, but Nutting's boat had brought us some water from San

Francisco and some provisions, so that we were a little better than last night but it is bad enough. Water 5 Miles off!

6th At earliest daybreak went to the wreck again. Frenchman and others to help us. Captain very cross. All very wet from wading in the water. 13 men on wreck and not one would dive although I offered $1,000 to do so. Afraid! It was the first calm time since we capsized. We left the wreck again as it began to blow and it blew hard again all day. Walked up the Bay again and found the Captain's trunk but neither money nor clothes. The money must be still in the bottom of the vessel.

7th SUNDAY. Out of water. None nearer than 5 Miles. We dug a well yesterday but the water proves salt. Things look bad enough. All the cabin has come on shore. Tried to go to San Francisco but it blew so hard we could not. Ran down the Bay to the Frenchman's house near a little creek. Staid all night. Middle of night Captain C. B. Chamberlin, Leville (Cook), Bertot, and Hervi took the launch to go to San Francisco, it being more calm. He (the Captain) intends to buy a new vessel at once and start up.

8th Mr. Agaes (the mate) and self started at sunrise to walk home. Long, tedious, hot walk. About 30 Miles brought us to Mission of San Jose about sundown. Were hospitably treated by Y. C. Smith, Mr. Beard, and Mr. Pinney. Had supper and staid all night. The Mission pear orchard produces 1500 bushels of pears. Vineyard. Farms.

9th Started for Alviso early and got there about 11 o'clock; very, very tired, almost used up. Could only give Agaes $50.00 and send him to the Pueblo in a buggy. Mr. Barrows and Mr. Higgins started on horse back to go to wreck by road. I came at one o'clock. Find they have moved goods into our own store although it is not shingled. Alviso all overflowed with high tide. Wind and water all around.

10th Quiet. Trying to recover from fatigue. Sore all over. Floyd here with "Little Me" and more goods. Wrote up books some.

1850 July 11th Posting books, as far as I could and find that Barrows is no bookkeeper; does not know the first principles. Strange entries on blotter. Have to wait posting until he returns to explain them. Also wrote up my Journal.

12th In store all day. I sleep there at night since my return, although it is not shingled and there are only a few boards on the joists over my head. My bed is a few shavings covered with a blanket. When will I again have the comforts of a home? Higgins returned in the evening. Seems in fine spirits. Thinks that Barrows will get the money from the wreck as he is going to get lighters from San Francisco to float her nearer shore. Proposed a scheme to buy a new vessel; our firm in connection with J. W. Burnett and Captain C. B. Chamberlin. I gave my consent, as I could scarce withhold it. He proposes to go to the Pueblo tomorrow to borrow $1,000 to carry it into effect. I do not like this borrowing at all. The reaction after my recent fatigues and excitement is very great and I am really very unwell.

13th Mr. Higgins went to the Pueblo today to try and raise $1,000 to pay first installment on the "General Lane," Schooner, that we have the refusal of for 5 days. She is now lying in San Francisco Harbor. They tell me she is a fine vessel of 60 tons worth 4 or 5,000 dollars. He got the money of Governor Burnett at 5% per month—California interest this, but we must have the vessel to retrieve ourselves. Governor Burnett's Son arrived. Dr. Snelling and Dr.Warren in from mines.

14th SUNDAY. Quiet—not yet quite recovered from my over-fatigue. Higgins started as far as Whisman's today so as to get into San Francisco betimes tomorrow to close the bargain for the "General Lane."

15th Governor Burnett here. Running round with him most of the morning. Walter attending to his studies. Mr. Rickets found his long lost mare as Mr. Lightner did his horse, the other day. Hope a turn of good luck will come to me soon!

16th In store. Walter at his books.

17th Señor Alviso in trouble about his son. Went to Pueblo to see about it.

18th In store. Nothing doing. Mr. Rickets putting on slats for shingles. Unable to sleep for last three or 4 nights. Makes me feel bad all day. Bed some shavings with a blanket on it and a few boards overhead. I live like a dog. Comforts of California!

19th In store. Nothing particular doing. In evening a letter from Wm. Higgins, enclosing one from my dearWife, dated far back, however; April 24, nearly 3 months old. This is only the second letter I have received from home since I arrived at San Diego on the 3rd of December last. Thank God they are all well! Oh! if I could only send for them or go home to them it would be the happiest day of my life, but I fear the day is far distant that I can do either.

Higgins writes that there is great hopes of our getting the $2240 from the "Adelia." If we recover that I hope it will enable me to be reunited with my family by next spring. God in His Great Mercy grant it, for I feel as if this life was a mere wilderness without them! I will trust and hope still.

20th Out before sunrise to load up some plank I had sold. Did pretty well today in selling lumber, but it pays too little to do much good. We must buy goods of our own to make money; that and 2 or 3 vessels will bring in the ounces. Well, we shall see. I will try and keep a good heart, although the dog's life I lead is enough to try the firmest mind.

Home is ever in my mind and my wife and children, night and day, are ever in my thoughts. I put my hand on the locket hanging on my breast 100 times a day to be assured it is safe.

21st SUNDAY. Suffering all day with one of my old fashioned headaches. I have hardly been able to sleep since I returned from the wreck. I fall asleep when I lie down at night, retiring usually about 9 o'clock, but I awake again in a couple of hours and cannot sleep afterward until near daybreak. We breakfast early so that, as I do not sleep in the day, I have lately had scarce enough to support nature. Be sure my bed of shavings is not very inviting.

1850 July 22nd Very busy all day selling lumber, loading up Teams, etc.

23rd The "Little Me" came in this morning early. Floyd saw Higgins yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock, who told him they had got up the "Adelia" and brought her over to San Francisco but did not tell him whether they got the money out of her, or not. Verily Billy Higgins is the veriest fool I ever had the misfortune to know! I have no more patience with his silly forgetfulness. He thinks of nothing but smoking his pipe and telling more than silly stories. I would to Heaven he was safe back in Oregon. He is totally useless to me and it irks me that he has to draw his share of what profits will be made, being so utterly unworthy. His stupidity and ignorance are inconceivable.

24th In store selling lumber, etc. In the evening Mr. Higgins returned, but told me nothing he had done, passing on up to Lightner and Ricket's for a gossip. After some time he went down to the store for a letter and I at length made him give me some $^{a}/_{c}$ of his mission. He had bought the "General Lane" and the money was not got out of the "Adelia" but Mr. Barrows was at Point San Antonio where the wreck is, waiting for a still time to right her up with the lighter. We had some few words. He is emphatically an ass. Knows nothing, thinks of nothing, remembers nothing. I do not think I can possibly keep on with him. Left all the papers and vouchers in Captain's hands, like a fool.

25th Loading up lumber, etc. Very low spirited. I do not know what to do.

26th Went to Pueblo in Morning to inquire about a point in Criminal Act.

27th Went to Pueblo again to see the Governor who returned last night. Had a long, long talk with him and fairly stated to him my unpleasant situation and told him I could not see my way clear to do business with my present partners, who were both incompetent. I gave him my reasons. He acknowledged the justice of my statements; said he would think it all over carefully and come down to Alviso on Monday and try to put me in a better position. I feel much relieved and believe he will amend my prospects.

28th SUNDAY. Sent Walter to the Pueblo with a letter to my Wife that I wrote yesterday and day before. Went to see them fish in the "Coyote" with a seine we bought last night; 35 yards in length for $50.00. Caught about ½ basket of small fish. In the afternoon "General Lane" in sight at the mouth of the river. Has been aground in the Bay for 3 days, I understand. Had to discharge cargo. Verily, we are unfortunate with vessels.

29th Governor Burnett came down, but nothing of consequence was effected in changing the business; many plans proposed, but none satisfactory. Would like me to go into copartnership with his son Dwight, but Dwight's property is all in lots and lands. Says he will try to realize from it and then go into business with me. J. W. Burnett is very desirous that I should join him and spoke 2 or 3 times to him about it, but I am unwilling to go in with him without an increase of capital. If we had more capital to work with we could do well and I should like to join him for he is an excellent young man, but the business is now in a poor way. I believe that it would require capital as well as business tact and energy to resuscitate it. "General Lane" got about half way up the river and no more. Captain C. B. Chamberlin came up to see me. Says he has already expended $400.00 on her for rigging, etc.

30th Told Mr. Higgins we must part. Much moved but felt constrained to do it. "General Lane" came in and began to unload.

31st Finished unloading the "General Lane." Went to Pueblo to see the Governor. Many plans proposed. At length he offered to give up his place in the firm of Burnett & Brothers. I told him I would examine the books and see him again.

August 1st Went to town again. Agreed to take the Governor's place in the firm at Alviso and made some stipulations. Attended to some other business.

2nd Business took me to the Pueblo again.

3rd "General Lane" off with Daniel Snelling. Again up town on business. Made a new proposition to the Governor about business; for Mr. Hig-

1850 *August* gins to leave, and Mr. Barrows to join us; both businesses to be combined. Met with his entire approbation. Time will straighten us and I will act for the best when Barrows returns.

4th SUNDAY. Quiet.

5th Higgins went to the Pueblo to see the Governor about our business. On return said he should go down to wreck and see Barrows tomorrow.

6th Higgins started.

7th Could not bear to be idle so told Brierly and Naylor that I was going into business with the Burnetts and got a contract from them to haul 100,000 feet of lumber.

8th Trial of West vs Gallagher. After that resigned my office of Justice of the Peace as I find it will materially interfere with business. Walter moved out to our new concern on Monday and today started with a load of lumber but the waggon broke down about 2 or 3 Miles out. Bad luck to begin with.

9th Up town to attend to business.

10th do—— do——

11th SUNDAY. Higgins got back from wreck.

12th Up town to see Naylor, etc.

13th do—— do—— Mr. Barrows returned from wreck having recovered about $1300.00 and expected the men will get more.

18th SUNDAY.

20th Started for San Francisco to close up heavy ⅍ with Simmons, Hutchinson & Co.

24th Returned. I accomplished all.

25th SUNDAY.

September 5th Chosen delegate to the County Convention.

7th Saturday. Attended Convention. Chosen one of the Conferees to the District Convention. Slight rain.

14th Went with the Conferees; Cooper, Ryland, and self to Mission of San Jose to meet Conferees from Contra Costa. Carried all my measures. Our ticket taken.

21st First rain—to call a rain.

October 15th Entered Masons.

16th Plank Road.

18th San Francisco.

November 15th Thin ice last night.

18th Commencement of winter. Storm; lasted a few days and then fine again. Went to San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Hawks, sister to Ben Wilson's wife. Heard from her all was well at home in the middle of August last.

December 8th Had conversation with Slade McGahey and began to think seriously of going home. Our affairs in the concern of Powell, Burnett & Barrows look bad. Will "vamos" as soon as possible out of it.

11th Quit the firm of Powell, Burnett & Barrows, they giving to me the Snelling Team and waggon and assuming to themselves to pay all the debts of the concern. Lucky for me I am out of it. Now I am alone and Walter and self can keep what we earn. Will go home as soon as I can. Wrote last night to Mother—difficult. Have been in such a fever for a

1850 *December* few days to bring about a dissolution. Thank fate it is over and I can see my way more clear.

12*th* Last night a severe rain storm; 2nd this season. Went to Pueblo. Beautiful spring morning. Left Slade at Santa Clara. Plains and hills beginning to get green. Two letters from Home; dated 11th and 13th of October.

13*th* Real stormy day.

14*th* Moved at dinner time to Mrs. Parson's boarding house; $12.00 each per week, missed meals to be deducted.

15*th* SUNDAY.

16*th* Went to San Francisco. Horrid murder last night near Santa Clara— Mr. Barber and Mr. Smith.

17*th* In San Francisco, Rainy and stormy. Boat could not return.

18*th* Returned in boat.

19*th* Very unwell; severe cold.

20*th* do—— Walter and Slade after hay.

21*st* Still very unwell; slow fever, ache all over. 6 sick in the house. Small patches of snow on top of Coast range.

22*nd* SUNDAY. Took pain pill last night. Very little better. Mud drying up. Business dull. Still homesick.

23*rd* Weather beautiful as Spring. A little better, now clearing up. Business dull. Still homesick.

24*th* do—— do—— Fear it will be a longer time than I like before I will make enough to go home. Gloomy thought for me!

25th Xmas. Walter has gone to visit his friends at Santa Clara. Self at Alviso brooding on home.

26th Evening went to Pueblo in stage to try and get something to do. Walter doing teaming as usual.

27th Returned in evening with Walter in ox waggon. Got in late. Cold. Had some offers from Colonel Davis to go to the Gold mines near Los Angeles and from J. Claude Jones to open store at Isabella, the new Embarcadero. Don't know what it is best to do.

28th Loaded Walter up late for Pueblo. Started at 4. Returned about 2 in the morning.

29th SUNDAY. Tiresome monotonous toil, but Team is making money and what I get now I can keep. It is now only a question of time and health.

30th Walter to town with load.

31st Nothing doing.

January 1st 1851 Walter hunting horses. Self, nothing in particular. Continues beautiful weather.

2nd Walter gunning. Self reading.

3rd Nothing doing. Still beautiful weather.

4th Went to town and staid all night. Attended Lodge. Rained a little.

5th SUNDAY. Returned to Alviso. Rainy all day. Last week a poor one for my Team. Bad business.

6th Still rainy at times. Moved over to the Fremont House, Mr. Sanders. Took charge of store, etc., for J. Claude Jones and help build up new

1851 January Embarcadero. Found that the store was not ever begun. Left Walter and Slade at Alviso.

7th Went down to Whisman's. Saw him. Found him hostile to Jones' interest.

8th Do not know what to do. No store up and am not at liberty to proceed on my own responsibility. Sent word to Mr. Jones by Mr. Cutting to come down here at once.

9th No Mr. Jones. Dull and miserable. Sent word again by Mickey, but as it is court time I fear he cannot come until Sunday. Weather most delightful over head. Pleasant residence here, however, at the edge of the timber. Amused myself cleaning my pistols, etc. Mr. Ruckles was shooting. Brought in 7 geese and 3 ducks. Mr. Clarkson and self chatting, etc.

10th In the house lounging round doing nothing. A miserable loafer as regard real and effective work.

11th Started in the morning with Mr. Whisman to go to the Pueblo but on arriving at the blacksmith's, about 2 Miles from the Fremont House, we met the stage, and Mr. or Captain Anderson being in it, I told Mr. Whisman that his trial was off for a week. We returned. Walter, dear, dear boy came over. He brought me some money for his teaming. He staid and staid until I told him to go. What could I do? My heart and my mind both say go home. Pride, pride, dirty ridiculous pride, only keeps me. I have great offers, but—.Ploughing all over. Valley well settled up.

12th SUNDAY. Dies Non! My God, how lonesome I am! Where to turn or where to go or what to do I know not! 2,000 Miles from home! 2,000 Miles from all that is of any concern to me! My Wife and children! My Wife—Oh, My God, would that she could appreciate the dear, dear affection I hold for her! I did not know how close that tie was till I left home. It may be, dear Caroline, that I never may see you again. I am not one, as you know, to speak much of my feelings, but here, lonely; oh! how lonely; if, oh! if I could only place my hand in yours and rest my

very uneasy head on your bosom, believing that all kindly sympathy would be given back for my trials and very great privations! It seems to me that I could be willing to let a portion of my days go by— Alack, this is all idle nonsense! After all, we live to suffer and we must bear it.

13th Reading, writing and idling. Went to Santa Clara with Mr. Sanders. I saw Colonel Davis who still says that I can make a fair fortune by going with him to the Los Angeles mines in April.

14th Doing nothing. Frogs singing every night and some frost; occasionally ice ¼ to ½ inch thick in the morning.

15th Went to Pueblo in Mr. Whisman's Team. Saw W. Claude Jones— doubtful. Get more and more homesick every day. Believe I shall sell my Team and start suddenly some odd time.

16th Quite sick. Home sick and ill at ease. Do not know what to do.

17th do—— do—— Slade here talks of home or the mines.

18th Little better. Magnificent weather for winter. In this latitude it is astonishing. I have talked with Captain Anderson, Mr. Rucker and others. They all advise me to sell my Team and go home. The revulsion in all kinds of business is so great here that there is no stability or fair prospect. If I stay they say I may lose all. I think so too. Then morning, noon and night I think of nothing but home and it renders me almost inefficient. I believe I will sell my Team and return. Think I will go over tomorrow and see Walter at Alviso and make preparations.

19th SUNDAY. Walter over here today. Bad week for the Team. He tells me Slade started yesterday for the Southern mines. Sorry to hear it. Let Walter take the mule home. Will try and go over tomorrow and call at the new store as I go by. I do not know what Mr. Jones will do, but he must make some permanent arrangement, for I have been for 2 weeks doing nothing and cannot stand it any longer. In the evening Colonel Fremont came here to the "Fremont House." I was, of course, intro-

1851 January duced to him; a modest, unassuming man. Liked him much. Frogs croaking all night.

20th Went by Alviso to the Pueblo. Walter not at Alviso but hunting cattle on the "Coyote." Saw W. Claude Jones at the Pueblo and broke with him. He is to pay all my expenses. This evening attended Lodge. Slept at P. O. Minion and Cook Campbell's office. Quite loose now. Do not know what to do next. Geese $3.00 per pair; quails $8.00 per dozen, as sold by hunters here.

21st Returned by Santa Clara to Mr. Sanders' "Fremont House." Met Colonel Peter Davis in the Alameda. He reiterated his promises about the "Los Angeles" business. Still it looks rather cloudy before me. Would to Heaven Walter and I were safe at home. This evening had a conversation with Mr. Cyrus Sanders who offered me a job of ploughing at $20.00 per acre. I am to find Team and plough (which, by the bye, here costs $60.00) and pay for Walter's and my board at the rate of $14.00 per week each. Think I shall take up the offer.

22nd Mr. Sanders thinks his offer not a good one for me and advises me not to take it as the ground is so heavy I cannot plough but a little every day. This evening Colonel Fremont was here again. Got better acquainted with him. Like him much.

23rd Do not know what to do. Dick Thornton here in the evening. What shall I do? Would to Heaven I were home! The weather here is magnificent but I am so lonely and my mind so ill at ease that I cannot enjoy it.

24th Bright and beautiful. The climate is certainly extraordinary. It is one great reason I cannot bear to give up this country. I will have all kinds of comforts at home, doubtless, but the weather there, after the experience of this land, is hardly to be endured. If I could only have a home here, such as I have at Greenville, with my family around me—Ah! then indeed!

25th Nothing doing, except wandering through the timber and roaming and

rambling around and getting so everlasting homesick and miserable that I hardly know what to do with myself. Cold at nights but weather beautiful as an Illinois spring.

26th SUNDAY. Washed and dressed up and loafed. Heavens what a life! I do believe I will sell my Team and go home. Walter, too, did not come over today. I hear he has let the Team for $12.00 per day. Wm. Clarkson proposed a business to me in the evening. Don't know what to say. Case of "Quien Sabe." Perfect and utter quietness at night, not even an insect buzzing.

30th Returned with Walter in Ox Team to Mrs. Parson's at Alviso. From this date doing nothing until February 7th.

February 7th Everything is at a perfect stand still. All business seems paralysed. I am exceedingly alarmed. I do not know what to do or what to think. I would give all I have here if Walter and myself were home or even near home, up to our necks in a bog. Hansbro planting potatoes.
Until the 10th I was much indisposed. My mind occupied by my wife and children. My wife—ah; alas, she does not and perhaps never will know how much I eternally think of her.

10th Went to Santa Clara and the Pueblo to see what I could do. Saw Sheriff Yonts, and specimens from Los Angeles at a Mr. Foster's next to the City Hotel. Specimens wonderful. Got a letter at P.O. from Mother dated Nov. 3rd, 1850. Says she will not reproach me, yet the whole letter is one continuous reproach, because I do not send some money.

Great Heaven how could I! At San Diego every cent I made I needed to bring Walter and self up the coast. When in business in Alviso my partners would not allow me to draw, and since then we have saved a little over $200.00. This we put by to enable us to get home as soon as possible but I shall forward it at once and get home when we can. I look upon it as a sentence of indefinite banishment. Returned by Santa Clara and saw Colonel Peter Davis. All my hopes there blasted as he expected me to advance capital. My last anchor is now gone, for such a revulsion is there in business that everything seems at a stand still. Lack of Son-

1851 February orenos to help with ploughing very great. Saw specimens at Mr. Foster's, of the Quartz Gold mine 200 Miles East of Los Angeles; some of them very rich.

11th Moved up with Walter to Smith's farm where we shall stay some little time having got a job of ploughing. Became very sick here indeed, much reduced. 7 days without any food; nothing but sips of water and weak tea. Cold and cloudy with occasional showers. Until the 18th miserably sick.

19th Got up and staggered about a little with excessive debility.

20th Still very sick and attended by Dr. Whitmore, twice a day.

21st do—— do——

22nd Little better but the fever has at length left me. Am able to take a little broth, etc. Very cold at nights. White frost in morning. Horse, we had taken for pay for ploughing, stolen. Some one saw him on the way to Stockton, so Walter heard this morning at Alviso. My luck as usual!

23rd SUNDAY. Walter off all day hunting the lost horse. Returned unsuccessful. What luck! Myself at home alone brooding over the situation of my family and on my own dark prospects until I almost went mad. What to do, I know not! I am almost in despair. I have used all diligence and energy and every one gives me credit for having tried hard, but the bad faith of Governor Burnett has ruined all my prospects.

24th Went down to Alviso to see Frank B. Heard there that Mr. B. Snelling was going shortly to the Mariposa mines with his family. If so, I believe I will go with him. At least I will try and see him tomorrow about it. Spoke to Frank about it. He thinks he will join me, but will tell me in a day or two. On the whole I think it is the best thing I can do. Smart shower of rain today.

25th I borrowed Charlie Wright's horse to go and see my friends at Santa Clara, and consult with them about what I had better do, as I cannot

sell my Team but at such a sacrifice as will but barely leave enough to take self and Walter home. First called on Mr. Lightner. He had gone to the redwoods. Then proceeded to Mr. Snelling's where I found Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Harrison, Parish and others.

Had a long talk with Mr. Snelling who said he was himself sinking some money every day, and felt very much discouraged. Said he was going to start for Mariposa tomorrow with a drove of cattle. Said he intended to establish his family in the valley of the San Joaquin this summer and trade in cattle or mine himself. Could give me no advice but said if I would stay steadily at one spot mining would answer. I then went to see Mr. W. Jones who is always very kind to me. He has taken up a "claim" near Santa Clara and is farming vigorously. I told him how I was situated. He told me he had a claim on the best bar in the Merced river and a man there to take care of it and said that if Walter and I would join him as soon as the water would permit work, he would let us share it with him. This was a very kind offer. I thought it too good to be rejected. I thanked him and accepted. I shall, therefore, worry along as well as I can till the time comes and then Walter and self will go with him and wash Gold and, if it is necessary and I prosper, we will work until we have realized something like a respectable sum to take home. Thus then after all I shall have to stay another and perhaps two years longer in this country.

God knows it tears my heart this renewal, as it were, of separation from my family but when I reflect that I have been nearly two years from home and done nothing, without any fault of my own, I do not like to let my feelings sway me to the detriment of my family. If I can only, after all, realize a competency for my dear, dear wife and children it is all I ask.

26th Went to Alviso to get my money from Frank to send home some, but he had gone to San Francisco, so that I am afraid I will not be able to send any by this mail.

27th Very cold at nights.Went again to the Embarcadero. Frank returned, but no money. Bad! Walter not there; hunting cattle. Has not had a single load this week. Worse! Everything looks gloomy.

Jones fails to pay up

1851 February 28th — Lounging round, reading and drawing. Saw Mr. Cyrus Sanders and settled with him.

March 1st — Walter had load to Santa Clara. Moved down from Smith's ranch to Dr. Whitmore's at Alviso at dinner.

2nd — SUNDAY. Nothing!

3rd — Went to Pueblo with J. F. Barrows. Saw W. Claude Jones. Paid me $32.00 for a bill I paid Sanders of $72.00. All I could get from him. Used me very ill. Frank says he is going to the mines. 2 letters from home. Walter hauling hay for Dr. Whitmore.

4th — Went to see Mr. W. Jones who thinks of going to the Merced next Monday as some men are trying to jump his claim. Am to see him again Friday and then to decide on the day of departure, etc., etc. Walter and self will go with him and take Team and provisions.

Heard of horse from David, Mr. Sanders' steward. Hope I shall be able to find him. Walter and I staid at Lightner's.

5th — Walter brought in a load and then went for the horse. Could not find it but David promised to send it in by a Vaquero tomorrow. Frank says they all start for the Northern mines on Monday. Success attend him. He is a fine fellow.

6th — Walter after hay. Self reading and writing.

7th — Walter brought in hay. Self went over to the Fremont House to get my horse, but the Vaquero had not found it. Then went and saw Mr. Jones, who had put off his journey to the mines for 4 or 5 weeks.

8th — Went with Mr. Norris to Santa Clara for hay.

9th — SUNDAY.

10th — Went with John Littlefield to Santa Clara for hay. J. F. Barrows, White

Burnett and others started for the mines. Left my Yoke of Spanish cattle with Mr. W. Jones.

11th Went again to Santa Clara for hay. Walter still has a bad shin. Mr. Jones lost the cattle.

12th Walter hunting cattle on mule that Mr. Jones brought in for him. Mr. Jones and self hunting on foot. We found the off-ox Brandy with Yoke on. Sold him the Yoke for $75.00. Mr. Jones received bad news from the precise spot on the Merced that we intend to go to: 5 men killed by Indians in open daylight, Eldridge Burden and Garrett Stevenson's colored man being two of them. Mr. Jones, however, still intends to go there when the water is low enough, but will take a larger party with him. Shall go with him also when he goes. Do not know what else to do. Tried to get a job of Dr. Caldwell. No go. As usual—business dead, dead.

13th Doing little but read all day.

14th Walter hunting for horse for Dr. John Whitmore. Went also to Mr. Sanders but could hear nothing of our lost horse. Self walked up to Mr. Lightner's.

15th Walter hunting horse again. Self walked to Mr. Jones' who paid me for cattle. Still without employment, although I ask everyone I think may have work to give me some. Only 2 loads; $20.00 this week. Losing money. Almost in despair.

16th SUNDAY. Reading, etc.

17th Still nothing to do. Saw Mr. Lightner. Proposed to him to move to his house to board, as being more economical.

18th Went to see Mrs. Lightner who agreed to take Walter and self. Evening and night, Rain.

1851 March 19th Snow on the Mountains. Showery. Moved to Mrs. Lightner's. Grizzly Bear. Sold lot to Dana.

20th Last night rain all night. Fine for farmers; much needed. More snow on the mountains.

21st Walter a little lame, so took a load myself from Alviso to the Pueblo. Long walk; about 20 Miles. Snow has all disappeared from peaks of the Mountains. Farms in the making in all directions. Letter from home.

22nd Went again to Pueblo, with ½ load.

23rd SUNDAY. Everything looks dark. I do not know what to do. I am almost in despair.

24th Walter went to Alviso to try and get loading for the Pueblo but was unsuccessful. Went myself to see Mr. Jones who does not expect to go to the Merced until July or August. What shall I do in the meantime?

Would to God I were home once more! I think I will go to the mines with Mr. B. Snelling when he goes next time, which I understand may be in about 3 weeks.

Note: Mr. Lightner is very kind and tells me not to trouble myself about paying Walter and self's board as what little we help him is pay enough. This, in my present circumstances, is like a reprieve to a condemned criminal.

25th Mr. J. F. Barrows returned from his prospecting tour on the Coast range about 40 Miles below Pacheco's Pass. Found large and rich Quicksilver mines; also valley, beautiful and full of wild cattle and large herds of horses. Deer, Antelopes, etc., all the time. Found Quartz rock but could see no Gold in it. Much sign of Gold but no metal.

26th Rest of the party returned. Self went to Alviso. Nothing doing.

27th Went to see George Peck of Santa Clara at Mr. Snelling's to get information about Southern mines. He recommends us all to go to Fine

Gold gulch—70 Miles South of Mariposa. Told the returned party what he said. They appear to be inclined to go there. If they do I intend to go with them. Rain all day. March 1851

28th Rain again.

29th Helping Mr. Lightner build fence.

30th SUNDAY. Rain last night; snow on the Mountains.

31st Went to Alviso. All hands are determined to start for the mines tomorrow. Hastened home to prepare.

April 1st Left Mr. Lightner's with a party to go to the Southern mines; Mariposa and Fine Gold gulch, at 9 A.M. The party consisting of J. F. Barrows, J. W. Burnett, Vanduzer, Rule, Henry Tandy, Turner, Dr. Hardiman, L. Armstrong, G. W. Work, Walter and self. Self and Walter with ox waggon and the rest with horses and mules. We started in a great hurry and I was by no means prepared for the journey. Four Miles brought us to Alviso. Left there at 11½ o'clock for Mission of San Jose. Struck for the Coyote, 2 Miles, then across the valley to foot of low hills, passing a warm spring ("Agua Caliente"), and arrived at the Mission about 3½ P.M. Purchased some necessary articles and continued through the pass of the first line of Mountains, 4 Miles, to a beautiful little valley, through which a stream meandered near which there were 3 ranchos. Day's journey about 22 Miles. Below the Mission of San Jose there are some large and very fertile farms belonging to H. C. Smith, Mr. Horner and others. H.C.S. sold last year from his farm $85,000.00 of produce and Mr. Horner still more. My authority for this is H.C.S. himself.

2nd Left the valley about 8 o'clock and passed over rolling hills and by a house kept by a Frenchman and old mountaineer. 4 Miles brought us to another bottom valley, much larger; say 25 Miles long by 6 or 7 Miles wide. 2 Miles from its edge we came to a dry creek and near to a string of Spanish ranchos built of brush and tule.

The Mountains on the West side of the valley are timbered; those on

1851 April the East side are barren. 6 or 7 Miles more brought us to Livermore's ranch; a 2 story frame house with adobe lean-to wings. The soil of the valley as you approach Livermore's is very poor, and I wondered why he chose such a place, but after I passed it, I found his house was at the entrance of a small but exceedingly fertile valley formed by spurs of the hills setting out and that part of his farm was ditched. He also has a fine vineyard, irrigated from a splendid spring which rises amongst a clump of willows about a Mile and half on the road after passing his house, at which place we stopped to noon. Started again about ½ of 3 over a point of the low hillocks into a branch of the same valley, which was about 3 Miles wide and, say, 3½ Miles from the spring to foot of the high hills on the other side of said valley, being the range that forms the boundary to the valley of the San Joaquin. Went up the pass 4 or 5 Miles to the top where I first got a glimpse of the San Joaquin. At 10 minutes of six, we reached this point. Then we travelled down the pass 2 Miles more, past an adobe house, and camped for the night below it about ¼ to ½ Mile but still in the pass. In the Plain in the afternoon I was left by my party to drive my cattle alone. They were ahead some 2, 3, or 4 Miles. I did not like it very well, as the country is in a very unsettled state. I found some places in the pass rather dangerous for a waggon, especially for an awkward driver like myself. Henry Tandy and Dr. Hardiman waited for me in the pass about sundown. I was glad to see them. Flowers: Lupins, clover, yellow violets, eschscholtzia, etc.

3rd Two Years since, this day, our waggons left home—and now words are vain!

Rained hard all last night. Stood guard and got well drenched, of course. Started at 7½ A.M. About 3½ Miles brought us to the valley of the San Joaquin; a perfectly level plain as is usual with the valleys in this country. It looked dismal and desolate; scarcely any herbage. Elk horns scattered about. At a distance was a line of timber, which we supposed to be the line of the San Joaquin river. Nooned about 3 Miles from the ferry, stopping about 12½ o'clock in an old but dry slough of the river. The land was better near the river with scattered timber; oak, alder, and willow. Near the timber we passed 3 or 4 farm houses. Distance from our noon Camp back to the Mountains was about 10 Miles.

In the afternoon at 2½ we started: ½ Mile brought us to the sign board of the lower ferry; then we turned to the left through a belt of timber. We were soon through the first belt, then through grass and by burnt tules to the river; 4 Miles more and we reached Slocum's ferry. Good road to it; made dug-ways, bridges, etc., and the boat at the ferry itself was very good. There was a good corral for cattle drivers to put their cattle in. River here is about 170 yards wide. The farm houses we have passed also had large corrals, probably for the same business. We encamped very comfortably close to the river, a little above the ferry. The timber near the river was principally oak, with some willow and ash. Pretty stream, the San Joaquin. Here at last, and the water is good. The water in the ponds and sloughs is brackish. Soil shallow and the subsoil is sandy. Ferriage $4 for waggon and 3/ for each man and 3/ for each mule. *April 1851*

4th Two years since I myself started from home and now . . . but

Started at 7½ A.M. Reached French Camp (Castoria) at 1½ o'clock, 6 or 7 Miles. Arrived at Stockton, 4½ Miles farther, about 1 o'clock. French Camp is in a belt of timber near a slough and was built up under the idea that Teams could not take goods from Stockton and to the Stanislaus, Tuolumne, Merced, Mariposa and other Southern mines during the winter on account of the deep mud between French Camp and Stockton. The road from French Camp to Stockton is now sandy. But as last winter was a comparatively dry one, it has ruined the speculation there. Soil from the San Joaquin to French Camp is poor; from French Camp to Stockton good. Stockton is situated on a slough communicating with the San Joaquin. These sloughs as well as the rivers are a singular feature in this country. The land is a dead level and if it were not for the timber or tules you would not be aware of them until you were actually immediately on their banks. The steamers and sail vessels seem as if they were progressing on the land.

The Boys in the evening caught a fine mess of fish, chiefly perch and suckers; some unknown, but very good.

5th Purchasing necessaries in Stockton all the morning. In the afternoon we went on as far as French Camp again and encamped in the timber close

1851 *April* by. The Sierra Nevada is covered with snow. Joined at Stockton by ———— [Note: names omitted by the diarist.]

6th SUNDAY. Started at ¼ of 8 A.M.; nooned at 11½ about 11 Miles from French Camp, the road skirting a belt of timber most of the way and passing various small houses.

In afternoon started at ¼ past 1 and arrived at the Stanislaus river—middle ferry; Cotton's—about ½ past 5, some 11 or 12 Miles from noon Camp. Our road turned at noon to the left, leaning toward the hills. Road good all day; about 60 yards wide here. Fine fertile bottom. Good grass, etc. Flowers: Eschscholtzia, larkspur, lupins, dandelions and a variety of others to me unknown. On our route saw one herd of Antelope. We here heard terrible stories of the hostilities of the Indians in the neighborhood of Mariposa and Fine Gold gulch, the places we are going to. They say the Indians are near there in the Mountains and that they shoot poisoned arrows, tipped with glass. Saw Columbus Humpton and Mr. Owens at the Stanislaus. Mr. Owens told me of his own recent escapes from Indians and bears. Had on at the time a Coat perforated in many places with Indian arrows.

7th Crossed the Stanislaus (Cotton ferry) ½ of 8, and arrived at dry creek, say 12½ Miles, at ¼ of one. Staid ½ an hour and arrived at Davis, the lower ferry on the Tuolumne river, about ½ past four; 5½ Miles. Our road from the Stanislaus was at first up hill and through timber for about 2 Miles. Then, still leaning to the left, over Prairie which, as we neared dry creek, became first rolling and then more broken; hillocks and knolls with some hills to go up and down. The knolls showed what appeared to my eye the action of water at different levels.

The Indians say this valley was once one vast sheet of fresh water, as were also the valleys of San Jose and Sacramento, the waters debouching at Monterey, and that an earthquake, bursting open the Mountains, formed the "Golden Gate," the present entrance to the Harbour of San Francisco, to give vent to the waters and left the level valleys as they now are. The appearance of the timber in the valley, all of an age and size, seems to give some probability to this tale. In the afternoon our road ran over wavy hills until we dropped into the immediate bottom of

the River Tuolumne near Davis Ferry. The river here is about 80 yards wide. Just below the ferry is a rancheria of Indians. One of the Squaws was making one of those strange California baskets. Saw a great variety of flowers today. The soil, except in the river bottom, is poor. Timber is plentiful in and near the river. Dews very heavy at night.

8th Started at ¼ of 8. At ¼ past eleven, about 10 Miles from the river, we arrived at a tent near where we turned out the cattle, mules and horses. There was good feed near a branch with water standing in pools. Our course lay through a rolling Prairie, somewhat broken. The soil is chiefly sandy and at some places clayey. Started again in about one hour. An hour and a half's travel brought us to the Merced bottom and then for another half hour we followed up the bank of the stream to a large frame store close by the river. Went up the bank of river still farther, about 2½ Miles, and crossed it at a ford near a large tent and encamped for the night near a Government Train. It is a beautiful bottom; fine soil, timber, grass, etc. About 10 Miles down toward the San Joaquin, Mr. McSwain and Mr. Stevenson own a ranch.

9th Started again at ¼ of 8. Wet feet and damp clothes from rain last night. Stopped at 10½ in the first series of hills, finding there very good grass. Distance from last night's Camp, I suppose, about 7 Miles. Beautiful flowers, Rocks, Quartz, etc. We are in the Indian country now and I told the boys they must stay with the waggon. They promised to do so, but soon went ahead ½ to ¾ of a Mile and I sent forward to tell them that if they would not stay by me I would break off and join another party. This brought them all to and they staid near the waggon.

I am somewhat nettled at their serving me thus after my doing all I could to help them, such as hauling their baggage, provisions, etc. In fact, they would have got on very ill if it had not been for the waggon, but they seemed to forget this. I said but little, however, and I think they will now stay near. The Indians are very bad and the road is dangerous. I do not feel inclined to travel it just Walter and self alone. Pretty flowers at noon Camp; yellow petals tipped with white, very fragrant, and humble bees buzzing around them. First bees I have seen in California. There was also plenty of red clover and very thick grass,

1851 April something like our "red top." (Afternoon.) Left our noon Camp at ¼ past 12. Rose a hill and then descended a long one to an Arroyo or brook called "Burn's Creek," the same on which is "Burns' Diggings" a little way above. Here, for the first time, I saw a man "panning out" Gold. He had about $3.00 worth in his pan, gotten from a little "gulch" about 300 yards from where he was cradling and panning it out. He said he was using the dirt thrown out from previous "diggins." The yield ($3.00), he also said, was from 12 buckets of dirt. About ½ past one I arrived at the Texan tent, say three Miles from noon Camp, and continued on for one hour more, two Miles, to a little stream where we stopped for the night. The boys wished to prospect the arroyo. Walter got 2 or 3 specks. 12 Miles in all from Merced.

The road was not bad but somewhat hilly. The country is rolling hills, at places covered with oaks. Soil good. Quartz veins cropping out at places. Saw a great many places where others had been prospecting.

10th Started at 20 minutes of 7. Five hours brought us to the Norwegian tent. Nooned near by and in two hours more we came to within 1¼ Mile of a Mariposa village, where we encamped for the night. At starting we passed over a hill and came to a small stream near which was a house, and then over another hill and dropped down on a fine little Mountain brook called Bear creek. Then up a very long hill and descended a very precipitous one. On the top of this last hill, on opening a pine burr, I found a fine lively scorpion (Alacran). We now kept along Bear valley to near a large conical hill where they are about to work a Quartz Gold mine. Not far from this is the Norwegian tent kept by Mr. Fee; 10 Miles from last Camp. The country has become more wild and mountainous, Mountain pines mixing with the oaks from Norwegian tent to Mariposa; a wild, mountainous, but picturesque country. We killed a very large rattlesnake on the way. The Mariposa is a mere brook. Its whole extent of bed each side from Mountain to Mountain is broken up by the mines as far as we could see.

This evening went into the village and saw Mr. H. Cook and Dr. Snelling who told me they thought the best diggings were below the town. Saw today the work of two men, who have a pretty good hole below town; the gold weighed $57.75, besides the black sand.

The pines here are tall and fine and look like those I have seen in the Northern part of New York.

Soil red, stony and gravelly. The diggings in bed of creek are very hard. On our route we saw a great many pine trees perforated like honey combs for some 50 or 60 feet of their height by the woodpeckers. The holes were filled with acorns. They have a very singular appearance.

11th Some of the men went down the stream to look out for a location for us to work on but returned unsuccessful. I did not do much myself. Went to the Quartz crushing Mill at the lower part of the town, which is worked with stampers, and then roamed about among the miners to gather some crumbs of information.

12th Went with Walter and 5 or 6 of our men about 6 Miles down the stream prospecting. All the claims seem to be taken up so far, except some that are very hard ones to work. About 6 Miles below are very rich diggings. One party at work there acknowledged to 3 oz. per day to each man, but from appearances of the Gold in the Rocker it must have been more.

The brook, or arroyo, traverses a wild country; the stream forming in some places merely the dividing line between the spring of the Mountains on each side and in our course down we had to scramble over huge granite rocks the best way we could. I observed at the different claims that were worked, that they got the most Gold where the soil was clayey. Near the village the bottom rock is what they here call slate. If it is slate it is odd looking at any rate. Below it is granite, of, I believe, secondary formation. During our little expedition I saw many "Red Bud" trees. It made my heart quiver, for it brought home back to me more forcibly than ever.

We saw nothing below that would suit us for diggings so we determined to work the large bar in front of Colonel Fremont's house. We shall have to ditch very heavily, but old miners here say the prospect is good. Colonel Fremont has a good house here and a pretty garden, watered by a "Ram," set under a fall of water in the stream. Owens' log house, now about half finished, has already cost him $1200. An express runs here from Stockton. American enterprise!

Moved Camp from near Mr. Ben Harrison's to the far side of the bar.

Mining no easy job

1851 April 13th SUNDAY. After breakfast I went seriously to work and took a real good wash from top to toe in the brook, then with Walter built an arbour in front of our tent. Brought wood, etc., using myself to labour. Walter and self mess alone.

14th Commenced mining in earnest at 7 o'clock A.M., working on the ditch on the bar. In the water until 11½ and at it again at 1½. Quit at ½ past five and went to bed immediately after supper, tired almost to death.

15th At work all day the same as yesterday. Hands blistered, arms and ankles skinned, and sore all over; back almost broke. Today we got down to the bed rock at one place and found a few particles of Gold. Very hot at work. In a perfect bath of perspiration all the time and at the same time my feet were cold from standing in the water.

16th Last night it rained and the boys woke me up to put their flour, sugar, etc., into my tent as they had only a sort of arbour of pine boughs. Today it has rained most of the time, and, therefore, we did not work but prospected a little up some various gulches.

17th Last night it rained very violently all night and this morning the hills were covered with snow. The creek is very much swollen and our ditch nearly full; so we shouldered our cradles, picks, spades, dippers, etc., and started up the Mountain about two Miles.

We found, near a little stream which had been much dug, specks of gold on the surface. These had been left bare by last night's rain. A number of persons were about, picking them up. I picked up two or three small pieces myself. Walter and self fixed our cradle and went to work. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon it rained and hailed so hard that we were obliged to give up. It rained more or less all day but this last downpour drove us home, chilled almost to death and wet through. I think Walter and self got about $3 worth of Gold. The labour is nothing compared to ditching.

18th Went to work immediately after breakfast, taking our dinner with us; some crackers and butter and ginger bread. We worked until about

4 P. M. when the rain again drove us back. Cooked our supper and went to bed. Our tent is in a miserable condition; everything soaking wet, cold, wretched and comfortless. Heavens! What a life!

19th It rained very hard all last night and we had a hard time of it. It looked so threatening today that we did not go to work. Some of the boys went down the stream to look at some claims that they heard had been vacated. They returned and reported favourably. I went and had a long talk with Mr. H. Cook. Weighed our Gold and found that Walter and self in two days had washed out $4.50. This is making our fortune fast with a vengeance, considering the labour and suffering! It is almost unbearable.

Walter and self are continually talking of home but still are determined to stick it out. I will do my endeavor for a fortune, and if I fail, I shall not then have to reflect on myself.

20th SUNDAY. Some of the boys are washing, some are baking pies, and others are walking around. Some went to meeting.

This afternoon we put our things out to dry; everything having become saturated. We righted our tent and prospected Missouri gulch a little. Mean to try it tomorrow.

Rule left us to join some of his friends. Most of our Company are much discouraged with our prospects.

21st Half the party went to some claims they found vacant a short distance below the stream Quartz Mill, Walter with them. Self and the rest went to Missouri gulch where we worked all the morning uncovering a place on the first flat above the Mariposa stream. At noon Dr. Warren came in and took us to what he assured us were better diggings on the flat above. So we abandoned the old place and began on the new.

Laid off 2 Claims for Walter and self, 20 feet each. I went to work throwing off the dirt; i.e. the dirt thrown from other holes on the adjoining surface. Worked very hard and returned in the rain to get supper.

22nd Last night it rained hard again all night. Today Walter and self have thrown off the top dirt and dug a hole. We laid out about 8 feet square

1851 *April* and by night had dug it about 4 feet deep, besides flinging off about 3 feet of top dirt. Went to bed, as usual, about 7 o'clock tired to death. Frank Barrows and his party washed out from an old hole about $7.50.

23rd Peck, peck—dig, dig—shovel, shovel, all day! Walter and I are almost dead with fatigue and still we are not yet down to the Gold earth. Frank Vanduzer and Tandy got from an old hole about $20.00. They are still discouraged. Very hot all day. The water in the gulch is falling fast. Fear that it will give out soon is our great trouble now.

24th Labouring again all day most intensely; Walter picking out the hard conglomerate from the hole and self carrying it in a bucket to the Rocker about a hundred yards away and then washing it out in the Rocker. Our united labours realized at night about $4 or $5 in Gold. Amongst it was a pretty specimen which, being the first found, I intend to take home and have set as a breast broach for Mother. This labour beats everything that ever I tried!!

25th Still labouring at our diggings; Walter digging and self washing. Frank's party are not finding anything. S. W. Work, Armstrong and Dr. Hardiman doing pretty well. Broke a pick.

26th Diggings gave out! Frank's party in the afternoon went down the Mariposa. 8 cents in 10 buckets was all I got in the afternoon, so I gave up after breaking another heavy pick! Frank says there is a good chance down the stream so we shall move down there on Monday. Yesterday and today Walter and self got about $6.00. Story rife of Mariposa Savages' treason.

27th SUNDAY. Very tired. Washed and dressed and slept. Quiet in Camp. Frank's party bought an interest in Gold hill.

28th Went below Steam Quartz Mill to work the new claim, but I ached so in every limb and felt so weak that I had to give it up. Walter also worked very little. Working last week with feet and legs wet and cold and the rest of my frame dripping with perspiration has about used me up.

29th Still so sore and unwell that I could not work. Went up to Gold hill. 3 men wanted to sell me their claim but I am afraid of it.

30th Have determined to abandon mining. I find I cannot stand it. I ache in every fiber of my frame. Shall go to Stockton to try teaming; or, if I can sell my Team, go home, for Walter and self are both miserably homesick.

May 1st Selling what I can spare so as to go off to Stockton. I lent Frank Barrows $26.00 which he cannot, or rather will not, repay. Rather hard that, and Mr. Owens has my watch at the Pueblo. Bad!

2nd Started for Stockton. Got as far as the "Maine Tent," 2½ Miles beyond "Texas Tent" on the road to Ford's ferry.

3rd Went to Murray's, 3 or 4 Miles, and got our cattle and waggon, which we had sent down here; then 3 Miles to the crossing. Saw G. W. Work (who has been to McSwain's ranch for horses) at Dr. Lewis's, on the Merced, but he had left Walter's filly behind because Mr. Acock had taken Walter's saddle away and McSwain would not pay for it. Pretty business, indeed! Ill luck at every turn. Stopped at night at Mr. Davis' Tuolumne ferry house in miserable spirits. Davis was chased today by a grizzly in the open Plain.

4th SUNDAY. Went from the Tuolumne via the lower dry creek to Islip's ferry on the Stanislaus. Californians were driving cattle and horses across the river. In dress they are aping Americans, but still with a touch of Spanish.

5th From Islip's ferry I drove to Stockton by a new road, nearer.

6th Having waggon fixed and trying to get loading for the mines. Stockton is like all new towns here; mere shells of houses, canvas houses, etc. Very tired. Went to bed early, as usual, in the waggon.

7th Last night we were awakened by the cry of Fire about 11 o'clock. Walter and self started up and got our baggage out of J. E. Edward's store, where

1851 May we had deposited it, and put it in the waggon. We then ran the waggon over the bridge to the other side of the slough. Terrible night; almost the whole city was destroyed. This afternoon I had a chance for a load and went to the San Francisco boat, "C. M.Weber." The owner of the freight was not there so I went into the cabin to wait for him. Whilst awaiting him, from the fatigue and loss of rest last night, I fell asleep and when I awoke the boat had started and got some distance from Stockton. I was much astonished and disturbed, as may well be imagined. I had no Coat on, for the weather in the middle of the day was very warm. I was much annoyed but there was no help. I must perforce proceed to San Francisco. Poor Walter, I fear, will be much troubled.

8th In San Francisco all day and went out in the evening by same boat for Stockton. I found San Francisco one mass of ruins also, from a recent desolating fire. Many lives, I understand, were lost during the fire, and today 6 or 7 men were killed by the falling of the walls of Delmonico's building. I borrowed a Coat from W. H. Stowell, ere I came off. I felt all day as if I was in rather a tight place, but I kept up my courage as well as I could.

9th Did not get into Stockton until 12 o'clock M. Walter was watching on the wharf. I, at length, caught his troubled eye, which immediately lighted up. He turned on his heel and walked off a little distance as much as to say, "All's right. Dad's safe." I found on going on shore that he had been unable to get any hauling. Still bad luck.

10th Still no business——

11th SUNDAY. Quiet.

12th At noon went to work as a common labourer for B. Z. Bailey in the burnt district, digging up old posts and then sawing large blocks for underpinning. Dreadful hard work.

13th At work at same place. Hard—hard work!

14th Still labouring in burnt district and helping Walter load up for Sonora. Sore, weary and heart sick.

15th Hard work as usual; digging holes. The ground is as hard as adobes.

16th Work a little lighter; laying down flooring. Worked as usual from 7 in the morning until 7 in evening.

17th At work all day laying down large heavy planks for flooring. Hands dreadfully sore. Mashed my thumb. Sore and aching all over, indeed.

18th SUNDAY. Settled with Bailey for $26. This is the first money I ever received as a hired man; the first I ever received for the sweat of my brow from my fellow man. I wrought hard for it. On settling with McClellan for Walter's and self's board I had but a trifle left.

It rained last night and all day today. Quiet; unusual in this country at this time of the year.

19th No work. Running around to find it. Cross and Ben Crapper here.

20th At noon Walter returned. Moved to Dr. Grattan's.

21st Helped Walter load up for Moquelumne Hill.

22nd Tried to get load for Ben Crapper and work for self, but could not. Moved back to Mr. McClellan's.

23rd Still unable to get work.

24th do——. Many Chinamen here on their way to the mines.

25th SUNDAY. Walter returned.

26th No loading.

27th Promise of loading——"Quien Sabe?"

To Moquelumne Hill

1851 May 28th Major John and others arrived from San Jose.

29th Man hung today. Loaded up waggon on the levee.

30th Walter finally started, after a long search for our cattle.

31st Walter returned. Tire ran off. $3 for re-setting it and $5 more for taking the wheel out about 7 Miles.

June 1st SUNDAY. Nada!——Nada!

2nd to 6th Nothing doing. Walter returned today, the 6th. Hay is coming in fast.

7th Ben broke down. Lent him some money.

8th SUNDAY. Very sick with a colick all night.

9th Walter loaded up for Agua Frio: Vegetables; green peas, turnips, etc.

10th Ben broke down again. Hunting shop for Thos. Keyes.

11th Nothing. Business so prostrated here since the fire that a great many persons are out of employ.

12th Having nothing to do here, and no prospect—expenses eating up all the Team earns—I determined to go to Moquelumne Hill with Ben and see if anything might turn up. At 5 o'clock P. M. we started and got out 4 Miles to a Mr. Gwin's. Our course was a little North of East. Soil and road good—dead level. Oaks sprinkled all round. Slept in my blankets on the porch.

13th Went on as far as the crossing. At the bridge over the Calaveras river the country was more broken. Houses quite close all the way. Suppered at McDermott's, close by the bridge. Fine rich bottom. McDermott has a fine garden here of some 2 or 3 acres. In front of the house rises the first line of hills.

14th Went on up the valley and over rolling hills, occasionally passing, what I supposed to be, the dry bed of the Calaveras. By the bye, at the bridge crossing, 25 Miles from Stockton, it was a fine clear stream differing from the Southern streams. It does not run in a wide bottom such as I have seen before, but you come at once on it.

We went 10 Miles to a tent house, having passed many before, but here Ben Crapper was taken very sick with a kind of colick and we had to stay all night. The road was over rolling hills and along bottoms. Soil thin.

15th SUNDAY. Went to Moquelumne Hill and left it again, camping at night on top of the hill on the road back to Stockton. I, in the morning, left the Team when fairly in the Mountains and walked ahead. Fine Mountain scenery. Missed my way. As far as the last 6 Miles there were no houses. I found myself at last at the middle bar of the Moquelumne, a beautiful clear rapid stream running in a deep ravine or cañon in the Mountains. Glad I lost my way or I should have not seen this. From thence I took a small trail across the Mountains 3 Miles to Moquelumne Hill. Was quite tired out. Found Ben there. Saw Sturgess and Norris but could not hear of anything that I could do. Deep diggings 50, 60, and 70 feet all over the hill. It requires more than one man to mine there. Left toward evening and rose the very steep hill toward Stockton. Ben had got drunk, so I had to take the cattle out, chain them to the waggon, and then I lay down under a tree for the night. Moquelumne Hill is about 26 Miles from the bridge across the Calaveras.

16th Returned 6 Miles to breakfast. Met a man on the way in a buggy with two large cans of milk. Bought some; quite a treat. 4 Miles more to double spring. Houses of entertainment all the way. About 3 o'clock arrived at McDermott and McGreal's at the Calaveras, and slept in a shed. Between the Mountains and the Calaveras are some pretty flats. The scenery in the Mountains is very beautiful.

17th Before starting, I offered to work for McDermott in his garden, as I could find nothing else to do. He accepted and I commenced at once. Ben went on and left me. Hoeing and weeding all day.

1851 June 18th Working hard in garden. $2 per day only.

21st Left off work and settled with McDermott. His manners were so offensive I could not bear them. Mr. Anster came along in the afternoon with his Ox Teams; so I trudged along with him toward Stockton. 7 Miles brought us to the Henrietta [?] ranch where we stopped all night.

22nd SUNDAY. Went on 12 Miles and stopped at Pulliam and Wilson's.

23rd Went into Stockton after breakfast. Walter has not yet returned from Agua Frio. Mr. Bailey sent me to A. A. Mix, the County Recorder, who gave me a job of writing books. Commence tomorrow morning at $4 per day. Rumor of a fire at San Francisco.

24th Rumor confirmed. Ruling all days at Mix's. Walter returned in the evening.

25th See my scratch book; all this time I was County Recorder, then Dr. Craig—A. A. Mix's father-in-law—returned from the mines and resumed his place which I was filling. Thus I was again out of employ and with nothing to do until I got a situation on Oct. 1st with Dr. R. P. Ash as deputy collector of taxes. Walter's Team, in the meantime, had given out and he had been unsuccessful, quite unlucky indeed. Every thing seems to have gone against us. We have trials all the time and it seems as if we never shall be able to join my dear family of whom I think and dream day and night.

November 8th First rain; drizzle, then rained hard all night.

9th SUNDAY. Mountain Jim and Fred Salkman played a game of Monte to see who should be hung first.

15th Mountain Jim tried to escape.

16th Occasional rain.

20th Walter returned from Mariposa after having had the measles at Mr. Snelling's. *November* 1851

25th Beaver and Salmon. [?]

28th James Wilson [Mountain Jim] and Fred Salkman hung.

29th Appointed deputy County Treasurer by H. Tolen Booraem.

December 2nd At night boisterous and rain.

3rd Rain.

4th Rain.

5th Rain ceased.

7th SUNDAY. Ice this morning, about ¼ inch thick.

19th Rain.

20th Rain.

21st Rain.

22nd Rain.

23rd Rain.

24th Cleared. Xmas Eve: Home and Santa Claus, but not for me. Alas!

25th XMAS. Alone and melancholy, brooding of home and conjuring up all kinds of unhappy fears.

26th Hail.

Some more rain

1851 December 27 Rain and at night a thunder storm.

28th Cleared up.

29th Occasional rain.

30th Storm.

31st Clear.

January 1st Cloudy but no rain.
1852

10th Misty and a little rain.

24th Settled with Dr. Ash. We parted fair.

25th SUNDAY. Rain.

28th Left Stockton for San Francisco.

February 2nd, 1852

Took passage on the steamer "Fremont" for Panama. Were to start at 12 M, but did not get away until 2 P.M. The Golden Gate: do not think it proceeded from an earthquake, as is popularly supposed, but by consecutive wet seasons and a consequent overflow. Passengers all sick.

3rd All sick: Dr. Snelling and wife; Geo. Peck; Burdin; Barker.

4th to 7th Gliding along over a smooth summer sea within sight of land. Saw some Black Fish.

8th SUNDAY. Cape San Lazaro and Magdalena Bay.

9th Passed Cape San Lucas about noon and soon after, the little town of San Jose. Then we stood straight for Mazatlan. Had a fine breeze from the North in passing the Gulf of California. The passengers being mostly Western men and unused to the sea thought it a storm and retired to their berths.

10th Breezy night. Got into Mazatlan about 2 o'clock P. M. Beautiful looking place as seen East of the Islands round which we passed to the South and then East. They were cone-like of red sand or free-stone, forming a defense for the shipping in light weather, but inadequate in rough weather when the lighter craft go up a river near by and the larger vessels stand out or make for Acapulco. Many of us went on shore, about a mile and a half, as we anchored off the outer island or rock. The town is irregularly built but very substantial; chiefly of the aforementioned red free-stone and then whitewashed, which gives it a very fresh, cleanly look.

The buildings are in the Spanish style; flat roofed parallelograms with a court, colonnade, and a small garden in the centre. The vegetation here is already very luxuriant. It is quite a fine place.

1852 *February* The dry goods and other stores are large, handsomely fitted up, and full of goods. We ran about the town as much as our very limited time would permit, and then returned to our boat much pleased. In the harbour were a number of brigs and smaller vessels.

We bought oranges, eggs, etc.: oranges, 3 for 1/; eggs, 5 for 1/. Fare of the boat from the steamer to shore, 4 reales; the same to take us off again. The vessels lie out in harbour and strike their cargo into lighters. The packages from these lighters are taken by naked natives on their shoulders and heads and piled on shore. They wade about breast deep to take these from the lighter. Started just at dark.

11th About 11½ A.M. arrived at "San Blas," the port of, or for "Tepic," which is distance from thence, they tell me, some 18 leagues. Splendid range of Mountains in the distance and a castle or fort on a rocky eminence near by.

The harbour is singular. It is formed by a peninsula, the point of which curves into the land again so near, say 150 yards, and being low, you cannot see the entrance until you are close by it. Vessels, however, of 400 tons can go in here and discharge close by the shore and near the town. The harbour looks like a large pond or lake. The ships and larger vessels lie outside in the bay, although I understand that in the old Spanish times they kept the entrance channel clear so that first class frigates could enter.

There are now a number of ships anchored outside; the outermost being a British sloop-of-war, a Lieutenant from which boarded us to obtain news. Fine boats and crew. Walter and self went on shore. The fare to boatmen—4/, and the same returning. The town is long and stragglingly built; mainly of adobes with very high thatched roofs. The thatch, I think, is of palm leaf.

They have oysters here, but we did not get any. We, however, bought eggs, 5 for a real—oranges, ditto. There were also tomatoes, onions, bananas, calabasas, etc. The weather was very sultry. We returned on board and started about 3 o'clock P.M.

12th & 13th No incidents except a small fuss with the purser. Our bark glided over a summer sea in truth. The astonishing smoothness of the great "Pacific"

is an abiding wonder to me. I never come on deck but I stand and gaze at it for some time, lost in admiration and speculation as to the causes, also the cause of the ever unclouded sky.

14*th* About 1 P.M. arrived at Acapulco. We rounded a point of land with a small island at its extremity and turned North into a most beautiful harbor; perfectly land locked, the Mountains all round reaching down to the water's edge. Acapulco is on the North side, and is a very old place. The Church is in ruins and the houses are chiefly thatched, as at San Blas. Some, however, are roofed with semi-cylindrical tiles. The town is very irregularly built and scattered over the hill side, and apparently has very little trade. A chain gang was working the streets, guarded by almost as many soldiers as themselves. Of the two I think the chain gang was the better looking. More ragged and dirty wretches than the soldiers, I never saw!!

Fruit in great plenty: large pineapples 2/; Oranges 7 or 8 for a real. There was also a curious fruit like an orange but 4 or 5 times as large. I could not learn its name. There were also coco nuts, limes, oranges, lemons and bananas growing luxuriantly. Near by the town is a large fort. We amused ourselves before coming ashore by throwing money into the harbour to see the boys dive for it. They invariably got it. We had a fine dinner on shore. Very warm. Got on board at sundown and, having taken in coal, water and fresh provisions—they hauled up two oxen on deck by the horns—we started a little before midnight much pleased with our day's excursion. Oysters here also. The natives charged us 2/ for landing us and the same to put us on board.

15*th* SUNDAY. Fine breeze, getting on finely.

16*th* Off the Bay of Tehuantepec. It is blowing fresh, almost ahead. We are close hauled all the time. Passengers getting sick. Continued to blow all night, the wind gradually getting more aft.

17*th* Wind not so high and waves setting aft, as if from the centre of the Bay of Tehuantepec. P. Zimmerman, chief engineer, found yesterday that the water was 10° colder than it had been before. Does not this account

1852 *February* for the wind and its radiating as it were out from the Bay as a centre?

18th No wind, but head swell. Going very slow, 3 knots.

19th Slant of wind from East South East, going about seven knots. Can't sleep for impatience of the voyage and thoughts of home. Blew fresh all night. Southern Cross; authority, Haywood. Very doubtful to me.

20th Still blowing fresh. Vessel close hauled. Saw land a few minutes for the first time since the day after leaving Acapulco. More impatient than ever to get home.

21st Sea like a pond. Point Blanco and Cano Island.

22nd SUNDAY. Beautiful weather. Still in sight of land. In afternoon we passed the Island of Quibo and outside of us was another Island. This evening at 11 o'clock passed Point Malo. The Islands were densely wooded with a great variety of trees. Quibo averages about 12 Miles square, but really from Bowditch is 24 Miles long. I am still so irritable and home sick that I staid up all night.

23rd Last night we passed Point Malo and today we are running to the Bay of Panama where we cast anchor in the middle of the night, about 3 Miles from the town.

24th Panama: (3 Miles) Coral reef. Carried on shore. Fortified place. Town old and dingy. Inhabitants chiefly black. Women very dressy; volumes of flounces of petticoats and round the shoulders of the busts of their very low dresses they have quantities of deep lace. Their necks are garnished with gold chains and gold coins of all kinds; American, Spanish and South American Spanish all together. The whole mass of finery is surmounted with a jaunty little Panama hat with a wide gay ribbon tied round it. They were almost all of them very clean. However, this is unusual with all that I have yet seen who talk the Spanish language.

I tried to get some pearls but could not. The price I understand ranges from $50.00 to $3,000.00 per ounce; pretty wide range.

The houses are strongly built of split stone. The Market is outside of the Gate. Castor oil beans growing in fosse. Shower of rain. Poncho $12.00. Great many here trying to go to San Francisco but no room in the steamer and there are no sailing vessels here. Bad fix for them.

25th Left Panama about 8 o'clock A.M. for Gorgona, all of us mounted on mules, for which we paid each $10.00. The road is up hill and down all the way. Some rather severe hills for a few Miles out from Panama. We travelled on a paved causeway and our path was chiefly through a dense forest of tropical trees, underwood, and creepers. We arrived at Gorgona a little after sundown. This is a straggling town on a bluff overhanging the Chagres river and is built chiefly with cane and thatch. Passed 12 or 1500 people going to Panama. Ladies "en Cavalier," children on natives' backs and shoulders.

26th Started from Gorgona for Chagres at 6½ A. M. in a 6 oared barge. Reached the 11 Mile house, right bank of the river, at 9 o'clock. Passed about 10 barges going up the river. 12 o'clock at "Buey Soldado," near by which we saw the railroad track close by the bank of the river. About 2 o'clock we stepped on board the steam boat "Wm. H. Aspinwall," moored to the left bank of the river, where we got an apology for a dinner for 6/ each. At 7½ o'clock passed Gatuna, a long straggling village of bamboos and high thatched roofs which is about 10 Miles from Chagres, where we arrived at 10½. The vegetation all the way down was very dense to the water's edge. Saw one alligator and one iguana, and many Jamaica negroes. The boatmen on the river abused each other as they passed.

27th At Chagres. No steam boat. Black inhabitants very saucy. On the right bank of the river is Old Chagres, where the natives (Blacks) live. Left bank, new Chagres, has plenty of Blacks too. Railroad from Navy Bay is to be ready, they say, in about a week from thence to Buey Soldado.

29th SUNDAY. At Chagres. Horrible hole.

March 3rd Most of our party sick. People dying in our room. Many returning from

1852 March Panama, being unable to proceed to San Francisco. We lived pretty well; chickens, turtles, etc. Meals 4/.

4th Went on board the "Meteor," lying off with other steam vessels in the Roadstead. Rough passage and rather dangerous. 2 boats with passengers and crew were lost last week. Mrs. Snelling was so much alarmed that she fainted. Took cabin passage for self and Walter as the other accommodations were unfit for any decent Christian.

5th Started at ½ past 1 P.M. Some swell on. Passengers sick. At night there was a heavy swell but not very high wind. Fine moonlight. Getting on well. Meteor is a fast boat.

6th Arrived at San Juan de Nicaragua or Grey Town—180 Miles, about 3 P.M. Heavy cross sea all the way. Mosquito kingdom. Black kings. Harbour like a mill pond. American Sloop-of-War "Decatur," British Gun Brig that fired into the "Prometheus," a large English steam ship—the "Orinoco," and many other vessels in port. Rained hard just after our arrival. Occasional showers all the time we have been on board. Harbour about 6 or 7 fathom deep.

7th SUNDAY. Delayed waiting for passengers. English steamer went out.

9th Left at 8 A.M.

13th 8 P.M. struck the Balize channel and took pilot on board after a fine run of 4 days and 12 hours from San Juan. Went up the river about 25 Miles and anchored on ⁹/₁₀ of fog.

14th SUNDAY. At New Orleans.

15th Left in "Iowa No. 4."

23rd Arrived at St. Louis.

24th Wednesday. HOME.

THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL

to California

1849-1852

THE JOURNAL AND DRAWINGS OF H. M. T. POWELL

EDITED BY DOUGLAS S. WATSON



SAN FRANCISCO: THE BOOK CLUB OF CALIFORNIA

THE JOURNAL & DRAWINGS OF H. M. T. POWELL
EDITED BY DOUGLAS S. WATSON

THE BOOK CLUB of California takes pleasure in offering a limited number of the first printing of this celebrated overland journal for general sale. Because of the importance of the work and the number of requests that have been received from institutions and individuals desiring it, the Club has in this case made an exception to the rule limiting the sale of its publication to members. So long as copies remain, orders will be accepted and filled in rotation as received. Approximately 100 of the edition of 300 copies are available, and it is recommended that orders be placed promptly. The price is $30.00 per copy. No discount can be allowed.

THE JOURNAL: Starting from Greenville, Illinois, in the spring of 1849, the author, H. M. T. Powell, traveled over the Cooke and Emory route from St. Louis to San Diego, then up the California coast to San Jose, the gold fields, and San Francisco, and back to Greenville via the Isthmus. The journal, covering the entire three years of the trip, is a remarkably vivid account of the adventures and privations, the pleasures and hardships, of early overland travel, seen through the eyes of a man of unusual powers of observation and expression. His day-by-day record sets forth his impressions along the way, records the incidents of the journey, follows the unfolding drama of human relationships within the party, and describes persons, settlements, flora, and architectural and natural landmarks encountered along the way, with an interest and accuracy most unusual in contemporary narratives of the period.

Powell arrived at San Diego in December, 1849 after a perilous crossing of the Colorado Desert, and remained there several months making topographical sketches. In March, 1850, he resumed his journey northward, pausing on his way up the coast to visit each mission and pueblo between San Diego and San Jose, and to write full descriptions of their condition at that time.

1849 June to Jackson Grove which, however, is on the other side of the river. We had noticed Tents and animals there in considerable numbers for



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THE JOURNAL & DRAWINGS OF H. M. T. POWELL
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1849 June to Jackson Grove which, however, is on the other side of the river. We had noticed Tents and animals there in considerable numbers for sometime back. On arriving opposite we found it was a large encampment of Comanche and Kioway Indians. Some of the old men and boys have come over unarmed to talk with our party. Our horsemen went to talk with them, and as Walter was with them and stayed some time I became uneasy. I got Fuller to attend to my Team and walked down myself. They seemed peaceable enough. After some talk, which was carried on in Spanish on their part by a boy they had stolen from near Santa Fé, we rejoined our Train and continued say 3 Miles farther to our noon halt, where a considerable party of the same band of men and women (some of them very well dressed) joined us and stayed near us whilst there. The squaws I took for boys at first, for they were armed, some of them with guns, but most with bows and arrows and ride "en cavalier." Most of them had elaborate ear ornaments, the bottoms or ends of which usually were long pieces of mother of pearl shell.

They seemed disinclined to trade. Mrs. Warren was going to try on a pair of moccasins she had taken from the saddle bow of a squaw when an Indian, very well habited, her husband I suppose, sprang forward saying, "No, No!" took them hastily from her, snatched up some dust, put it into the moccasin and rubbed where her foot had touched twice over; he then rubbed his own foot with dust. I, however, afterward bought the same moccasins of him for a looking glass, 2 bells and 2 labels of needles. They are put away in my trunk for Mother. The voices of the squaws are remarkably musical and kind-like. This was the only trade made.

After noon halt we continued along between sand bluffs or ridges and the river, say 10 Miles; occasionally meeting Indians. We encamped close by the river after a probable day's journey of 20 Miles. Just at sundown a small party of Arapahoes came to the Camp, but I did not see them as I was on watch herding the cattle. From Jackson Grove to Camp was one continuous Prairie dog village or city. Their holes are occupied also by owls and rattlesnakes. Walter killed a large rattlesnake today and brought me the rattles to be put away with the moccasins for his Mother. The evening and night were excessively cold. Owing to our proximity to the Indians we had six guards on a watch.

tinued on the same level road but sometimes further from the river. We went 8 Miles and camped near the river within about a quarter of a mile of Rock Spring; 18 Miles in all, perhaps more. About 4 Miles back the sand hills on the other side of the river that have skirted the river since not far from Walnut Creek trend Southward and are lost in the undulations of the Prairie. The rolling for days past has been excellent; one Yoke of cattle could haul any of our loads. We could not pitch our Tent in the evening as it blew very hard and threatened a storm. The ridge pole of our Tent was split and it would not hold, and as the other Tent was hardly large enough for the whole party, Fuller, Detrich, self and 2 boys slept under the baggage waggon. I returned to my splendid bed chamber very early with a raging headache which had afflicted me most of the day.

13th Immediately after breakfast, say about half past five, I went out to take a sketch of Rock Spring. The only sketchable thing, almost, I have seen since leaving the frontier. An outline sketch would not give a good idea of these Plains views; it needs colouring and shade. As I was going toward the place, I saw a lot of mounted Indians on the other side of the river, making for a point a little above where I was going to, and our herdsmen, who also saw them, were driving our cattle toward the Camp. I hesitated for a moment but, as it was my only chance, I hurried on and took a rapid sketch before they got up to the place.

The Indians came toward Camp with a piece of blue cloth displayed as a flag of peace. There were 10 of them: 9 men and youths and 1 young squaw about 12 or 13 years old. They said they were Kioways (or as some of them pronounce it, Kikoways). There was nothing remarkable about them, mere Indians, armed with bows and arrows which were encased in deer or wolf skin covers. They stayed by us whilst we yoked up and continued with us until we neared "Jackson Grove" where they crossed the river and galloped toward the grove.

As we started from Camp we rose from the Arkansas bottom, up a gentle slope, past Rock Spring and continued on a wavy Prairie about 3 Miles, then dropped down on the level bottom again. Our double road (for we now always travel in two lines) continued on between a line of sandy hills or ridges and the river, say 4 Miles farther,



Pueblo Two-story

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At Alviso—the port or embarcadero for San Jose—where he was elected alcalde shortly after his arrival, he formed a business alliance with Peter H. Burnett, the first governor of the state of California, operating launches between there and San Francisco. His contacts during this period, and until he left the state something more than a year later, throw interesting light on persons and events of the time.

THE DRAWINGS: At frequent intervals during his travels, Powell supplemented and clarified his descriptions of buildings and towns by detailed and well-executed drawings, and these, faithfully reproduced, form a distinguished feature of the book. The drawing shown herewith is characteristic of this series, which because of the early date (1849 and 1850), and the wealth and accuracy of the detail, is historically of the first importance. The panoramic view of San Diego, Los Angeles, and Santa Barbara are double the size of the accompanying drawing; all are printed the exact size of the originals. In addition to the drawings of missions and pueblos, and two maps, a number of Mr. Powell's other sketches are reproduced.

THE TREATMENT: The journal is designed and printed by the Grabhorn Press. To avoid inconvenient bulk due to its length (which in the original occupies more than three hundred closely written manuscript pages), a thin, opaque, hand-made paper of fine quality has been made to order by Van Gelder Zonen of Holland. The page size is the same as this announcement, and the accompanying specimen page shows the typographical treatment. The volume, bound at the Press in half niger morocco, is ready for delivery.

THE BOOK CLUB OF CALIFORNIA

ALFRED SUTRO, *President*

ALBERT M. BENDER, *Chairman, Publication Committee*

List of Important Drawings

Pueblo de Tumacacori (Arizona)

Mission San Xavier del Bac (Arizona)

Mission San Diego

San Diego

Mission San Luis Rey

Flores, near San Luis Rey

Mission San Juan Capistrano

Mission Santa Ynez

Pueblo de Los Angeles

Mission San Buenaventura

Mission Santa Barbara

Pueblo de Santa Barbara

Mission San Luis Obispo

Mission San Miguel

Mission San Juan Bautista

Mission Santa Clara

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